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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Vol. 218 JULY, 1923 No. 1

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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218
1923

VOL. CCXVIII

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PUBLISHED
BY THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
1913

NEW YORK
9 EAST 37th STREET
1923

c 7113

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NOV 10 1964

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Vol.218
Nov.24,1923-1 cont

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(The brief critical annotations on these pages, by a member of the staff of The North American Review, *do not preclude extended consideration of important books in the Department of* New Books Reviewed.)

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Cornhill.....Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston.
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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1923

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

BY EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Now that the Administration has officially proposed that we join the countries which have signed the protocol putting into force the statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice, it seems proper to examine in some detail what it is that we are to expect from such a step. To determine whether it is a desirable step or not, we are justified in looking beneath the surface of the plausible arguments advanced by advocates and opponents of the proposed undertaking, in order to decide our action on its merits and not on sentimental hopes or fears. For that reason it is proposed to examine somewhat critically the powers of the newly created Court, its relation to similar institutions already in existence and in what respect the new Court may be regarded as a step in advance. On examining the new Court in the light of history and experience, we may be in a better position to judge the case on its merits.

We are informed by the advocates of our "joining" the Court that the new international Court is a cherished American ideal; that it substitutes a judicial court for ephemeral and temporary arbitral tribunals; that it substitutes adjudication by law for adjudication by force and decision by law for decision by compromise; that the issue is between those "who want to set up machinery for the settlement of international disputes according to law and those who in disdain of all effort would continue the present

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anarchic state"; that the new international court is urgently needed if peace is to be assured and that by staying out we are blocking the world's efforts for peace; that it is either this world court or none; that we would be under no obligation to submit to the Court any dispute we desired to keep from it; that the Court has no serious connection with the League of Nations, and that we would make reservations expressly entering a caveat against any association with the League.

The opponents of our "joining" the Court assert that the Court is the child of the League and the step proposed would inevitably draw us into other commitments to the League; that it is intended by some of its proponents as an entering wedge to the League; that the jurisdiction of the Court is not obligatory, and that the strongest nations were the first to denounce the obligatory clause; that there is no provision for the enforcement of its decisions; that other nations can numerically outvote us in the Assembly in the election of judges, and that to visualize the Court as an agency for peace is an illusion.

The arguments thus advanced on both sides indicate that the issue is becoming political in nature. While that is neither avoidable nor to be deprecated in a democracy, it has a tendency to becloud the issue by generating waves of emotional morality which confuse rather than enlighten. It is believed that an analysis of the problem in the light of the professions of both sides may serve a useful purpose.

Underlying the arguments of the proponents of our joining the so-called World Court runs the major assumption that the Court would furnish a substitute for war, at least in part, that nations desire a court of this kind for the settlement of their disputes, and that the creation of the new court invites the nations to submit their differences to peaceful adjudication.

Before putting these assumptions to the test, let us see what existing institutions we already possessed for the judicial settlement of international disputes. From 1794 on, when under the Jay Treaty, several arbitrations with Great Britain were conducted, the United States has been a consistent exponent of arbitration. The six volumes of John Bassett Moore's *History and Digest of International Arbitrations* are a permanent monument

to our belief in the efficacy of arbitration. Until recently, when efforts to detract from its prestige were made by the assertion that arbitration was merely compromise, we entertained the belief that it was the most judicial method of applying law to the settlement of international controversies. Nor has further study done anything but strengthen that belief. When in 1899 the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes was drafted and the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration was set up, the United States became a member and has contributed to the work of that Court four fairly important cases—the Pious Fund case against Mexico, the Orinoco Steamship Co. case against Venezuela, the Fisheries Arbitration with Great Britain and the Ship Requisitioning dispute with Norway. It will be recalled that under that plan the litigating nations select their judges *ad hoc* from a panel of some 120 potential judges, and that about twenty cases have been submitted to the court. Its jurisdiction and continued existence are in no way affected by the creation of the new Court. Although in recent years the Senate has exerted greater control than in our earlier days over the Executive submission of disputes to arbitration and has thereby retarded the process, we have nevertheless never regarded the procedure as anything but judicial. Article 15 of the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes contains the following definition of arbitration:

> International arbitration has for its object the settlement of differences between States by judges of their own choice and on the basis of respect for law.

The Report of the Commission on this article reads:

> To say that the arbitrator is a judge and acts according to law, is to say that arbitration is not applicable to every variety of dispute between the States.

This would seem to recognize the fact that arbitration is legal and judicial in character and on that very account its efficacy is limited to the settlement of only certain types of disputes, of a legal nature.

The professed shortcomings of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, first, in the fact that its personnel was elastic and ephemeral rather than fixed and permanent and, secondly, that the

element of compromise rather than law was deemed to dominate its deliberations and judgments, inspired the movement, largely originating in the United States, for the establishment of a so-called Court of Arbitral Justice, not to displace but presumably to supplement the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The idea failed of fruition at the Hague Conference of 1907 because of the inability to reconcile the principle of the equality of States with the principle of a fixed and necessarily limited number of judges, the same rock on which foundered the then proposed International Prize Court.

While there had always been among the advocates of judicial settlement a strong desire to bring about the obligatory submission of disputes, however limited their class, the Hague Convention was obliged, by the refusal of consent of most of the States, to omit any such provision. Jurisdiction was left entirely voluntary and optional. Nevertheless the Conference recorded a pious wish for obligatory submission and was "unanimous"—

1. In admitting the principle of compulsory arbitration;
2. In declaring that certain disputes, in particular those relating to the interpretation and application of the provisions of international agreements, may be submitted to compulsory arbitration without any restriction.

This was the position of the institution of judicial settlement when the Peace Conference met at Versailles. Inasmuch as the League was to be made an essential part of the Treaty, the Allied Powers dedicated to idealism certain sections of the Covenant, including Article 14, with its conservative precautions against submitting to judicial settlement anything that the Powers were unwilling to submit. Article 14 of the Covenant reads:

> The Council [of the League of Nations] shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

Under this authority, the Council called into conference the so-called Advisory Committee of Jurists, of which Mr. Root was a member, to formulate and submit an organic statute for the constitution of the new court. The Committee met at the Hague

from June 16 to July 24, 1920. It was made up of Mr. Adatci, Japanese Minister at Brussels, M. Rafael Altamira, Professor of Law at Madrid, Baron Descamps, a veteran in the movement for arbitration, Dr. Francis Hagerup, formerly Professor of Law at Christiania and a leading statesman of his country, M. de Lapradelle, Professor of Law at Paris, Dr. Loder of Holland, a member of the Dutch Supreme Court, Lord Phillimore, of the English Privy Council, M. Ricci-Busatti, legal advisor to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Professor of Law at Rome, and Mr. Elihu Root, former Secretary of State. Mr. Clovis Bevilaqua, Professor of Law at Rio de Janeiro, was unable to be present. The qualifications of these men are a guaranty at least of the sincerity of their work.

So strong a hold on the imagination had the idea of a permanent judicial body adjudicating disputes between nations obtained, that it was natural that the Committee should at once set about bringing into being the still unborn Court of Arbitral Justice of 1907 with its fixed personnel and alleged freedom from compromise and the long-desired obligatory jurisdiction. They provided in their draft statute for a fixed personnel of eleven judges and four deputies, to be elected by the Council and Assembly of the League—thus solving a problem of method theretofore insoluble—and laid down in Article 35 certain principles which were to control the decisions of the Court—international treaties and conventions, custom exemplifying a practice recognized as law, general principles of law, judicial decisions and the teachings of jurists. Following the prescription of Article 13 of the Covenant, the Committee settled upon an obligatory submission of disputes in certain types of cases, commonly denominated as legal in their nature and therefore susceptible of judicial settlement, namely, disputes concerning—

a.—the interpretation of a treaty;

b.—any question of international law;

c.—the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation;

d.—the nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation;

e.—the interpretation of a judgment rendered by the Court,

together with power to determine any other disputes that the parties might voluntarily submit.

This then, was the great step in advance. Whereas in the arbitration treaties of the previous generation there were usually reserved from the obligation to arbitrate questions affecting independence, national honour and vital interests,—that is, every question deemed to be important,—the new proposal provided for obligatory jurisdiction over and compulsory submission of certain well defined legal questions of a presumably non-political nature which no nation seriously interested in the promotion of judicial settlement and the limitation of diplomatic and political controversies could well insist on refusing to settle judicially. Moreover such obligatory submission was consistent with a fixed personnel of judges and prescribed sources of law for application to the suits instituted in the Court. Here was a definite advance over anything theretofore created, notwithstanding the limited nature of the Court's obligatory jurisdiction.

But what did the League, or rather the Council, do, when the statute, as drafted, was submitted to them for approval? They promptly eliminated from it the provision for the obligatory submission of disputes, on the alleged ground that it conflicted with the voluntary submission contemplated by Article 14 of the Covenant. Not even the restricted category of legal issues above mentioned were the larger Powers willing to submit at the demand of an opponent, thereby giving demonstrable evidence of their reluctance seriously to promote judicial settlement. They made the clause conferring obligatory jurisdiction optional, and fortunately some fifteen smaller States have agreed to it. It is the one justifiable hope for the growing usefulness of the Court. By other sections of the Treaty of Versailles and related conventions, the Court has what is said to be obligatory jurisdiction over certain questions involving aerial navigation, the protection of minorities, the African liquor traffic, certain aspects of the arms traffic convention, and the Barcelona waterways convention. The effect of these provisions has not yet been tested. Certain of the smaller Powers have likewise concluded bipartite treaties undertaking to submit unreservedly certain types of cases to compulsory arbitration. These also may furnish the Court with

business. The important fact, however, from the point of view of the person anticipating a more rational solution of those conflicts of interest that disturb the peace, is that obligatory jurisdiction even of purely legal questions, which in any event would but rarely if ever lead to war, has been denied the Court by most of the Powers. It has been said that this has not affected the general structure of the statute or the functions of the Court. It is believed, however, that not only has the structure of the Court thereby been materially affected but in fact its usefulness has been seriously impaired, for the principal justification for the creation of a new court, its compulsory jurisdiction, has been to a considerable extent nullified. The *raison d'être* of the Court has to some extent disappeared. The fact is, as will presently be shown, that a fixed personnel of judges, with a jurisdiction that is voluntary in nature, is likely to discourage rather than promote the submission of important disputes to the Court.

One of the sources of strength of the new Court, so far as it possesses power, is the calibre of the men elected to it by the Council and Assembly of the League, to whom this function was entrusted by the statute of the Court. The judges were nominated by the existing national groups of the members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration in each country, who were empowered to nominate from two to four candidates, not more than two from their own country. From a list of eighty-nine thus nominated, the Council and Assembly then elected eleven judges and four deputies, taking into consideration the fact that the principal legal systems had to find representation and that not more than one judge could come from any one country. In its reconciliation of national representation with superior mental equipment, or, I might say, subordination of the former to the latter, the League has performed a noteworthy service, hitherto found impossible. The Judges of the Court are Professor André Weiss, Professor of International Law at Paris; Dr. Dionisio Anzilotti, Professor of International Law at Rome; Dr. Rafael Altamira, Professor of Law at Madrid; Antonio Bustamante, lawyer and Professor of International Law at Havana; Viscount Finlay, now of the British House of Lords; Max Huber, Professor of Public Law at Zurich and Advisor of the Swiss Foreign Office; B. C. J. Loder,

member of the Dutch Supreme Court; Didrik Nyholm, President of the Mixed Court at Cairo; Yorozu Oda, Professor of International Law at Kyoto; and John Bassett Moore, statesman and the dean of American authorities on international law. Ruy Barbosa, a celebrated Brazilian statesman and jurist, who was also elected, has since died and at the next meeting of the Assembly in September a successor will be chosen. The four deputy judges are Dr. Negulescu, Professor of Law at Bucharest; C. H. Wang, President of the Chinese Supreme Court; Dr. Jovanovich, Professor of Law at Belgrade; and Dr. F. V. N. Beichmann, President of the Court of Appeal at Trondhjem, Norway. The men selected are among the outstanding lawyers and judges of the world. Were the nations as willing to submit important questions as they were to elect important men as judges, the future of the Court would be promising.

In view of the limited jurisdiction of the Court, consisting of what have been called justiciable or strictly legal questions, the reluctance of the larger Powers to make jurisdiction in these cases obligatory is to be regretted. It is an indication of the fact that we are still a long way from the substitution of amicable for belligerent methods in the settlement of international disputes. One of the necessary weaknesses of the Court consists in the very fact that it is not likely to prove an effective agency in removing or even minimizing for a long time to come the bane of war from the recognized institutions of international relations. This weakness goes to the very root of international relations in what I venture to call this mediæval age. No mere addition of machinery can create that necessary will to peace which is the most effective guaranty of the efficacy of an International Court. The unwillingness to submit to judicial settlement is conditioned by underlying factors inherent in the existing international system, which persuades nations to decline to submit what they consider important issues to the arbitration of impartial judges. Note the almost uniform exception of questions of independence, national honour and vital interests from arbitration treaties. The judicial process is weakened by a stipulation that there shall be no submission of anything important.

With respect to the effect of a fixed and permanent personnel

on the disposition of nations voluntarily to submit questions to judicial settlement, certain facts warrant consideration. In the several cases which the United States has voluntarily submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, we examined with the greatest care the records of the arbitrators nominated in order to determine whether by word or act they could be deemed ever to have harboured a sentiment or doctrinal view unfavourable to the United States. The great English authority on International Law, W. E. Hall, for example, by reason of his critical remarks concerning American policy, would probably never have been selected as the judge of a case in which the United States was interested, nor would we probably have gone to a court in which he was a judge. It was only after we were satisfied of the personal and professional records of the arbitrators nominated, in respect of their disposition toward the United States, that the United States agreed to their appointment as arbitrators in the cases mentioned. Other nations doubtless entertain similar views of such matters. When, therefore, the time comes for the submission of one of our cases to the World Court, is it not clear that the presence on the Court of even a single judge, to whose views, personal or professional, we have reason to object, will deter us from submitting the case? The personnel of the arbitrators or judges is one of the strongest factors in inducing or preventing submission. The longer the Court sits, the more will the views of its judges become established and known. Any nation, therefore, having a national interest in sustaining a different view will hardly be disposed to submit its case to a judge or judges whom it will necessarily regard as biased.

This will make it clear, it is believed, that the only chance of securing a respectable docket for the Court lay in the provision for obligatory jurisdiction. Without it, the fixed personnel is a source of weakness rather than of strength. The greatest justification for the hope in the growing efficacy of the Court lies in the fact that fifteen smaller States have agreed to its obligatory jurisdiction, a fact which may bring to the Court some important cases. Possibly the example may prove contagious on the larger Powers, but in the present temper of international relations not much hope is to be placed in that quarter.

From what has been said above it will be realized that the contribution of the Court to the promotion of peace is probably slight. Believers in its capacity to perform the function of a peace agency cite the readiness and effectiveness with which our Supreme Court decides issues between the States of our Union, and draw the conclusion that the World Court offers the same opportunity to the nations. The present jurisdiction of the Court, and the difference between our constitutional organization and the unregulated disorganization which lies at the root of international life, hardly support the analogy. The Court, in fact, is barred from obtaining jurisdiction of those questions which commonly lead to a disturbance of peace, for the existing order of international life is conditioned upon a continual struggle among the larger Powers for economic and political advantage which not only defies judicial settlement, but which is subject to few principles of law by which the struggle may be controlled and governed. Unfair competition seems to be its key-note. The uninterrupted competition for advantage begets conflicts of interest and creates issues which are not legal but economic and political in character. The endeavor to preserve home markets by tariffs and discriminations against more favoured competitors, the endeavor to capture foreign markets against the competition of commercial rivals, the assurance for manufacturing nations of a steady and cheap supply of raw materials, leading to competing efforts to obtain control of colonies, protectorates, mandates, spheres of influence, and other fields of investment, and to acquire the incidental machinery and equipment necessary to make this enterprise successful, such as merchant fleets, cables, trade routes, coaling and oil stations, and, finally, armies, navies and alliances —these are the factors and forces that condition international relations.

Foreign policy is fashioned to the maintenance of supremacy in the continual struggle for national aggrandizement, of which these different forces and factors in varying degree constitute the main and essential elements. To the solution of the conflicts and differences arising in this struggle, the new Court obviously can make no contribution. Yet it is in this field that lies the source of war. Apart, therefore, from the other limitations on the

Court mentioned above, it has no capacity to deal with the potential causes of war. It is, therefore, believed to be misleading to refer to the Court as necessarily an agency for peace.

Possibly it may not be a fair test of the questions which will be submitted to the Court to examine the questions which have already been submitted. For the most part the four questions which have been before the Court involved advisory opinions, hence not binding in their nature, for the benefit of the Council or subsidiary bodies of the League. The first question submitted was "whether the Dutch Workers' delegate at the Third International Labour Conference had been nominated in accordance with the provisions of Paragraph 3 of Article 389 of the Treaty of Versailles"; the second, "whether the competence of the International Labour Organization extends to the international regulation of the conditions of labour of persons employed in agriculture"; and the third, "whether examination of proposals for the organization and development of the methods of agricultural production and of other questions of a like character fall within the competence of the International Labour Organization." Another question submitted was whether the dispute between France and Great Britain concerning imposition of military duties on British subjects in the French colonies of Tunis and Morocco "arises" or not "out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction" of France. At the present June session of the Court, it is understood that the Court will be asked for an advisory opinion relating to the protection of German minorities in Poland and will decide the question, whether the Kiel Canal is a domestic canal subject to German law or an international canal subject to international law. The last question appears to be a litigated case and is probably the most important yet submitted to the Court. The Court is likely to get most of its business from weak nations, as is indicated by the countries which have signed the clause opting the obligatory jurisdiction, for the law is about the only protection that weak nations have.

Unfortunately the common assumption which underlies some of the advocacy for the World Court, that the nations seriously desire an international court for the settlement of their disputes,

is not altogether well founded. Nations desire an international tribunal and have had no difficulty in establishing one *ad hoc* when the occasion arises, when the dispute is unimportant or would not justify the expense of war, or when political considerations dictate submission to arbitration rather than recourse to war—in short, when they feel that they have more to gain by arbitration or other form of peaceful settlement, such as mediation, than by war. The hundreds of arbitrations that have been held illustrate this fact. But when the issue is such that peaceful adjustment seems inappropriate or inadvisable, the peaceful method is not chosen; not because there is no machinery for peace, but because there is no will for peace. When President Wilson, in 1914, launched the Vera Cruz expedition, he had just been concluding some thirty so-called Bryan treaties providing for the submission to a Commission of Inquiry of the disputed facts of an incident likely to cause a conflict. The alleged insult to the American flag by two Mexican subordinates in Tampico was eminently suitable to this method of adjustment. Yet President Wilson, irritated at the obstinate refusal of President Huerta to abdicate his office and oblivious to his own declared principle of a peaceful settlement of disputes, found in the incident that overt act which was deemed to justify the making of war on Mexico, and the sacrifice of the lives of numerous Mexicans and Americans at Vera Cruz.

Austria, in 1914, found that the assassination of the Archduke placed so great a strain upon her patience that she refused to tolerate an arbitral settlement of her differences with Serbia, and launched upon a punitive expedition which ultimately engulfed the world and led to her own ruin and that of the rest of Europe. And now France, injured, disappointed and belligerent, has found irresistible the impulse to invade and crush Germany and resents the efforts of reasonable advisors to adjust the issue between the two countries by mediation or arbitration. The issue in part involves an interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, within the jurisdiction, therefore, of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The suggestion of submitting to an international commission of bankers or statesmen the amount that Germany can pay is resented as offensive, inasmuch as the Reparation Commission, under French control, has already fixed an amount that

is admittedly more than Germany can pay. The fact that the present policy of France may again engulf Europe in war and ruin victor and vanquished alike beyond hope of recovery, appears to be a secondary consideration only.

These illustrations are cited to dispel the illusion that nations in dispute necessarily desire judicial machinery for the settlement of their differences, and that the great need of the world to bring about such settlement is an International Court. On the contrary, nations that believe they have more to gain or are likely to be more successful in war than in arbitration or peaceful settlement, often prefer the arbitrament of the sword and resent the efforts of mediators to frustrate the accomplishment of their objects. Nations that have the physical power to enforce their will are likely to prefer to be the plaintiff, judge and sheriff in their own cause, rather than to call upon the impartial award of a disinterested tribunal.

If I judge correctly the temper of the world, there is less disposition now to adopt the civilized methods of adjusting conflicting interests than there has been for generations. Few people realize or are willing to contemplate the facts that nine years of devastating war and disintegrating peace have undermined the moral foundations of many densely populated areas of the world, and that there is more faith in the efficacy of force—accompanied by a growing contempt for law—as a solution for international differences, than there has been since the days of Napoleon. The forces of disintegration are apparently overpowering the forces of reconstruction, due primarily, I believe, to the shortsighted policy of the present managers of European political affairs.

The arguments of the opponents of the Court, founded upon an alleged lack of machinery to enforce the decisions of the Court, are not, it is believed, substantial. It is surprising to find how strongly this alleged defect impressed Lord Phillimore of the Advisory Committee of Jurists. Among the thousands of arbitration cases we have had, less than a half dozen have been refused execution by the losing nation. These have mostly been boundary disputes and the excuse has usually been an excess of jurisdiction by the arbitrator. Inability to enforce execution of the award, therefore, is so insignificant a factor as not to warrant

consideration as a defect in the organization of the World Court. What is important is the inability to compel nations to submit to a court, and it has already been observed that that important function was taken from the Court by the larger Powers represented in the Council of the League.

While no criticism of the Court, it must not be overlooked that a judicial decision is not of necessity a guaranty of peace. The student of American history need but be referred to the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court to be convinced of this. That decision made the Civil War inevitable. Some years ago Ecuador and Peru submitted their boundary dispute to the arbitration of the Council of State of Spain. After deliberating on the matter, the Council of State let it become known that their award, still unannounced, placed the line at a point which would give much territory to Peru and leave Ecuador with a very small area. Both countries realized that the award if handed down would invite war between them, so at the suggestion of the litigating countries the award has been withheld.

It is said that our Supreme Court had no business for some years after its organization, and that the inability of the so-called World Court to secure any important cases outside the Treaty of Versailles is due to the fact that the opportunity has not yet been presented to submit important cases to the Court; and that it is likely to grow as did our Supreme Court. In the absence of obligatory jurisdiction and a will to peace, the likelihood of the Court's acquiring jurisdiction over important cases as time goes on does not seem great. If it does happen, the cases will probably be furnished by the smaller Powers. Yet there is another fallacy in the analogy. When we began life as a nation, there was hardly any business that could go to the Supreme Court; its jurisdiction was new and doubtful and there were few disputes between the States requiring judicial settlement. On the other hand, there are today in the archives of probably every Foreign Office hundreds of pecuniary claims involving no political issues and entirely capable of submission to judicial settlement. Were there a serious will to give cases to the Court, these hundreds of claims could be at once placed on the docket. The unfortunate fact at present is that these money claims are subjected to the

vicissitudes of diplomacy, and the claimant is fortunate who obtains satisfaction in his lifetime. To cite but one illustration: We are now on the friendliest relations with Spain, yet American claimants against Spain are unable to secure the support of the Department of State for their claims because the Spanish Government will not entertain them, the reason being that the United States has refused to entertain the East Florida claims owned by the descendants of the Spaniards who were deprived of lands and otherwise injured when we obtained control of Florida. Inasmuch as the Senate refuses to permit an adjudication of the East Florida claims, the Department of State is itself helpless, and the unhappy position of the American claimant against Spain who has a claim of a purely legal nature, can be readily understood. Were nations willing to have these purely legal and non-political cases determined by judicial methods, the Court would be overwhelmed with business; but there again the factor of unwillingness to submit cases is the great obstacle.

In the light of the fact that the so-called World Court can have but little relation to the problem of peace, the issue as to whether the United States should now "join" it or not can hardly be placed on the ground that peace will thereby either be promoted or retarded. That issue, I believe, is unreal and fanciful. Perhaps we ought to aid any movement that even looks to the judicial settlement of cases, but when one of the announced inducements for our "joining" the Court is that we would never have to submit a case to it, encouraging an inference that probably we never would, one may properly question the purpose that it is intended that our joining shall subserve. Is it merely to encourage others to submit to the Court? Is it just a sentimental question, without possibility of any tangible effect on us? Is this the cherished American ideal? Persons having a serious desire to govern their actions by intelligence rather than emotion have a right to ask such questions. Can it be that the political platform which so long dedicated a plank to the conception of an international court contemplated a court to which we would never have to submit a case? We have such a court now in the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and to it we have submitted four substantial controversies. Would we submit any more cases to a Court over

whose composition for years to come we would probably have no say? If this is not likely, as it is believed, just what important function is our "joining" the Court designed to subserve? If it will not bring to the Court any more cases, is it intended merely as a friendly gesture, as an evidence of our moral support to nations having greater desire or courage to submit disputes?

Or is the charge of the more vigorous opponents of our "joining" the Court sustainable, namely, that it constitutes, as Mr. Hoover intimated and President Harding denied, a first step toward the League of Nations? If it does involve such a possibility, at least there is here a genuine issue as to policy. Although the Court is the direct creation of the League and depends upon the League budget for its support, it may be that it is so far dissociated from its organization that "joining" the protocol, as the Administration spokesmen have asserted, will involve no other commitments to the League. Yet the fact that so many professional and non-professional advocates of the League are so ardently enthusiastic for our "joining" the World Court, of whose real functions some of them appear to have only vague information, may afford some ground to the opponents of the League to suspect that the advocates of the Court are mainly concerned with its function as a door to the League. Unless it has some such significance, the issue is most unimportant; and many earnest students of foreign affairs, men like Senator Borah, the wealth of whose knowledge and the soundness of whose intuitions and judgments are not, in my humble opinion, exceeded by that of any other man in public life, have expressed the firm conviction that our adhering to the protocol of the Court can have no other purpose or effect than affording an entrance to the League. It is doubtless partly on that very account that the proposed step has had such wide support. If Senator Borah's view is justified in fact, the proposed policy deserves more profound consideration from American citizens than it has yet received. It is then more than a mere sentimental question, but one involving the political relations of this country to Europe. On that question, men may well differ and at this moment I have no desire to debate the issue.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

THE BELGIAN FACTOR

BY WICKHAM STEED

LAST month I was invited to address the Belgian Association of Liberal Journalists on the present British view of the international situation. In particular, I was expected to say what people in England think about the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr. My Belgian colleagues knew that I had, for years, consistently opposed the occupation of the Ruhr, not out of tenderness towards Germany but because I doubted its efficacy as a means of securing a prompt settlement of the German Reparations debt, and also because I feared it might involve for France so serious an entanglement in the industrial and financial affairs of Germany as to endanger French economic independence. Nevertheless they wished to hear what I might have to say in explanation of British detachment from Franco-Belgian policy. What I said to them is of little moment; but what I learned in Brussels, from them and from eminent Belgians whom I met, is of more than personal interest.

Hardly had I reached Brussels than I became aware that things felt different from what they had seemed to be in London. There was something almost tangible in the very atmosphere of the Belgian capital that made the question of the Ruhr and the whole problem of dealing with Germany appear in another light. I became conscious of this difference before I had exchanged a word on politics with any Belgian. What could it be? As I wondered, it dawned upon me that Brussels had lain for more than four long years under the German heel which had trodden into Belgian minds an impression not lightly to be effaced.

This very obvious reflection struck me, if not as a discovery, yet as a reminder how easy it is for nations to lose touch with each other, and not only nations but individual citizens of neighbouring countries even when it is their business to know something of each other's affairs. True, I had not actually been in Belgium

since the summer of 1920. But the geographical distance between England and Belgium is less than one hundred miles, and intercourse between Brussels and London is constant. Moreover, England came into the War because Germany would not undertake to respect Belgian neutrality which Prussia and England alike had bound themselves in 1839 to respect and to uphold. During the War many thousands of Belgian refugees found asylum in England while the British and the Belgian armies fought side by side to keep one small corner of Belgium inviolate. Thus there ought to have been no room in any Englishman's mind for a misunderstanding of the Belgian position.

Yet I had forgotten, as an essential factor of the present European situation, the effect of the German occupation of Belgium; and, not a little ashamed of this forgetfulness, I pondered over the difference between actual experience and merely intellectual recognition of an historical fact. It was the old story of the toad beneath the harrow. Though London was raided by German aircraft more than a hundred times during the War; though her tale of dead and maimed reached a respectable total; though innocent English fishing villages and inoffensive bathing resorts were bombarded without warning by German warships, British resentment against Germany has ceased to be a dynamic, everyday feeling—whereas, in Brussels, I became aware that hatred of Germany is so strong as to pervade the very air of the place.

The explanation, I thought, must lie in the circumstance that, in Belgium, the Germans were there all the time, asserting their supremacy without intermission, while to England they came swiftly, did what destruction they could, and departed with equal speed. But, on inquiry, I found that this was not the only reason for the bitterness that was in the air. The chief reason was that the bulk of the Belgian people, Walloons and Flemings alike, who had been actually under the Germans throughout the War, *had seen and suffered from the deportations.*

Again, to my shame, I had forgotten the deportations. At the mention of them, a vision arose in my mind of tens of thousands of Belgians, driven into open cattle trucks by night and day, kept

there in sleet and hail without food, and carried off into German slavery. Then I understood Belgian feeling.

No special emphasis was laid upon the deportations by the responsible Belgians who spoke of them. They were referred to as a fact which none could leave out of account. "The curious thing," said one Belgian statesman, "is that comparatively little hatred of the Germans remains in the men who fought against them in the War, nor is it very strong among those who sought refuge abroad. It is in the mass of the people who witnessed and felt the German methods of oppression that the very name of Germany is abhorred; and their abhorrence affects the position of our Government. Belgian public feeling is more vigourously and persistently anti-German than that even of France except, possibly, in centres like Lille where conditions were similar to those in Belgium. However earnestly the Government may, for economic and other reasons, desire a prompt and satisfactory settlement of the Reparations question, they cannot ignore the national temper which, indeed, is an important factor in their whole policy."

Lest I should again forget, I took some pains to look up the records. No fewer than 160,000 Belgians were carried away to forced labour in Germany. Many died; and 33,000 returned with their health permanently undermined. One hundred sixty thousand in a population of some 8,000,000 gives two per cent of active centres of resentment, without reckoning the vicarious resentment of relatives and friends. Add 23,700 Belgians shot by the Germans or dead in German gaols, and 78,000 whose houses were destroyed. Alongside these totals, the 40,000 who were killed in war or died of wounds and the 36,000 wounded, seem of secondary importance. What is more natural than that the survivors of the deportees and their families should feel little compassion for the Germans of the Ruhr, or should think and say that Germany is getting only a fraction of what she deserves?

As though to drive home the lesson I had learned or re-learned, I found myself one morning held up for nearly an hour in the streets of Brussels by a mighty procession of twenty-five thousand ex-deportees who paraded the city while crowds thronged the sidewalks to cheer them. Truly, I thought, the political memo-

ries of other peoples are short. Here was a demonstration in a European capital with an immediate bearing upon the European situation; yet, so normal did it seem to residents in Brussels, that not a single foreign correspondent reported it to his journal.

But, it may be argued, hatred is a sorry counsellor. The peoples of Europe have to live together and must, sooner or later, settle down to business. Belgium cannot exist without foreign trade. Antwerp is a main gateway into and out of Germany. Is it not unwise for a nation to cherish feelings that are at variance with its interests? Would not Belgium do far better to forget (if she cannot forgive); to cultivate a spirit of compromise, and to remember that the free and unguarded international life, into which she entered with the signing of the Versailles Treaty, involves obligations—and risks—weightier than those which she incurred under the settlement of 1839 that made her independent indeed, but neutral?

Some experience of international politics has taught me that foreign judgments upon the feelings of nations are apt to be valueless, even if they are not positively harmful irritants. Unwise or not, Belgian feelings towards Germany are comprehensible and, what is more, they are a fact. As a fact, they have to be reckoned with.

At the same time it is quite true, as thoughtful Belgians recognize, that Belgium's new responsibility for her own defense enjoins upon her circumspection and careful consideration of the consequences which any policy may entail. "Though old as a people," said one such Belgian, "we are in our infancy as a full-fledged nation. Nearly three generations of an existence hedged about by international treaties led us to regard the letter of our rights as the foremost consideration. A tendency to insist upon our rights, without always pausing to reflect whether we could uphold them single-handed, is noticeable even to-day. We shall probably run against many a stone wall before we learn the practical lesson that an apparently unfettered national life has limitations quite as real as the old limitations by treaty. Few regret our lost neutrality or, rather, our newly-won freedom; but not all of us quite understand the implications of freedom. We are no longer a ward of the Great Powers but we have still to

learn that, if our former guardians are to welcome us in their midst as fully adult, we must cultivate a sense of adult responsibility."

Differences of temperament and language between the Flemish speaking and the French speaking halves of the population render the position of Belgium less simple than that of homogeneous nations; and the political reasons which make the French Alliance acceptable to the country as a whole tend to accentuate the resistance of the Flemings to French influence. A section of the people believes that close relations with England would be even more valuable, because less dangerous, than close relations with France and that, if any of Belgium's powerful neighbours is to have cause for displeasure, it had better not be England. For Belgium, the ideal situation would be one in which France and England were in close agreement with each other and with her. Hence the dismay and irritation that were felt in Belgium when the British Government declined to accompany her and France into the Ruhr. The Belgian Government could not have dissociated itself from French policy even had Belgian national feeling been less potently anti-German than it is, for Belgium is a territorial neighbour of Germany and is bound to France by a defensive military convention. But Belgian industrialists and financiers realize more acutely than those of France the drawbacks and the dangers of the Ruhr policy. They are more dependent than those of France upon foreign trade and they fear the consequences of a protracted deadlock. A great part of the economic hinterland of Belgium lies in Germany. She is now practically severed from it, while the advantages derived from German deliveries of coal and coke, before the occupation of the Ruhr, have ceased or have been curtailed. Nevertheless, there is no weakening in Belgian national support of the Ruhr policy. Whatever sacrifices it involves must, the Belgians feel, be borne until Germany is brought to reason. As in the War, Belgium is determined to hold out until Germany gives way.

For Belgium, as for France, the question really at issue in the Ruhr is "Security" quite as much as "Reparation". Whatever financial or economic arrangements Germany may propose for a settlement, will not be thought adequate unless lasting safeguards

against future attack by Germany are created and guaranteed. Among the safeguards would be the permanent demilitarization of the Rhineland and, if possible, its detachment from Prussia (though not necessarily from Germany). Were it possible to earmark a proportion of the resources of the Ruhr as security for the payment of Reparations, under an international agreement in which Germany could join, and could the creation of a preponderatingly German coal and iron monopoly in the Centre of Europe be obviated by some form of international economic control over the Ruhr, Belgium would, I believe, regard her political and economic future with greater assurance. But, until Germany finds the courage and the wisdom to put forward reasonable proposals for a settlement, the memory of her misdeeds in Belgium will continue to make of the Belgian people a very pertinacious factor in the forces ranged against her.

WICKHAM STEED.

London, May, 1923.

HUNGARY SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY COUNT LÁSZLÓ SZÉCHÉNYI
Minister of Hungary to the United States

THE war ended for Hungary with the armistice concluded with the Italian General Diaz, acting on behalf of all the Allies, on November 3, 1918. It explicitly extended to all the fronts and merely provided that the Hungarian troops of the Austro-Hungarian army should be ordered back to the Hungarian border. While the Austro-Hungarian commanders signed the Diaz Armistice, the Government on whose behalf they acted no longer had authority behind the front. Demonstrations and riots—somewhat misleadingly termed a revolution[1]—had swept aside the constitutional government of Hungary and brought Count Michael Károlyi into power.

Count Károlyi, though a member of the Hungarian Parliament for years and belonging to the "Party of Independence", had never held a responsible position before. While he has stood now for one thing and then for another, he has been consistent in only one respect and that is that he has always been "ag'in the government", no matter who headed it. Thus he had also been an outspoken *defaitiste* during the war. His friends utilized this circumstance to make him appear the man of the hour who could bring about the radical change within and without for which the motley crowds in the streets were clamoring.

Nothing is as characteristic of the confused minds of the people and of the reaction against the war in Hungary as the fact that Count Michael Károlyi could assume power at this critical juncture. Such eminent writers abroad as the French brothers Tharaud have been attracted by the strange contradiction of a tremendously wealthy aristocrat, of marked haughty manner, placing himself at the head of all the Radicals of his country, today swearing allegiance to the King appointing him Prime

[1] The revolution in Hungary preceded similar efforts in Prague and Zagreb.

Minister, and tomorrow overthrowing him to assume supreme power himself.

To an outsider the Károlyi régime must have seemed the greatest of farces; to Hungarians it was a tragedy. If I dwell on Károlyi's career at some length, it is because of the fact that he and his friends have tried ever since to make his fate appear as the triumph and tragedy of democracy in Hungary. As a matter of fact, Hungary was perhaps never further removed from democracy than under his rule. How far this democratic "lip service" went is rather amusingly illustrated by the fact that the word "republic" was not considered democratic enough but Károlyi had to go America and France one better by calling it "The Hungarian People's Republic"; at first it was even officially styled "The Hungarian Popular Republic"!

The facts in the matter are, however, that the constitution of Hungary, which is the oldest on the Continent, dating back to 1222—seven years younger than the Magna Charta—was swept away, and Parliament was disbanded by a group of Károlyi's satellites who constituted themselves the National Council without being elected by any one. Not only did this alleged People's Government hold no elections for five months after its *coup d'état*, but it did not bother even to make any serious preparations therefor. The whole Károlyi "Government"—if this name is not in reality a misnomer—consisted of a group of people who had merely the personal wish to come to the forefront, without experience or ability in governmental matters. They were a motley crowd composed of extreme Radicals who had belonged to the last elected legislature, and of many more of this class who had not succeeded in being elected, and of Socialists and Communists of all the colors of the rainbow.

At this most critical moment, when the Diaz Armistice had just been signed and it was necessary to make provisions for the withdrawal of the Hungarian troops to the lines assigned by the Allies, and for an orderly demobilization, the newly appointed Minister of War solved the difficult question by declaring that he did "not wish to see any more soldiers"—meaning that every one should go home as best he could. The result of course was a general pandemonium, and the army—which even according to

the intentions of the Allies ought to have been held together for some time and, if possible, utilized to break down Bolshevism, disappeared so to speak over night, infesting the country with roving bands of armed marauders. It can hardly be denied today that there was "method in the madness", for in order to make a Bolshevist coup successful, the first step had to be the disbanding of the army, the gendarmerie (country police), and the police. After the Socialist and Bolshevist element gained more and more ground in Károlyi's councils, the nucleus of a new army was created, consisting exclusively of trusty Socialists and Bolshevists.

In its foreign policy the Károlyi administration was characterized by the same amateurish happy-go-lucky-ness and childlike innocence. So much had been said during the war about militarism that Károlyi's advisers seemed to have felt that they would score by complete voluntary disarmament, entrusting the protection of the country's borders to the good will of its neighbours. The natural result was that every one of Hungary's neighbours occupied large tracts of her territory and established *fait accomplis* which were later sanctioned in the Treaty of Trianon.

The most fateful step taken by Károlyi, however, was the repudiation of the Diaz Armistice and his attempt to negotiate another armistice at Belgrade with the French Commander-in-Chief of the Balkan forces. This armistice was not concluded between soldiers, as had been the Diaz Armistice, but dictated by a victorious General to a motley crowd of politicians and agitators, of whom the French General expressed his opinion to Károlyi in the thereafter famous words, "*vous êtés tombé bien bas*". The Belgrade armistice provided for the first temporary occupations of Hungarian territory by its neighbours. The conclusion of the Belgrade armistice, in full knowledge of the Diaz Armistice and its more favourable terms, was the most flagrant act of high treason committed by Károlyi towards his country. It provided, among other things, for the entry of Roumanian troops into Transylvania, although Roumania was no longer one of the Allies, having concluded a separate peace against their wishes with Austria-Hungary.

The assassination of Count Stephen Tisza, the former Prime Minister who had vainly tried to avert the war in 1914, was the

first assassination of a statesman of any prominence in all Hungary's history. Thereafter there was no one to check the madness of the Károlyi administration.

The story of Bolshevism in Hungary is an interesting example of what Bolshevism means when left to take its course in a country of higher civilization than Russia; an example which to my mind has never been brought sufficiently to public attention abroad. People will be found who attempt to present Károlyi as a victim of the forces of reaction; and similar things have been said about Bolshevism in Hungary. Nothing is further removed from the truth. Károlyi had an unobstructed course, even as far as Conservatives were concerned. His failure was due to inherent weaknesses of his domestic and foreign policies, ending in his wilfully and formally abdicating in favor of Bolshevist leaders. As to Bolshevism in Hungary, it likewise came to an end, not due to a triumph of reaction (for the Nationalists were unable to obtain arms), but owing to the passive resistance of the Hungarian peasants and farmers, and the disillusionment of the working classes of the country.

Hungary is the only western country where Bolshevism reigned for any length of time—four months— and where it could subsequently be investigated on the spot. It broke out in a general state of apathy, people being so disgusted with the Károlyi régime that they could not see that anything worse would befall them. The Bolshevist leaders made the new order acceptable in national garb by claiming that the wrongs suffered by the country could be remedied only through the assistance of the International Brotherhood of the followers of Karl Marx.

The man who typified Hungarian Bolshevism at home and abroad was Bela Kun. "Before the war he was an obscure reporter who could be seen here and there in newspaper offices reporting on news of no consequence. One day he disappeared. He turns up in a country town where he is the secretary of a workingmen's union. Charged with having defrauded the union, he is soon chased away by the irate workers and is about to be indicted when the war breaks out. Joining the colours, he is taken prisoner in 1916. He rapidly learns Russian and gains the confidence of the famous propagandist Radek (Zobelsohn). He

soon rises in the service of the Russian propaganda and becomes an intimate of Lenine. Somehow he still has difficulty in squaring his accounts, and though he opens the Conference of Prisoners of War at Moscow in 1918, he cannot account for the funds appropriated for this purpose and is called a thief by his comrades in open session. Bela Kun and his friend Perlstein soon assume direction of the education of agitators, so all important in the eyes of Lenine.

"A few weeks after Károlyi's revolution, Bela Kun under an alias reappears in Budapest to begin Communistic agitation in Hungary. The Russian Red Cross Mission at Vienna is to supply him regularly with needed funds. According to his own statement, he spent twelve million rubles on agitation in Hungary from the time of his return to the outbreak of Bolshevism in March, 1919.

"At first he had little success, and his paper by such statements as 'It is not sufficient to kill the bourgeois, they have to be cut in pieces', amused rather than influenced the masses. Lack of success in stampeding even the remnants of the disorganized armed forces landed him again in jail. The winning of these elements was not accomplished by Bela Kun but by his comrade Joseph Pogany.

"This Joseph Pogany, who proclaimed himself President of the Soldiers' Soviet, was the same person who on the eve of October 30, 1918, at the head of a small group of assassins, shot Count Stephen Tisza. Pogany was the son of a man who washed corpses for a synagogue in Budapest. He had obtained the degree of Doctor of Law, which seemed highly strange to any one who saw his butcher manners and his brutal appearance. An insignificant reporter, himself, his ambition was to become a successful dramatic writer, and he was the author of a play, 'Napoleon',—refused everywhere, by the way,—in which he pictured the Emperor as a pacifist, dreaming constantly of rural idyls but forced by a merciless fate to wage wars against his will." [1]

Let us return now to the outbreak of Bolshevism in Hungary. At the time when huge placards announced to the population of Budapest that the proletariat had assumed supreme power and

[1] *Quand Israel est Roi.* Tharaud.

that a large Russian army had crossed the Carpathians to liberate Hungary, "the Bolsheviki in Russia were instilling new courage into their famished population by telling them that a Hungarian Bolshevist army was approaching Russia, brushing aside the enemies of the Soviet, and bringing with it vast droves of hogs for needy Russia.

"It would surely have seemed simplest to decapitate at once the bourgeois and aristocrats, but as this radical transaction offered considerable difficulties, the best way to accomplish the desired end seemed to be to render their life impossible. It was decreed that no person could take part in any election without a membership card in one of the workmen's unions. Thus the whole bourgeoisie was placed beyond the law by a simple stroke of the pen. The bank deposits of the bourgeois were confiscated, and in addition they were summoned—under pain of dire punishment—to turn in, within two weeks, all their gold, jewels, art objects and foreign securities. For the surveillance of the bourgeoisie, every private or apartment house had to have a man of confidence, elected solely by the proletarians, living on the premises. He represented the proletariat power in the house, turning out or installing people as best he saw fit, deciding differences arising between the owner and his constituents,—the new squatters,—collecting rent from the bourgeois for the Soviet Government, and holding the unfortunate owner under the constant menace of denunciation to the Soviet tribunals.

"No sooner had the Dictatorship of the Proletariat been proclaimed than all stocks of goods in the shops were declared Communistic property, and supervisors, appointed by the Soviets, were placed in every one of the shops. This incidentally gives an idea of the way in which the number of public employees was multiplied under Soviet rule. A nominal low price was fixed for each article in the shop, but in order to prevent non-proletarians from benefitting by these special prices, it was decreed that no one would have the right to buy any article unless he showed a card of membership in a union and a special permit granted by the man of confidence in his particular dwelling place. The benefit derived from the socialization of shops was, however, of very short duration, even to the proletariat. It naturally took

only a few days to empty the shops and the robbed shopkeepers had, of course, not the slightest desire to replenish them, even if they had the means to do so.

"All workshops employing more than ten persons were socialized. In case of good behaviour the managers and engineers were allowed to retain their positions temporarily, at an arbitrarily fixed low pay. It was made plain, however, that this state of things still fell far short of the Communistic ideal, and that all mental workers would be discharged as soon as the manual workers were able to get along without them. Naturally the profits of the workshops and plants were to go to the Communistic state—but there never were any profits."[1] Partly the fabulously increased wages and partly the removal of all private incentive to success rendered the plants in reality nobody's business.

The complete failure of Communism with respect to industrial production became so clearly realized in the last days of Bolshevism that in order to revive production workingmen were no longer paid by the hour or the day but according to piece-work.

The experiences of Bolshevism in the realm of finance were no better. At first the Communist state was swimming in money. This lasted as long as there was any money or values left in the Communized banks, and as long as there remained stocks of seized goods in the warehouses. The money fast disappeared in paying tremendous salaries to the innumerable Soviet officials deemed necessary to assure the new order—not to speak of the fantastic amounts consumed by graft. The most reckless printing of paper money could not remedy the situation, and nothing is more characteristic of the failure of Communism in the realm of finance than the fact that after two months of its existence, the Soviet Government had to invite the same bourgeois whom it had declared parasites and placed beyond the law, to lend money to the new Government at eight per cent—double the rate paid by the former governments.

The Soviet took great pleasure in posing as a promoter of public education and culture. Literature and art were socialized in order to serve the purposes of the Soviet. The rigidity of the censorship surpassed anything known in wartime. Theatres,

[1] *Quand Israel est Roi.* Tharaud.

movies and other places of recreation were made gratuitous to anyone producing a union card.

Most curious were the educational measures. At the university, the law and divinity faculties were simply abolished as of no value to the Marxian principles. Examinations were abolished altogether, as they were bound to bring about inequality not consistent with the Communistic principle. All teachers and professors desiring to retain their positions had to take a four weeks' course acquainting themselves with the principles of Bolshevism. A large number of eminent scholars were simply discharged because they were not considered sufficiently in sympathy with the new order. Not satisfied with changing professors and teachers into "comrade instructors", a Soviet of pupils was established in every school, charged with the supervision of teaching from the point of view of the Marxian doctrines and with the duty of denouncing to the Soviets teachers not sufficiently in sympathy with the latter.

All religious instruction was barred. All the more attention was paid to sex enlightenment of both boys and girls, and the most shocking exhibitions were made at movies, plastic figure cabinets, etc., usually ending in the praise of free love.

As a result of Bolshevism, even the pampered workmen themselves could no longer buy anything with the fiat money issued by the Soviet, which the farmers refused to accept in payment for their produce. To break the increasing resistance of the bourgeois and the recalcitrance of the farmers, terror detachments were soon employed which committed the most dastardly crimes.

When the Soviet rule finally collapsed, a new national government was established under the leadership of ex-Admiral Horthy.

Admiral Horthy is the scion of a well known family whose members have distinguished themselves as public servants, in civil life or in the defense of their country. One of his brothers fell in the first month of the war. Horthy himself was a graduate of our naval academy and had served in the navy with distinction. The outbreak of the war finds him commander of a small cruiser. He distinguishes himself in various smaller engagements. He attracts the attention of his superiors by his action in the Straits of Otranto where he engages sixteen similar small enemy craft.

Though wounded he remains on a stretcher on the bridge and successfully terminates his daredevil sortie. Splendid representative of the international type of an energetic and fearless naval officer, whether on sea or on land, he rallies to the national cause after the outbreak of Bolshevism and hurries to Szeged where the patriots were assembling. The latter were most fortunate indeed to be able to select this born leader as their standard bearer, which he has remained ever since.

After the downfall of Bolshevism, elections were held on the basis of the widest conceivable franchise, and the legislature thus elected in turn elected Admiral Horthy, as Governor of Hungary.

National reconstruction could not be brought about without incidents of violence in reaction against the Bolshevist rule, which—as regrettable as they were—can be fully understood in the light of the misdeeds of the Bolsheviki. The feeble, reëstablished government did its best to reinstate law and order, but was unable to prevent many acts of revenge which have received the widest publicity abroad under the name of the "White Terror".

Gradually, however, public order was restored and Hungary is again one of the safest countries in Europe.

Today practically the only memories of the periods of hatred are certain educational discriminatory measures against the Jews. Since these measures have formed the foundation of countless attacks against Hungary, it might be well to dwell on them at some length.

It is not within my province to determine whether Bela Kun and his People's Commissaries were good Jews or bad Jews; the fact is that not only Bela Kun but eighteen out of the twenty-four People's Commissaries were Jews, as were likewise the leaders of the terror detachments. The Gentile Commissaries were of such little consequence that the current joke was that they held office only to transact business on the Sabbath!

Hungary before the war had, to my knowledge, been the most liberal country with respect to the Jews. A very large immigration had been tolerated for many years from Russia, Roumania, and other countries where the Jews were subject to persecution, taking it for granted that in return they would become law-

abiding citizens of the country. The awakening was all the more cruel, and unfortunately some of the assimilated and patriotic Jews were likewise made to feel some of the consequences of the misdeeds of their recently immigrated coreligionists.

There has hardly been a government in history confronted with such terrible problems as was the new National Government after the downfall of Bolshevism. In addition to the problem of the reëstablishment of law and order, to which I have referred before, there was the problem of reëstablishing production in a country where, owing to Bolshevism and the Roumanian invasion, the agricultural districts were bereft even of seed and draft animals. Farm machinery had been allowed to run down during five years of warfare and subsequent events. There was no money to buy machinery or fertilizers. The financial institutions and industrial plants had been wrecked apparently beyond hope by socialization. Added to these handicaps, the country had to face the reconstruction of its economic life, owing to foreign occupation of two-thirds of the territory of the country and to the "Chinese wall" which the occupying forces had thrown around this territory. Hungary had not been a highly developed industrial country. Most industrial articles had to be imported, but in certain lines highly specialized manufacturing was on a very high level, accustomed to sell in the large protected market of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. This large domestic market was now gone and, owing to the impossibility of buying from abroad,—having nothing to exchange for the imports,—every effort had to be made to level, so to speak, the industrial production to satisfy the needs of the country in all lines.

The same problem had to be faced even in agriculture. Thus, for instance, sugar beets were left in certain districts while the sugar factories were in occupied territory, or cattle left in one part while the feed-producing areas were lost, etc.

In spite of all these handicaps, the most remarkable progress was accomplished,—owing to the dogged determination of the race to live, to rebuild, or to patch up the old, as far as possible. For example, the reconstruction of the Hungarian government railroads which had been of a very high type before the war but had been ruined by the stress of war and the depredations of

Bolshevism. Subsequently, the Roumanian invaders had removed, so to speak, everything that would still roll on rails; nothing but locomotives out of commission and dilapidated cars with wooden benches and gaping holes instead of windows were left. Unable to buy new material, scrap had to be utilized to put the cars again in commission. Owing to inability to buy good coal, used heretofore, boilers and grates were changed to burn the very poorest quality of coal, which is found in small quantities in the country. Pretty soon American travelers in southeastern Europe could report that they could tell the moment they passed the Hungarian border by the superior appearance of the rolling stock, as compared with the neighbouring countries. The Hungarian railroad workshops soon received orders for putting into shape the railroads of Yugoslavia.

The foreign situation appeared even more hopeless.

One third of the population speaking the Hungarian language found themselves separated from their kin with whom they had lived together for one thousand years. The persecutions directed against this separated element of the nation—established beyond doubt by various impartial British, American, and other commissions— kept the state of mind of the people in the remaining part of Hungary in constant turmoil.

The most pressing concern of the reëstablished Hungarian Government was to end formally the state of war. When the Hungarian Peace Delegation was summoned to Paris, it found itself faced with a cast iron treaty, sanctioning all foreign occupations of Hungarian soil—most of which had occurred in flagrant contravention of the terms of even the armistice of Belgrade. The Hungarian Peace Delegation could see plainly that the dismemberment of Hungary had to be faced at the very moment when the dismemberment of Poland was being rectified. In its plea to the Supreme Council, the Hungarian Peace Delegation declared its willingness to waive Hungary's historic title to the land—established by a thousand years' possession— if the dismemberment of the country should be the wish of the populations of the affected regions. To bring about this—which I am sure would have been a unique triumph of the principle of self-determination— the Hungarian Peace Delegation asked merely

for the holding of a plebiscite under the Allies' direct supervision. The proposal was flatly refused, and the country dismembered without any impartial forum having established whether or not it was the wish of the affected populations!

Hungary, to my knowledge, has never received credit for manfully submitting to the inevitable, nor has the Hungarian Government received credit for preserving order in the country in spite of the repercussion of the persecutions directed against the fellow Hungarians who had been brought under foreign rule. The constant stream of destitute refugees pouring in from the annexed territories brought home again and again the unbearable hardships the Treaty of Trianon had imposed on the country.

The nation was sober enough to see the threatening analogy of Hungary's dismemberment with that of Poland's, one hundred and fifty years ago. There, at first only the border provinces were annexed, under one pretext or another—mostly based on racial kinship—by Russia, Prussia and Austria. Then these countries, having benefited by the dismemberment of Poland, formed a close alliance for the mutual protection of their spoils, but did not feel secure until even the last remaining portion of the unhappy country had been divided and ceased to exist as an independent State. The only possible way for Hungary to escape a similar fate seemed to be to submit to all demands, without scrutinizing their justification, and to fulfill punctiliously the obligations assumed in the Treaty of Trianon.

All the energies of the country were focused on economic reconstruction. As most economic evils could be traced back to the dilapidated state of finances, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Hegedüs, himself a banker, accepted this portfolio late in the fall of 1921, only with "dictatorial" powers, and, burdening the tax bearing capacity of the nation to the breaking point, brought about the most startling cuts in the budget, and had the legislature vote a capital levy of 15 per cent, enabling the Government to stop the printing press and practically to balance its budget. He also discontinued unemployment doles. As a result, within a few months time, the Hungarian crown was not only separated from the Austrian crown, but its New York quotation reached six to seven times its previous level.

Although, owing to Hungary's partition, there was not much love lost between Hungary and her neighbors, who had all helped themselves to slices of Károlyi's Hungarian cake, it was plainly realized in the country that economic intercourse had to be resumed with them. Due to the persistent efforts and the self-restraint of the Hungarian Government, this aim has been accomplished to a remarkable extent. This apparently purely economic problem had most embarrassing political complications, on account of the economic character of the persecutions which had taken place of late against Hungarian residents of the neighbouring countries. This can best be illustrated by an example of the agrarian laws passed in these various countries.

Hardly any one will dissent on the social desirability of enabling the rural classes to acquire as much land as they need, even should this curtail the holdings of larger land owners. Thus a wave of land reform has gone over *post bellum* Europe, and we have it also in Hungary. The problem of the execution of land reform is twofold, however; first, the economic: in parceling up estates where, owing to greater wealth, the owners could carry on production on a higher level of efficiency, there lies the danger of giving more land to the peasants than they are able to cultivate and of thus abridging the economic production of the country as a whole; and second, the legal: land reform must be brought about without confiscation of private property, or else the Bolshevist confiscation of private property would merely be repeated, telling the peasants to help themselves.

In contrast to the method of procedure of the Soviets, Hungary provides for a fair valuation and compensation for the land taken away from the larger land owners, paid partly by the purchasing peasantry and partly by the state. Thus the parceling up of large holdings takes place only in districts where there is really need for the same. And, the man in charge of this reapportionment of land is a peasant himself, Mr. Szabo, the Minister of Agriculture.

The world has been filled with hostile propaganda directed against Hungary, calling her a firebrand and imputing to her all kinds of aggressive tendencies. The fact is that almost four years have gone by since the reëstablishment of the National

Government, and not a single action can be quoted that would warrant any such allegations. Far from being a threat to her neighbours, Hungary is today absolutely at their mercy! The Hungarian Government has shown the best of faith in the execution of the Treaty of Trianon, accepting not only the loss of territory but complete disarmament as well. As a matter of fact, owing to the finances of the country, the Hungarian National Army does not reach the figure allowed by the terms of the peace treaty. In the matter of equipment the situation is still worse.

The world has been filled with discussions on German reparations *ad nauseam*, but as yet little has been said about Hungarian reparations. The outstanding characteristic difference is, however, that in the case of Germany it is the question of a country which has lost roughly only one-tenth of her territory, while in the case of Hungary you will find a country that has lost two-thirds of her territory. Hungary has paid reparations by the cession of territory and by having been "cleaned out" by the Roumanians, away beyond any figure that could have been reasonably expected from the country.

Europe has certainly not been in a good way since the Armistice, and at no previous time in history has the task of statesmen been so difficult as today. I hope, however, that I have succeeded in showing that Hungary wishes to be an asset and not a liability to the world at large and that she will work out her problems if left to herself and given a chance.

No matter how onerous the Treaty of Trianon has proved to be—and I am happy to say it was not accepted by America—the Hungarian Government has realized that the treaty ought to be given a working chance at least, and is most eager to coöperate heart and soul in any constructive plan that may be advanced for the betterment of present European conditions.

COUNT LÁSZLÓ SZÉCHÉNYI.

"TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, AND PARIS, FRANCE"

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

In his inaugural address as President of the American Historical Association, Dean Haskins of Harvard quoted a remark by a private of a New Jersey regiment at the close of the late war: "There's a hell of a lot of difference between Trenton, New Jersey, and Paris, France; and you don't know it till you get to Paris, France."

I quote this remark again, not with a view to advertising the educational advantages of foreign travel, but because it is an eminently wise statement based on personal observation. There is a lot of difference. Yet it is that difference with respect to the rest of the world that the American people are asked to bridge. As this possibility opens before us, what are the actual political conditions which face us? What forces are at work here in America and abroad with reference to our foreign policies and the policies of other countries? Let us take a "swing round the circle" to have a look at things.

The entire controversy with regard to the prospect of the United States as a member of the World Court arises first of all from the inherent American dislike and distrust of European affairs. It is not that we are content with the "village pump", but that our "village" has seemed to be big enough for us. Many of us came from Europe to escape from just that sort of entanglement in the affairs of our neighbours which we fancy is now about to be thrust upon us. I well remember several years ago a long talk with an eminent American, who later was an Ambassador. He declared that the negro problem, the development of the Mississippi Valley, and other entirely domestic questions, would occupy the mind of America for years to come. There was no chance, he asserted, that problems of foreign policy

would become dominant in American politics. He was wrong, of course, and we differed very frankly at the time.

However, it took a World War and experience abroad to complete his Ambassadorial education. He is today keenly interested in our foreign policy. Yet his original point of view was just the point of view which has had control in our national affairs and which was preëminently American. The facts of our history had escaped him and the weight of world affairs did not seem to be pressing.

Today, President Harding can say that "no one can hold the Presidential office without being convinced that it is impossible for the United States to stand aloof from the rest of the world." This remark, however, was not intended as encouragement to those who would see the United States join the League of Nations. The opinion of the leaders of the Republican party is still heavily against such a step. Nevertheless, the remark is not without significance, for it shows that the experience of office has told on the President; and it exhibits an innate desire to see the United States play her rightful part in the affairs of the world. Unquestionably the President is more at home in domestic matters; the relief with which he turns to such questions is apparent. He did not have the vision for the study of foreign relations; but gradually he has seen that they must play an enormous part in the success or failure of his administration.

The decision to propose joining the Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court, came from the feeling that something must be done to demonstrate the readiness of the United States to take part in world affairs. It also came from the influence of distinguished lawyers in persuading the Administration that it was safe and wise to join in the movement. During 1921 Mr. Root and his associates were abroad, largely concerned with the development of the idea that the principles of American federalism were historically applicable to the choice of judges for the World Court. Professor Moore of Columbia University was later elected as a member of the Court. It was apparent, however, that the advocates of the World Court would not be satisfied until the United States was actually a member. Consequently a small group of lawyers were again associated in studying ways

and means of securing it. This non-partisan but highly professional group had from the first the support of Secretary Hughes and thus eventually of President Harding.

In connection with this decision, however, there is the political aspect of the matter to be considered. In this there are four elements. (1) First are those who are strong in their hatred of war but who are equally strong in their opposition to American participation in European affairs. This group, of whom Senator Borah may be considered the mouthpiece, favours a movement to "outlaw war". They consequently are opposed to the idea of admission to the World Court. They fear that the American people will be satisfied merely with the support of the Court. To this group belong some of the professional Pacifists and many of the Radicals. They, therefore, want the plan for admission to this Court shelved as interfering with the highly commendable but practically impossible scheme that they advocate.

(2) A second element is opposed to the World Court because it is "European". They see the United States as the one country which can remain free from the burdens of international rivalry, and they quote without ceasing the much misunderstood language of George Washington. Foreign affairs are taboo to them and Europe is a hotbed of hatreds. Senator Johnson or Senator Moses is perhaps typical of this group.

(3) Still a third group is ready for the admission of the United States to the World Court because they fancy it is a step in the direction of American participation in world affairs and because they expect in this way to open the door at the next election in November, 1924, to our admission to the League of Nations. The campaign is already on for this purpose. The League of Nations Non-Partisan Association is busy with its programme of speakers; and the stage is set for an enthusiastic welcome to President Harding's plan because out of it the advocates of the League of Nations expect to accomplish something much beyond the thought of the administration at Washington. Ex-Justice Clarke, Mr. Colby, and Mr. Wickersham, are of this camp.

(4) Fourthly and finally, there are President Harding himself and those Senators who, willingly or unwillingly, are supporting him in a plan to settle the difficult question of doing something

which will show to the American people that the Republican party has kept its pledges and yet to avoid the issue of joining the League of Nations or of actively participating in European affairs. They declare that it is possible for the World Court to remain a part of the League of Nations, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, but that the United States can join the Court without in any way entangling itself by associating with the League of Nations. I suppose this is true; certainly some of the best legal brains in America have certified that it is possible. President Harding has come out emphatically for admission to the World Court; he declares that "the national heart, conscience, and judgment are alike enlisted", and that "we need never fear that any opposition will prevail".

What is the reason for all this fervor and agitation? Why are we to hear this summer speech after speech on the World Court? Why at the next session of Congress is the Senate to discuss reservations in the endeavour to tie up the entire matter? The plan is a perfectly simple one. The United States is to be invited to join the World Court after that body has been sufficiently separated from the League of Nations. Whether that is done or not, for us to stay out of the Court, to oppose membership in it, would be an absurdity. We have favoured the idea of arbitration and the practice of judicial settlement of those international disputes which are justiciable. The fact that we are not already a member of the Court is in itself an accident of politics. President Harding is simply trying to put us where we belong.

The real reason for the commotion this proposal has created lies in its implications and associations. There is in the proposal a possible attempt to confuse the real issues of the coming Presidential campaign. The supporters of President Harding wish to point to our membership in the World Court as an achievement, as a demonstration of our interest in and sympathy with the affairs of the world outside. They have no intention of committing the United States beyond that. The supporters of the League of Nations, on the other hand, wish to have our membership in the Court as a stepping stone toward full membership in the League. For this reason they will try to demonstrate

the futility of going only as far as the Court and refusing to go further toward association with other nations.

It is for such reasons that the visit of Lord Robert Cecil was of interest and importance to the issues of the next Presidential campaign. Rarely has a foreigner had to define for us the real issue of our domestic politics. Yet that is precisely what Lord Robert did. By sedulously refusing to discuss the World Court, by keeping entirely aloof from our politics, and by keeping firmly and courteously to his own theme,—the League of Nations,—he placed an apparently hopeless cause in a position where no one could neglect it.

The foreign policy of the United States has had a hard struggle. So far under Secretary Hughes it has the Washington Conference to its credit. The treaties signed there have not as yet been ratified by France. Their intent, however, has already become practically a certainty. Great Britain and Japan have already shown by their policies that they intend to adhere to them. The Far East is, for the time, quiescent as far as any rivalry between the United States and Japan is concerned. In the mean time at Tokio the content of Japanese policies is slowly become clearer. It is by a policy of friendship with China to try gradually to take the position of commercial advantage and of real direction that Japan thinks is rightfully hers. Meantime the Chinese, by the rivalry of their *tuchuns*, or local chieftains, and by the corruption of their politics, are rapidly throwing away the advantages they had gained at Washington. It is clear that the immediate future of the Far East must depend largely on local and domestic politics.

Our policy in the Near East has been reviewed so recently (*The United States and The New Turkey* in this REVIEW for May) that it is necessary only to observe that so far our policy has been chiefly negative. So also with reference to Russia, the administration continues in lawyer-like fashion to support the policy of non-recognition laid down under President Wilson. Disputes as to the enforcement of our laws at sea could be extremely interesting were the cargoes any save liquor. The Eighteenth Amendment seems to have forced us into a conflict of national laws which, however, does not as yet touch any fundamental issue of foreign

policy. The controversy still remains a source of irritation and a cause of perplexity to foreign countries. Indeed were we not, for the time being, in such an impregnable physical position, the issue might become important. At all events the enforcement or modification of the law at home is morally much more important.

Gradually and after what has seemed almost unnecessary caution, our relations with Mexico seem to be becoming both more cordial and regular. The reëstablishment of full diplomatic relations appears to be imminent. The Pan-American Conference is now over and our representatives seem to have wound up affairs there on good terms though practically nothing was accomplished.

So we come to the tangle of reparations, which for most of us means the occupation of the Ruhr by France. On this also turns the question of the limitation of armaments and the problem of debts. The adjustment of the terms for the payment of the British debt has been followed by proposals for settlement along similar lines by Finland and by Czechoslovakia. No other countries have so far taken any steps to adjust their indebtedness to us. Indeed we practically have to face the fact that neither France nor Italy can, at present, pay even the interest. In the mean time the adjustment of the entire international economic fabric awaits. There is no prospect of a conference to deal with that, largely because of the American insistence that we would not forgive even a portion of those debts. Today, with a Presidential campaign beginning ahead of time, no American party could venture on a policy which would apparently be throwing away even a remote chance of recovery of those debts. To enter a conference on world economics and at the same time to say that international debts to us were not to be discussed, would be an absurdity.

The occupation of the Ruhr is more than the gesture of France. It is really war of an economic sort. It represents the endeavour of France to secure for herself both the proper reparation due her and the security which, above all, she demands. Today Europe is not disarmed largely because there exists an inevitable fear. That fear is due to the failure of the Peace of Versailles to provide for a moral as well as a physical release from war. Small

wonder that we have a movement to "outlaw war", that the stinging memories of the recent struggle should provoke good people to attempt impossible results with feeble tools!

On the one hand are the positive evils of the Treaty of Versailles; chief among them the fact that reparations were fixed at too high a figure and that figure an indefinite one. There followed the deliberate attempt by Germany to twist out of paying even what she actually could pay. In this she was aided by the great industrial magnates, who saw the chance both to help their Government and to line their own pockets. The deposit of money in neutral countries and the opening up of large credits in banks which were outside of Germany saved such sums from legitimate taxation at home and left the printing of immense quantities of paper money as the only means of supplying the country with currency.

On the other hand is the failure of the guarantees to give France security. This was to have been by the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and France. Add to this the general disregard into which the League of Nations was plunged by our rejection of the Treaty of Versailles and by the policies of European statesmen. These chose to negotiate by personal interviews and to depend among themselves on direct negotiations instead of lending support to the League of Nations. Under such circumstances the decisions of the League were at times disregarded. In the cases both of the Near East and of the Ruhr the problems seemed too great for the League, or to be complicated by outside factors. The result was that France finally determined on action to protect herself. The chance to break the passive resistance of Germany and to secure reparations and economic and military security as well seemed to her to be good. The result we can all see today is an involved and desperate problem. It includes the intricate question of control of mineral resources in a region which has been a battlefield for centuries. The economics of diplomacy has rarely faced a more difficult task.

And what can we say of the United States in this hasty survey of foreign politics? That we are well out of it. That it is a mess, and that Europe hates us but needs our money. That the United States should show its sympathy but should not join the

League of Nations. That we should join the League of Nations. All of these answers could be given. But are they quite true? Is there not another way of looking at the matter?

Some of us maintain that the first and greatest mistake was made when President Wilson "stood pat" and refused to accept any reservations to the Treaty of Versailles. The reasons for that do not now concern us. Certainly the lessons of the last four years have shown that the treaty is much in need of revision. The second mistake is no less vital; it is our refusal to undertake any responsibility for the state of affairs in Europe. As one man bluntly put it: "The Republicans have kept on making the same mistakes the Democrats did in the winter of 1920." By such mistakes we weakened our moral grip on the situation enormously. Furthermore, the loss of time in dealing with a constantly growing evil was more and more apparent.

If, for example, we had come forward in the spring of 1921 with the proposal which Secretary Hughes made last December, there is considerable chance that the occupation of the Ruhr would never have taken place. The obvious difficulty with that proposal was that it was made at least nine months too late. Opinions had become settled; decisions had been made; and the plan lacked effective power. To propose that a disinterested commission of business men should sit to determine what reparations should be paid, without the authority to enforce their findings, was lacking in diplomatic efficiency. Furthermore, both the French and the British were possibly ready to come to a decision which was approximately correct—namely, about $12,500,000,000. Our moral support could be taken for granted.

The question goes deeper, though, when we include the problem of security; and it is fundamentally security which France requires. Here again it is by no means certain at present that France would now be willing to accept the American-British guarantee as offered in 1919 and later withdrawn in 1920. That guarantee was based on the French withdrawal of the claim for the Rhine frontier. Today who can say what sort of security France wishes? The truth is that as time goes on the economic as well as the military demands of France seem to grow apace. Meanwhile there is a constantly increasing bitterness. The

organized secret sabotage service of Germany is bent on real destruction while the feeling of lawlessness grows.

It would be idle to speculate on the circumstances and terms which may be secured. The main fact is that at present opinion is too inflamed for any one power to interfere alone in the problem. In that respect Secretary Hughes is unquestionably right. Indeed one man, whose country certainly has no reason to love the Allies, said the other day that under the circumstances he thought the United States had done well to leave the situation alone. "It was either a matter of cracking their heads together in Europe or of staying out." On the whole, therefore, an attitude of readiness to assist in a concrete way, when the time may be ripe, seems to be the best policy to pursue at present.

There remains, however, the question of security at large. This at once raises the complaint with regard to Europe that is now common among most Americans. Why is Europe spending money on armaments when budgets cannot be balanced? We have lectured Europe in vain; we have said that it was hopeless to expect that the United States would associate herself with States which seemed to be bent on bankruptcy. In this we showed the separation and the distance between "Trenton, New Jersey, and Paris, France". But it remained a sincere conviction that physical competitive armaments were at the root of the trouble. In such ideas we were possibly right; but we did not appreciate the "moral disarmament" that was also necessary. We did not take count of the fact that the League of Nations was as yet without sufficient prestige and active authority to be the real guardian of European peace.

Today we find by the statistics that in round figures the standing armies in Europe number 4,355,000 men. That is an increase of over 600,000 men as compared with the year before the war, when the figures stood at 3,747,000 men. In the mean time Austria has practically ceased to exist as a military state and Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria have been compelled to reduce their forces by 700,000 men. For the rest of Europe this means an increase of over 1,300,000 men who are now actually serving in armies. And yet the last war was "the war to end war"! Have we forgotten that at the end of 1918 Italian privates in

barracks had little shrines where three or four candles burned before the poster portrait of President Wilson? Here daily rough privates of the line knelt praying that President Wilson, as the one man in the world who might, would end all wars!

Now as we look at Europe we see her "Balkanized". Each of the smaller new states has its army; and it is largely to these that the new additions to the total of standing armies is due. "Self-determination" is not cheap in the new economics of unproductive consumption! France remains about as strong as before; Italy has reduced her forces; Great Britain is slightly larger than in 1913. The United States has already fixed her forces at a negligible figure which is in reality too low. As a matter of fact we have today less than 50,000 available for actual combat troops. However, as we look at Europe can we welcome the cry: "Come on in! The water's fine!"

The root of the difficulty seems to be that people got into the habit of maintaining armed forces and cannot get out of it, especially in view of the miles and miles of new frontiers to be defended and in view of the numerous delicate disputes still remaining to be solved. Many of the new frontiers were hastily and arbitrarily drawn; many are not natural frontiers. They transgress areas of economic interest and do not give the protection of geography. The result is that a large part of the population of Europe lives under a burden of fear. Security is fundamental to such a situation and it is idle for us, in our sheltered trans-Atlantic position, to preach over the prospect.

What can be done about the matter? At present there is discussion of the problem before the League of Nations. That organization is in need of amendment and of supplement. The meaning of Article X is by no means clear, and, as Lord Robert Cecil acknowledges, it "is an ill drawn article. In practice it is doubtful whether it could ever be brought into operation." General Sir Frederick Maurice criticizes it from a military angle when he says: "No general staff could draw up plans of defense in reliance upon so nebulous an engagement". Thus the guarantee is attacked in the house of its friends. That article reads:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.

Were I writing on the League of Nations, other paragraphs in the famous Covenant might be criticized. There is, in any case, the entire question of regional guarantees. When the new programme comes finally before the League it will very probably at once simplify and clarify the entire situation. It is proposed that within Europe there should be a general guarantee by a supplementary treaty, and secondly that, in given concrete examples, there should be local regional agreements. These would be peculiar to the problems involved and might very well make strongly for security at large. At least that is the hope of those who have been working on the project. If such a programme were adopted there might be a decided reduction in the standing armies of Europe.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the status of the League of Nations leaves something to be desired. Certainly it is not the "cure all" for which so much was claimed, nor is it the ingenious but devilish device for binding the United States that we were familiar with in 1920. It was a gamble then, but considering the circumstances of the world perhaps the only available gamble. Today and in the immediate future its duty is an improvement of its own situation.

So far no one has a workable alternative to offer to the League of Nations. On the other hand the close conservatism of our politics is breaking down. The commercial and economic forces which bind us to the rest of the world are real and effective. It is impossible, however, to touch on those elements in our world situation at this time. The economics of diplomacy is a force whose potency none can deny. That certainly is making every day for a deeper interest in foreign policy. So the various currents of our national life seem to set more strongly toward an active participation in world affairs. Whether we join the League of Nations or no, they all have the tendency to restore to our foreign policy an effective vigor and the determination that the United States will still play a rôle as a partner in great events.

Alfred L. P. Dennis.

THE PROTEAN POWER

BY THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN

One of the popular philosophers of the day, Bergson, observes that it takes longer to "change ourselves than to change our tools". Another, Ferraris, has even more recently asserted that, so far from invention having done the world any good, "we have become the slaves of our own tyrant inventions". Both critical slurs on modern civilization may be true, but shall we settle back into the past, shall we stop inventing, shall we cease to use and improve the tools we have? And if there is no such possibility as arrest, must not the forward movement be continued? How can we stop thinking?

It was with no such pessimistic, Bolshevistic note that the present writer, in The North American Review of April, 1888, summed up what electrical development had then done in the fifty years since Morse completed his rough operative model of the recording electro-magnetic telegraph and exhibited it to a half skeptical, half marveling public. Nor can a view other than optimistic be now taken at the close of the one hundred years marked by the great electro-magnetic discoveries of Oersted, the Dane, Ampere, the Frenchman, Faraday, the Englishman, and Joseph Henry, the American. So much has been accomplished since 1820–21 in the great realm of electro-dynamics that one hesitates before the impossibility of summing up adequately all the advances in the century named, in the arts and sciences, with all the industrial and social changes involved, be they for good or ill. The direct results of electrical development are tangible and innumerable. The implications as to remote and probable effects are, equally, subtle and innumerable.

Electricity is advancing so far and fast, in these days of radio and vivisection of the atom, that people are apt to assume it is wholly shifting to new bases. Nothing of the kind! At the very instant, when the world is being belted with wireless

towers, like poles along a highway, and our Government has to intervene between rival broadcasters who are grubstaking the firmament, the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army comes out with an announcement of a modified Morse alphabet to speed up wire and cable telegraphy. Even more emphatic evidence as to the value and utility of the older methods of transmitting intelligence is the fact that a new transatlantic cable to operate between New York and London is to be laid right away at a cost of $10,000,000. But did not Dr. Elihu Thomson assert in 1898, on the very heels of Marconi's wireless sensation, that radio "will not replace telegraph lines and cables"? And here is the proof, twenty-five years later.

It is just twenty-one years since Marconi, having a month or two before jumped the signal "S" in Morse code across the Atlantic, was banqueted by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers to mark their appreciation of the significant event. To use his own language, he had "proved once and for all that electric waves could be transmitted and received across the ocean; and that long distance radio-telegraphy, about which so many doubts were entertained, was really going to become an established fact." Rumours were in circulation that "doubts" were still so profound at the time that the scoffers actually got up a round robin of protest against such recognition of the brilliant young Italian. Before the same body last year, when over here to receive two American engineering gold medals, the great inventor, dealing with the technical problems of a new art and gigantic industry, was able to assert: "If radio has already done so much for the safety of life at sea, for commerce, and for commercial and military communications, it is also destined to bring new and until recently unforeseen opportunities for healthy recreation and instruction into the lives of millions of human beings." A month before this, a portrait of King Victor Emmanuel had been transmitted by wireless from Italy to the United States. Late in 1921 President Harding addressed a peace message to twenty-seven nations by wireless from Long Island.

Beyond all this lies the infinitely important field of wireless power transmission. The discussion of this crops up incessantly, showing how much it is in men's minds. In lectures in

America, England and France, thirty years ago, Nikola Tesla proclaimed his belief in the coming feasibility of such transmission; and a little later he described in detail some features of his systematic research then carried on, and still being urged, with the object of perfecting a method of transmission of electrical energy through the natural medium; first, to develop a transmitter of great power; second, to perfect means for individualizing and isolating the energy transmitted; and third, to ascertain the laws of propagation through the earth and the atmosphere.

Intimately associated as telephony is with the telegraph out of which it grew, and with radio that has emancipated it from any bondage of the wired circuit, speech transmission remains an art and industry alone, apart from both in all its essentials. The American Government insisted on this separation of function and management a few years ago—which had some reason; although anti-trust legislation has never gone quite so far as to hold that the same man shall not sell moist sugar and granulated over the same counter; or that an electric light company must not supply arc and incandescent lamps from the same plant. Telephony as a business is, indeed, all that one class of managers could well look after, even if it were all consolidated into one system, as it is not. The growth is extraordinary, with 14,000,000 telephone stations now tied into a single network, or one to every eight of the population. Ten years ago, it was one in thirteen, and in 1900 it was only one in ninety. Probably there are about as many public exchange telephones in use as automobiles, to say nothing of an enormous aggregate scattered through small "interior" services. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, while the population of the United States has increased forty-five per cent and the volume of general business may be said roughly to have increased one hundred per cent, the number of telephone stations has increased nine hundred per cent. That any two of these fourteen million subscribers can literally talk to each other at any time, if they will, is to say the least extraordinary. That many of them require such service is seen in the fact that in New York alone 4,000,000 long distance calls originate yearly; 2,000,000 in Chicago and Philadelphia each, and 500,000 in such places as

Boston, Pittsburg and Cleveland. The vital value of the telephone as a means of swift communication between seventy thousand American cities, towns and villages is seen in the further fact that the telephone communications of the country exceed the postal by fifty per cent. If Europe enjoyed anything like such service, further discussion of a League of Nations might well seem academic. It might enjoy equivalent conditions, if the telephone were in private hands there as here and were not muddled and mangled by governmental bureaus. As was said by President Gill, of the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, last November: "One way of increasing good will among nations—especially to be encouraged by all means possible at the present time—is by greater and ever greater intercommunication by all methods. In the telephone we have the most perfect means of communication of which we know, and the ability by interchange of conversation, to remove misunderstandings."

Perhaps the most notable change in telephonic electro-mechanical conditions in recent years has been the removal from the subscriber's station of the hand crank that he had to work and the batteries that the local company had to renew. Rivaling this modification would be the resort to "machine switching" or the "automatic system", still in its earlier stages of general use. It marks in the older industry, telephony, the same radical supersession of human labour seen even more strikingly in the later one of domestic electric light and power service. As in the home, so in the telephone exchange, a great deal of work still has to be done by women. But we are now face to face with a reorganized domestic economy, when electricity becomes the "angel in the house", so far as that beautiful phrase applies to "hired help". Modern electrified social life in America is very different from what such unelectrified life was before the Great War. No ordinary coincidence lies in the upward swinging curves of electrical appliance sales as contrasted with the downward swinging curves of female immigration and the decline in the rate of population increase. A social revolution is also seen in the combined higher cost of living and the greater scarcity of labour. It will take a long time, if it ever happens at all, to bring back the rate of population gain of about fourteen per cent in the decade 1910–

20 to the thirty per cent rate of 1870–80. American families will have to be larger than they now are, and European "quotas" will have to be altered before "domestic help" is once again in fuller, cheaper supply. At least ten million American homes are now wired for electric current, and each of these is a customer for current consumption apparatus of which there are now endless varieties. It was stated not long ago that whereas there were only ten thousand electric ranges for cooking in use in the United States in 1915 that number would have reached half a million by 1922. It is stated also that in an "eight hour kitchen",—electrical, of course,—a family of three can have their average meals a day cooked on an electric range at a cost of only 2.01 cents a meal for each person.

Turning to factory production of equal moment, let it be noted that Herbert Spencer was seriously lacking in the sense of humour, and never realized how funny was his remark in an essay on Education: "Numerous attempts have been made to construct electro-magnetic engines in the hope of superseding steam, but had those who supplied the money understood the general law of the correlation and equivalence of forces, they might have had better balances at the banks." The *Electrical World* has an article bristling with graphic curves on the "conquering force" in American manufactures. It demonstrates that sixty-one per cent of the primary power in our factory plants is now electrical. Nor is that the end, for "The day does not seem far distant when three-quarters of the motive power of the factories and mills as a whole will be electric." A very up-to-date pamphleteer estimates the varieties of businesses and industries to which electric power is applied as 3,000. He may be guilty of understatement, for a book published last October stated that in New York City alone nearly 800,000 horse power of energy was being supplied to electric motors, and added: "It would be very easy to count up the unelectrified trades and crafts among the 32,626 manufacturing establishments of Greater New York." All the 16,923 factories in the United States classified by the Census as using electric power in 1900 reported only 311,000 horse power of capacity.

Electrified farms are next in order, and the process is already well advanced. It will go faster and farther if the modern fac-

tory system is broken up by redistributing manufactures to the countless farms where water power is cheaply available from falls on the spot or energy is wired from distant hydro-electric plants. Iowa is not particularly distinguished for its water power, but the State College of Agriculture two or three years ago reported a study of a single township, showing that eleven per cent of the farms had electric light, forty-eight per cent power washing machines, fifty-four per cent vacuum cleaners or carpet sweepers, ninety-three per cent telephones, and twenty-six per cent electric or gas irons. Probably a hundred per cent have automobiles with some kind of electric auxiliary—such as battery, magneto, lights. It was estimated in 1920 that to the electrified farms of America not less than 250,000 more every year are added through putting in plants of their own or by being "hooked on to" the circuits that run near them. Nor is ordinary farm and dairy work the limit of possibilities and actualities. Electric pumping is a pronounced success, including such specialties as spraying fruit trees and watering onion crops. Electrical incubators have long been in use, with motor-driven blowers to circulate the heated air. Other novel uses include the operation of cotton gins, the driving of fruit conveyors, the running of orange sorting machinery, electric threshing, and as in California the use of electric heat for the drying of walnuts and desiccated fruit. The application of electricity to the stimulation of plant life is in its earlier stages, varied by the electrification of seed.

A famous electrical inventor, expressing his admiration of the incandescent lamp, said that if the tallow candle were invented today it would be hailed as an even greater gift to mankind than its successful modern rival. There is something in that. Probably the bow and arrow, if introduced as novelties, would also command the enthusiasm of a world shot to pieces by high explosive shells and killed in regiments by deadly vapors. But the true course of invention is never backward. Invention simply gives us a wider range of selection in the means with which to satisfy wish or purpose. Quite likely there are more tallow candles, arrows, and sailing craft in use today than ever before in the world's history, but the percentage of people using them was never so small. Even in the newer arts that rep-

resent triumphant supersession, the same process of selection goes on, and nowhere more swiftly than in the electrical field. The arc lamp once reigned supreme in America, with fifty "parent" companies making it. Today but a few hundred thousand arcs are turned out annually, and even these embody no fewer than ten fundamental changes in type since 1880. The chief uses of the old fashioned arc are at two ends of the scale, searchlights throwing beams and glare a hundred miles, or motion picture projectors adding to the joy of millions; but even there the tenure of job is precarious. The little incandescent lamp, David against Goliath, has replaced the palæozoic arc illuminant. In turn, the glowing filament in its crystal vacuum is again rivaled by newer lamps in which mere metallic vapors by agitation are made to furnish illumination. Moreover the incandescent has been in full evolution for nearly fifty years; although no essential structural improvement has been made since, with Edison's first lamp of 1879 as a landmark, the new art began commercially, as one element in a programme of which Dr. John W. Lieb has said epigrammatically that it aimed to render electricity available as "the most flexible and convenient agent of our modern civilization, and now used for every conceivable purpose, and application, as heat, light and power". Yet so slowly after all does innovation come that it is barely a score of years since the one form of electric lamp that strictly compares with the candle was put into man's hands—the humble little flash-light!

Dr. Lieb is quoted above as to the universality of modern electrical supply for heat, light and power. To this all-embracing category must be added a supplementary chapter of chemical applications and the kindred arts of electro-metallurgy. It all began, of course, with the Voltaic primary battery and its congener, the storage battery, but they are only small departments of a great art. The oldest of the electrolytic processes may be regarded as that of electroplating, handmaiden to the silversmith's industry, as is electrotyping to that of printing and publishing. The electrolytic refining of metals is so general that its processes affect very vitally not only copper production but precious and other metals. In 1921, chemicals valued at nearly $50,000,000 were produced by electrical processes, including

aluminum, the ferroalloys, calcium carbide, chlorine bleaches, sodium hydroxide, the abrasives, peroxide of hydrogen, and oxygen. One of the very latest of the electrolytic processes is that of waterproofing fabrics, by the Tate method. The salts are not only integrated with the fabric, but the material treated becomes immune to moth and mold. Of late years, the electro-thermal methods have seen an enormous extension. In 1915 there were already 213 electric furnaces in use in the world, but by 1920 the number had risen to 1,390, an increase of 650 per cent in five years; while the more recent advances deal successfully with the ferroalloys, high grade steels and the melting of steel for castings. The brass industry has also been deeply affected. One of the most notable of the achievements in the furnace field has been its production of the carborundum abrasive and of artificial graphite, both by Dr. E. G. Acheson. A parallel line of electro-thermal development has been seen in the establishment of an entirely new art in electric welding, carried so far as to assist not only in the construction of bridges and steel buildings but in the fabrication of ships, also propelled electrically. Railway shops and steel foundries use such processes freely.

Nor is it at repair shops that railroads are staying their hand in regard to the use of electric power. It is an anachronism that today, when the whole country cries aloud for fuel, the railroads use up on their own tracks more than twenty-five per cent of the 600,000,000 tons of coal they haul from the mines. But with the improvement in railroad finances, the revolution is at hand. As Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz says: "Steam cannot compete with electricity. It costs more and does less. A steam engine must slacken speed on up-grades. Electric locomotives with unlimited power behind them can go at top speed all the time." The coal should not be hauled but burned at the mine, or, better yet, wherever possible, should be supplanted by the white fuel of the waterfalls. There is probably developed in the United States at the present moment 100,000,000 hydraulic horsepower, saving, it is said, about 80,000,000 tons of coal. But there is around 50,000,000 undeveloped or unreservoired water horsepower, the use of which should save at least 40,000,000 tons of coal annually.

Returning, however, to traction, it may be noted that while electrification has begun, barely one per cent of the railroad route mileage of the world has been converted to the better way. Of course the United States leads, as in everything else electrical, having 1,607 route miles out of 5,565, and 375 electric locomotives out of 1,611—say a good twenty-five per cent. Nineteen countries contribute to the totals, and it is striking to say the least to find that France has 338, and Italy 309, electric locomotives. England has only a dozen, but, like this country, is on the verge of a vast transformation. France will have all its railroads electrified in fifteen years, according to Stéphane Lauzanne, of the Paris *Matin;* while even in Africa the South African Commonwealth has invited bids on and will soon begin equipment of its great railway system as a whole.

In the early days of automobilism, a very large proportion of the cars were electric, while now in retrospection, and in survey of the fifteen million gasoline cars in use, the "electric" seems to have been left "at the post". A few facts, however, demand consideration. For example, one company reported as of April 15, 1922, that since 1908 it had bought no fewer than 1,444 street and industrial electric trucks, and had in over forty cities 1,477 in use at that time. It stated also that in one city alone it had taken out fifty gasoline cars and replaced them with fifty electrics. The New York Metropolitan District witnessed the purchase of eight hundred electric trucks in 1920–21. A committee of the National Electric Light Association sent a questionnaire in 1922 to three hundred and seventy-five owners who replied that they were using 2,107 electric trucks, which averaged four and one-third years in service. In Chicago, the central stations derive an annual income of $800,000 from the sale of current to electrics. In New York City the same revenue is estimated to exceed $1,000,000, in addition to which one company operates a fleet of its own of no fewer than one hundred and five electric conveyances of various types. As one authority specifies the upkeep of an electric based on his experience as "just about fifty per cent of the cost of upkeep of a gas car", the optimism of electrical engineers as to the future of automobilism seems fully warranted.

When Edison furnished his first waterpower central station at

Appleton, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1882, the dynamo unit for generating current was of 180-light capacity, with lamps of ten candlepower each. Forty years later, the manufacturing company that continues to carry on the enterprise thus started is now installing the world's largest generator, which will supply 87,000 horsepower, or say 2,500,000 lamps of sixteen candlepower. Units of this size are not likely to be few, but the question arises as to whether there may not be a limit imposed by both engineering and commercial difficulties. Meantime, a Chicago company which with steam has beaten Niagara as a bulk producer of electrical energy with water, is to have in operation by August, 1924, the largest station in the world, producing 600,000 kilowatts with ten huge steam turbo-generator units of from 40,000 to 60,000 kilowatts (75,000 horsepower each). To grind out that quantity of "current" will mean a consumption of about 2,000,000 tons of coal a year, but ten years ago an equivalent performance would have required 80 per cent more coal, or 3,500,000 tons a year. Once more the question arises: "Is this the ultimate, and why should it be?" The same question occurs again as to the transformers, which like springboards are used to catapult the electrical energy long distances. A hint of coming change is again found in the novel "magnetron" types of transformer that link the new electron discoveries with the prior art of electro-dynamics.

All of which leads us to the discussion of utilizing other sources of energy than coal and water power. All the proposed newer methods involve resort to electricity. Some of these economies are fanciful, some are plausible; some have already been tried out with little relative success. There are the tides, the winds and the waves, for example. Nothing is really done with them today, although all that is necessary is to hitch them to any bunch of revolving wires and magnets, and current is at once available for use or to store. Nobody has yet found out on any practical scale how to utilize the enormous energy of the sun, although the scorching Sahara might well put Niagara to the blush as a power producer. More than one interesting effort has been made to secure electricity directly from the consumption of carbon, wet or dry; or from heat applied to thermo-electric couples. But if these or kindred schemes have any validity, the

data certainly escaped record when the United States Census Office compiled in 1921 its statistics of American electrical machinery made by 1,333 establishments to the amount of $833,-986,000 in value of product. Just now a delightful theme of scientific speculation is "atomic energy" and its possible availability. Radio-activity in its later investigations has not only opened up many new paths of pursuit into the inner mysteries of nature and the constitution of matter, but has suggested many new arts and appliances hitherto undreamed of. "Were we able to harness this energy, we should have," says Dr. Steinmetz enthusiastically, "a force beyond anything known before in terms of power. If we could extract, at will and whenever we pleased, the energy in a pound of radio-active substance, we should derive therefrom as much energy as we could by burning about 1,500 tons of coal, and there would be as much expansive or explosive force in that pound as in 1,500 tons of dynamite." That is one rather concrete way of putting what Nikola Tesla, thirty years ago, said in a poetical vein worthy of his favourite Goethe: "There is a possibility of obtaining energy not only in the form of light, but motive power, and energy of any other form, in some more direct way from the medium. We are whirling through endless space with an inconceivable speed. All around us everything is spinning, everything is moving, everywhere is energy. There must be some way of availing ourselves of this energy more directly." At the very beginning of these advances lies all this subtle modern study of atomic velocities; the discovery that one can surgically remove an electron from an atom, and even the theories that matter itself is no more than "electrical whorls" screwed up in a tight knot. In appeal to the imagination, the ethics of the dust are not comparable with modern electrophysics.

THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN.

ORDINANCE MAKING POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT

BY JAMES HART

THE lawyer as well as the layman is often puzzled by the phrase "ordinance making power" as applied to the American Executive. Has he not read in the books that our executives have no legislative powers? Do not our State constitutions still have their distributing clauses? Does not the Federal Constitution declare that "all legislative powers herein granted" are vested in Congress? And is it not a fundamental principle that *delegata potestas non potest delegari?* The truth is, there is here as elsewhere a curious divergence between the lawyer's theory and actual constitutional practice. Few of our legal text-writers, none of our courts, speak of the ordinances of any administrative organs except municipal corporations. With this exception the term is almost unknown to the technical language of our law. There are indeed writers who recognize that our executives do in fact have powers of a legislative character; but even they are not agreed on a term for such power. President Goodnow calls it the ordinance power or the power of ordinance; Professor Willoughby names it the ordinance making power; while Professor Fairlie has recently spoken of it as administrative legislation. The term was used in England in the fourteenth century to designate an enactment of the King or the King in Council without the assent of Parliament. The power of ordinance, which became more limited than the power of legislation, died out, says Anson, in the fifteenth century, only to be revived in the next as the power of proclamation. In 1610 Coke declared in a famous opinion that proclamations might be used to warn the subjects of what the law was, but not to create a new offense. They continued to be so used, however, until the abolition of the extraordinary court of the Star Chamber in 1641. In both England and America the proclamation is a form of executive promulgation, the contents of

which may be either legislative or merely hortatory or declaratory. Thus we have the Emancipation Proclamation and the annual Thanksgiving proclamation in the same form. The English have also such terms as Order in Council and statutory order, while we have both Executive Order and rules and regulations. But each of these again refers to a particular form or class of ordinance, while the very variety of terms, as contrasted with German nomenclature, shows that the power of executive legislation is little recognized as a distinct category of our jurisprudence.

If the term is unusual and not even fixed, the fact of Presidential ordinance making has existed from the foundation of the Republic. In our commercial warfare during the Napoleonic wars, Congress delegated discretionary powers to the President in connection with embargoes and aliens. Then in the war for Southern independence President Lincoln issued a number of legislative proclamations. Such were the proclamation of the blockade, the proclamation prohibiting commercial intercourse with the so-called rebellious States, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the proclamation of the amnesty. Some of his ordinances were issued under Congressional authorization, others were issued on his own authority and were later ratified by Congress. Some, such as the amnesty proclamation, resulted from the exercise of his constitutional functions as well as from Congressional delegation. Again in 1917–18 the necessities of war compelled Congress to delegate to President Wilson wide powers of regulation; and this practice, as illustrated in the selective draft and numerous other acts, became a striking aspect of our war legislation. Yet while more prominent in war, Presidential ordinance making is known to peace. Perhaps the insistence of President Harding upon flexible tariff rates to be changed by the Executive is an indication that the present Administration has learned a lesson from the last.

In 1794 Congress delegated to President Washington the power, within defined time limits, to lay and enforce an embargo at his discretion during the adjournment of that body. It practically said that in its judgment the emergency might, at any moment before it met again, require an embargo, and left it to

the President to decide whether this would be the case, and if so, what ships the embargo should apply to and what means of enforcement should be adopted. The power here delegated is evidently legislative. In other cases Congress itself creates legal rights and duties, defining them in principle, but leaving to the Executive the function of concretizing, so to speak, the abstract legislative rule. The Executive is morally bound if not legally forced to do this on the basis of the scientific knowledge and practical experience available to it; but even so a degree of discretion or judgment is involved. Such a power may best be described as sub-legislative, a word which I use to indicate the fact that while it does not involve discretion in the premises, it is discretionary, and the resulting details become a part of the complete rule of law. An illustration will make this clear. The Tea Inspection Act of 1897, upheld in Buttfield v. Stranahan, prohibited the importation of "inferior" teas, while it delegated to executive organs the office of fixing the uniform standards by which this inferiority should be determined. The abstract rule was to be translated by the Executive into concrete terms.

To illustrate only one more kind of delegation: Congress may define *in detail* a system of rights and duties, which are to go into effect under certain conditions, the existence of these conditions to be determined by the Executive. When this determination involves merely the finding of an objective fact it cannot be said to be legislative in character—unless any power of final determination becomes, when abused or unwisely used, the discretionary fixing of a portion of a legislative rule. When, however, the process cannot be done by the mere application of objective standards, but really involves subjective valuation, the part played by the Executive is again sub-legislative. Such was the case with the provision of the McKinley Tariff Act of 1890, upheld in Field v. Clark, which, while putting certain articles on the free list, provided that it was the duty of the President, whenever any country from which we imported such articles imposed what he considered "reciprocally unequal and unreasonable" duties on our products, to suspend by proclamation the provision for their free importation from such country; and that thereupon a schedule of duties fixed in the act should go into effect with reference to

such articles coming from such country. The function of the President was described by the court as the determination of a "fact", but in each case it would be based upon a standard of fairness in the mind of the President. Although that standard would not be formulated as a general rule to be applied in particular cases, and might even vary from case to case, yet the necessity for its determination by the President rendered his action discretionary.

State courts have sometimes declared laws unconstitutional as involving a delegation of legislative power to the executive; but the Supreme Court of the United States has never in its history refused to enforce a law of Congress on that score. It has held regulations of executive officials invalid as exceeding the scope of the delegation; and it has required that an indictment for the violation of an ordinance show plainly that Congress meant to make the violation of such an ordinance a crime or misdemeanor. It has also, as in the leading case of Field v. Clark, stated in no uncertain terms that Congress cannot delegate its legislative power away. Yet it has upheld some wide delegations by simply calling the power granted under them administrative rather than legislative.

In thus refusing to call a spade a spade, the court has attempted to allow the needed flexibility in governmental arrangements without admitting that Congress can devolve its constitutional powers upon the Executive. When it says that the power delegated is administrative it means that while it may, on logical analysis, partake of some of the elements of legislation, it is such a power as in all workable governments must upon occasion be left to the administrative branch. Can it be supposed that the practical men who framed the Constitution meant to carry logic to the absurdity of choking the free operation of government?

There was a reference to the subject in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, where it was agreed that it would be improper to allow Congress to delegate to the President powers "legislative in their nature". The record does not show that there was any opposition to the delegation of powers that were neither legislative nor judicial. In fact, Madison advocated a clause enabling the Chief Executive to carry out such powers when delegated by

Congress. His motion was voted down, but the only reason given is that it was considered "unnecessary, the object . . . being included in the power to carry into effect the national laws." Madison obviously meant to provide expressly for the delegation of administrative powers. Whether he or others considered that that category included the power to issue regulations within the limits of statutory provisions must be decided by evidence outside his note on the incident.

One bit of such evidence is contained in Number LXXIV of *The Federalist* papers, which mentions in passing that it is "questionable" whether Congress could delegate to the President such a power as that of pardoning if the Constitution vested it in that body. Aside from the somewhat indecisive tone of the writer on the issue involved, this would seem to be an argument against just such delegations as have been made time and time again. But it must be borne in mind that such sources as the records of the Convention and *The Federalist* furnish evidence but not conclusive proof of the intention of the framers of the Constitution and of the people in accepting it. Legal argument is not lacking on the other side of the question. This is found in contemporary construction, as notably in the above-mentioned delegation by Congress to President Washington of the power to lay an embargo. Also significant is the opinion of Chief Justice Marshall which occurs as a *dictum* in Wayman v. Southard, decided in 1825, to the effect that Congress can delegate to another organ the power to "fill up the details".

While the courts are no doubt right in refusing to give too rigid an interpretation to the rule against the delegation of legislative power, yet it must be admitted that the oft-repeated distinction between the delegation of the power to make a law and the making of a law granting the power to determine a "fact" thereunder almost vanishes in cases where there are delegated almost all the elements of discretion, which lead some students of the subject to declare that the principle that *delegatus non potest delegare* is only a political maxim and not a rule of law, except that it renders it illegal for Congress to *transfer* its legislative powers or any of them to another. It is certainly true that under our rigid Constitution the law making body may not authorize

the executive at his discretion to pass rules and regulations governing any and all aspects of its enumerated powers or any given one of them (such as the power to regulate interstate commerce). Could it allow him to regulate even a particular phase of interstate commerce, such as the railroad problem, or more specifically still, railroad rates? It probably could not grant full power to regulate the whole transportation problem; but it has in fact delegated to the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix railroad rates, with only the limitation that they be "reasonable". The scope of the power conferred thus seems to be one test of the legality of a delegation, and very properly so.

But this is not all. Congress must clearly define the subjects and express or imply the ends of the executive regulations; and Congress alone can make the violation thereof a crime or misdemeanor. This latter function is historically so clearly the teeth of legislation that, while the Executive may be given discretion as to the amount of the penalty, he may not be allowed to fix the kind.

Besides these three limitations there are only moral restraints on the action of the Executive in ordinance making, except where the actual abuse of discretion or the issuance of ordinances beyond the scope of the authority delegated allows the courts to declare them invalid in a proper case. As thus interpreted the power is so broad that one hesitates to say that it was contemplated by the framers. Yet the existence of so indefinite a power once being granted, it is sound legal reasoning to hold that the framers would have allowed its use to any reasonable extent demanded by the growing complexity of the problems with which government has to deal. Furthermore, legal arguments against holding unconstitutional delegations under this broad interpretation are to be found in the fact that such interpretation is confirmed by legislative practice from the first administration, and by the establishment under delegations of rights which it would be harmful to disturb.

From the delegation of legislative power to the Executive let us turn to the provisions of the Constitution whence the President derives his constitutional ordinance making power. The fact that "all legislative powers herein granted" are vested in Con-

gress furnishes a presumption against the possession by the President of any such powers. But where a specific grant is or involves such a function this presumption is over-ridden. To such a special and exceptional subject the separation of powers as a general constitutional principle does not apply. Now the Constitution makes the President commander-in-chief of the army and navy. That this position involves legislative powers may be reasoned in the following manner: By the universal practice of civilized warfare, the conquering state has the right in international law to govern through its armies the territory it holds. Because this international right is by its very nature a necessary feature of the conduct of military operations, it may be assumed, from the point of view of American municipal law, to be a part of the powers of every military commander. Hence it is that the President, as commander-in-chief, as well as his subordinate commanders, has, despite the separation of powers, legislative and other governmental powers over conquered enemy territory in time of war. These subordinate generals are subject to the orders of the President, just as he is subject to the general direction of Congress under its war powers and its power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution . . . all other powers vested by this constitution in . . . any department or officer" of the Federal Government. The powers thus derived the President exercised in the Mexican, Civil, and Spanish wars; and his action in this connection was in most of the cases that arose upheld by the Supreme Court.

The President may also as commander-in-chief issue rules governing the military and naval forces of the nation. This again is not legislation affecting the private citizen, but internal regulation of a special branch of the administration by its constitutional head. Congress has authorized this, though it is hardly to be disputed that the President could issue such regulations on his own authority. No doubt he may also, even without Congressional authorization, under his duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed", issue Executive Orders to his subordinates in the civil administration. For clearly this is the most systematic as well as the most effective method of performing that constitutional duty. Perhaps also the fact that in him is vested

"the executive power" gives him a certain power of administrative control which is exercisable by regulations or orders. Such orders are illegal, however, when they command interference with private interests which is unauthorized by law or any action which is contrary to the law. As between Executive Order and statute, the heads of departments and all officers of the Government are bound to follow the latter until it has by the courts been declared invalid. Finally, the administrative orders of the President have no sanction attached to them except that in the power of removal, unless Congress sees fit to provide penalties for their violation or processes for their enforcement.

We have spoken only of the ordinance making powers of the President. But not to mention those of administrative commissions acting under authority from Congress, we may note that the heads of departments have delegated though not constitutional powers of this character. More important for present purposes is the fact that where such powers are by the Constitution or statute given to the President, he may carry them out through the proper department, except in certain cases where his personal judgment is required. In all other cases the courts recognize the departmental order as being in the eyes of the law the order of the Chief Executive. Were it not for such devolution we would have to evolve a race of supermen for our Presidents.

JAMES HART.

A JOURNEY IN RELATIVITY

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

RELATIVITY is in the air. It is so much in the air that it becomes almost stifling at times; but even so, its sphere so far has been the inorganic sciences, and we have heard little of the equally important biological relativity. We have all heard the definition of life as "one damn thing after another": it would perhaps be more accurate to substitute some term such as *relatedness* for *thing*.

We live at a certain rhythm in time. We live at a certain level of size in space. Beyond certain limits, events in the outer world are not directly appreciable by the ordinary channels of sense, although a symbolic picture of them may be presented to us by the intellect. When listening to the organ, sometimes there come notes which are on the border line between sound and feeling: their separate vibrations are distinguishable and pulse through us, and the more the vibrations are separable, the more they are felt as mechanical shocks, the less as sound. However, we know perfectly well that all sounds as a matter of fact depend on vibratory disturbance, and that it is only some peculiarity of the registering machinery, in ear or brain, which enables us to hear a note as continuous. Still more remarkable are the facts of vision. As I write I see the tulips in my garden, red against the green grass: the red is a continouus sensation; but the physicists appear to be justified in telling us that the eye is being bombarded every second with a series of waves, not the few hundred or thousand that give us sound, but the half billion or so which conspire to illuminate our vision. With sound, we alter the frequency of the waves and we get a difference of tone which seems to be merely a difference of more or less: but alter the frequency of light waves, and the whole quality of the sensation changes; as when I look from the tulips to the sky. The change of registering mechanism is here more profound than the change in outer event.

Or again, to choose an example that depends more on size than rhythm, how very difficult it is to remember that the pressure of air on our bodies is not the uniform gentle embrace of some homogeneous substance, but the bombardment of an infinity of particles. The particles are not even all alike: some are of oxygen, others of nitrogen, of carbonic acid gas, of water vapour. They are not all traveling at uniform speeds; collisions are all the time occurring, and the molecules are continuously changing their rate of travel as they clash and bump.

We have only to look down a microscope to convince ourselves of the alteration in our experience that it would mean if we were to become sufficiently diminished. The tiniest solid particles in fluids can be seen to be in a continuous state of agitation—inexplicable until it was pointed out that this mysterious "Brownian" movement was the inevitable result of collision with the faster-moving molecules of the fluid. Many living things that we can still see are small enough to live permanently in such agitation; the longest diameter of many bacteria is but half a micron (a two-thousandth of a millimetre), and there are many ultra-microscopic organisms which, owing to their closer approximation to molecular dimensions, must pass their lives in erratic excursions many times more violent than any visible Brownian motion.

If we could shrink, like Alice, the rain of particles on our skin, now as unfelt as midges by a rhinoceros, would at last begin to be perceptible. We should see ourselves surrounded by an infinity of motes; titivated by a dance of sand-grains; bruised by a rain of marbles; pounded by flights of tennis-balls. What is more, the smaller we became, the more individuality and apparent free will should we detect in the surrounding particles. As we became still smaller, we should, now and again, find the nearly uniform bombardment replaced by a concerted attack on one side or the other, and we should be hurled for perhaps double our own length in one direction. If we could conceivably enter into a single inorganic molecule, we should find ourselves one of a moving host of similar objects; and we should further perceive that these objects were themselves complex, some like double stars, others star clusters, others single suns, and all again built of lesser units held in a definite plan, in an architecture reminding us (if we still had

memory) of a solar system *in petto*. If we were lucky enough to be in a complicated fluid like sea water, we should be involved in the relations of the different kinds of particles. They would be continually coming up to other particles of different kinds, and would then sometimes enter into intimate union with them. If we could manage to follow their history, we should find that after a time they would separate, and seek new partners of the same or of different species. Some kinds of the units, or people as we should be inclined to call them, would spend most of their existence in the married state, others would apparently prefer to remain single, and, if they married, would within no long time obtain divorce.

We should be forcibly reminded of life in some cosmopolitan city like London or New York. If there existed a registrar to note down the events of these little beings' existence, and we were privileged to inspect the register, we should find that each had its own history, different from that of every other in its course and its matrimonial adventures.

If we were near the surface we should find that the outer beings always arranged themselves in a special and coherent layer, apparently to protect themselves against the machinations of the different beings inhabiting the region beyond; for every now and again one would seem to be pulled from the water and be lost among the more scattered inhabitants of the air.

If we could now revert to our old size, we might remember, as we listened to the scientist enunciating the simple formulæ of the gas laws, or giving numerical expression to vapour pressures and solubilities, that this simplicity and order which he enabled us to find in inorganic nature was only simplicity when viewed on a large enough scale, and that it was needful to deal in millions and billions before chance aberrations faded into insignificance; needful to experience molecules from the standpoint of a unit almost infinitely bigger before individual behaviour could be neglected and merged in the orderly average. And we might be tempted to wonder how the personal idiosyncrasies of our human units might appear to a being as much larger than we as we are larger than a molecule—whether kings and beggars would not fare alike, and all the separate, striving, feeling, conflicting personalities, with

their individual histories, their ancestors, successes, marriages, friendships, pains and pleasures, be merged in some homogeneous and simple effect, altering in response to circumstances, with changes capable of expression in some formula as simple as Boyle's or Avogadro's Law.

Almost more startling might be the effect of altering the rhythm at which we live, or rather at which we experience events. If only I were a writer of scientific romances, I could make a mint of money by a story based on this idea of rhythm of living. Let us see. First there would be Mercaptan, the distinguished inventor, who would lead me (lay, uninstructed, Watsonish me, after the fashion of narrators) into his laboratory. There on the table would be the machine—all but complete: handles, coils of wire, quartz terminals, gauges of rock crystals in which oscillated coloured fluids, platinum cogwheels.. dot.. dot.. dot.. dot.. He hardly dared to make the final connections, all clear and calculable though they were. He had put so much of himself into it: so many hopes.. fears.. dots....

Then there would be the farewell dinner party. First, the inventor's voice on the wireless telephone, summoning Wagrom the explorer, Glosh of *The Evening Post*, Stewartson Ampill the novelist, and the rest of our old friends: then the warm friendly light of the candles, the excellent port, the absence of women, the reminiscences, the asterisks, the dots.....

Mercaptan refuses to allow the rest to come into the laboratory, in case something should go wrong. He straps the machine on his shoulders, makes a final connection; his life processes begin to work faster, faster, ever faster. The first effect of course was a change of colour. The blue oblong of the window became green—yellow—orange—red. Meanwhile each wave length of the ultra-violet became blue, and itself ran down the gamut of colour. Then came the turn of the X-rays. By their dim light he groped about, till they too became relatively too slow for his retina. That ought to make him blind, of course—but no! for he came into a state of nearly maximum speed where he perceived a brilliant, phosphorescent light given out by all objects, generated by disturbances of a wave length unimaginably, undiscoverably small. Meanwhile he had passed through an amazing experience

—he had heard the veritable music of the spheres! That had happened when in his acceleration he had, so to speak, caught up with the light waves until they were tuned to his ear's organ of Courti: and all that had been visible in his ordinary life was now to be appreciated by hearing. Unfortunately, as his ears possessed no lens, this universal music was to him of course merely a hideous babel of sound.

At last, as the workings of his body approached the rapidity of light's own oscillations, he entered on a new phase; surrounded on every side by an ocean of waves which lapped softly against his body—waves, waves, and still more waves. . . .

He was in that region not unlike that from which life had escaped when it ceased to be infinitely little, a region in which none of the events that make up our ordinary life, none of the bodies that are our normal environment, have existence any more—all reduced to a chaos of billows, ceaselessly and meaninglessly buffeting his being.

Mi ritrovai
in una selva oscura.

Life is a wood, dark and trackless enough to be sure; but Mercatpan could not even see that it was a wood, for the trees. Yet it was soothing: the very meaninglessness of the wave-rocking released one of responsibility, and it was delicious to float upon this strange etheric sea. Then his scientific mind reasserted itself. He realized that he had magnified his rate of life and was consuming his precious days at an appalling speed. The lever was thrown into reverse, and he passed gradually back to what he had been accustomed to think as reality.

Back to it; and then beyond it. This time he was able to eliminate much of the disturbing effect of his rhythm change on light by an ingenious arrangement. It was an idea of which he was very proud: every alternate light wave was cut out when he doubled the capacity of each process of life, and so on in automatic correspondence. As a result he was enabled to get a picture of the outer world very similar to that obtained in the ordinary accelerations of slow processes that are made possible by running slow taken cinema records at high speed. He saw the snowdrops lift their matutinal heads and drop them again at

evening—an instant later; the spring was an alarming burst of living energy, the trees' budding and growth of leaves became a portent, like the bristling of hairs on the backs of vegetable cats. As his rate changed and he comprehended more and more in each pulse, the flowers faded and fell before he could think of plucking them, autumnal apples rotted in his grasp, day was a flash and night a wink of the eye, the two blending at last in a continuous half light.

After a time ordinary objects ceased to be distinguishable; then the seasons shared the fate of day and night. The lever was now nearly hard over, and the machine was reaching its limit. He was covering nearly a thousand of men's years with each of his own seconds.

The cinema effect was almost useless to him now; and he discarded this apparatus. Now followed what he had so eagerly awaited, something deducible in general but unpredictable in all particulars. As the required separate impacts of the ether waves had condensed, at his old, ordinary rate, to form the continuous sensation of light, so now the events of nature coalesced to give new objects, new kinds of sensation. Especially was this so with life: the repeated generations seemed to act like separate repeated waves of light, blending to give a picture of the species changing and evolving before his eyes.

Other experiences he could explain less well. He was conscious of strange sensations that he thought were probably associated with changes in energy distribution, in entropy; others which he seemed to perceive directly, by some form of telepathy, concerning the type of mental process occurring around him. It was all strange: but of one thing he was sure, that if only he could find a way of nourishing and maintaining himself in this new state, he would be able, as a child does in the first few years of life, to correlate his puzzling new sensations, and that when he had done this he would obtain a different and more direct view of reality than any he had ever obtained or thought of obtaining before.

As the individual light waves were summed to give light, as the microcosm of gas molecules was cancelled out to give a uniformity of pressure, so now the repetition of the years coalesced into what could be described as visible time, a sensation of cosmic rate; the

repeated pullulations of living things fused into something perceived as organic achievement: and the infinite variety of organisms, their conflicts and interactions, resolved itself, through the mediation of his sense organs and brain at their new rhythm, into a direct perception of life as a whole, an entity with a pressure on its environment, a single slowly evolving form, a motion and direction.

He put the lever to its limit: the rhythm of the cosmos altered again in relation to his own. He had an extraordinary sense of being on the verge of a revelation. The universe—that was the same; but what he experienced of it was totally different. He had immediate experience of the waxing and waning of suns, of the condensation of nebulæ, the slowing down and speeding up of evolutionary processes.

The curious, apparently telepathic sense which he had had of the mental side of existence was intensified. Through it, the world began to be perceived as a single Being, with all its parts in interaction. The shadowy lineaments of this Being were half seen by his mental vision—vast, colossal, slowly changing; but they appeared only to disappear again, like a picture in the fire. Strive as he might, he could not see the real likeness of this Being. Now it appeared benign; at its next dim reappearance there would be a feeling of capricious irresponsibility about it: at another instant it was cold, remote; once or twice terrible, impending over and filling everything with a black, demoniacal power which brought only horror with it. If he could but accelerate the machine! He wanted to *know*—to know whether this phantom was a reality, to know above all if it was a thing of evil or of good: and he could not know unless he could advance that last final step necessary to fuse the rhythm of separate events into the sensation of the single whole.

He sat straining all his faculties: the machine whirred and rocked: but in vain. And at last, feeling desperately hungry, for he had forgotten to take food with him, he gradually brought back the lever to its neutral-point.

And then there would have to be an ending. I think the newspaper man would take his opportunity to slink off into the

laboratory and get on the machine with the idea of making a scoop for his paper; and then he would put the lever in too violently, and be thrown backwards. His head hit the corner of a bench, and he remained stunned; but by evil chance, the handles of the machine still made connection with his body after the fall. The machine was making him adjust his rhythm to that of light; so that he was living at an appalling rate. He had gone into the laboratory late at night. Next morning they found him—dead: and dead of senile decay—grey haired, shriveled, atrophic.

I have spent so much time in frivolous discussion of rhythm and size and commonplaces that I have not pointed out another fundamental fact of biological relativity—to wit, that we are but parochial creatures endowed only with sense organs giving information about the agencies normally found in our little environment. Out of all the ether waves we are sensitive to an octave as light, and some few others as heat, X-rays and ultra-violet destroy us, but we know nothing about them until they begin to give us pain; while the low swell of Hertizan waves passes by and through us harmless and unheeded. Electrical sense, again, we have none.

Imagine what it would be for inhabitants of another planet, where changes in Hertzian waves were the central, pivoted changes in environment, where accordingly life had become sensitive to "wireless" and to nought else save perhaps touch—imagine such beings broadcast upon the face of the Earth. With a little practice and ingenuity they would no doubt be able to decipher the messages floating through our atmoshpere, would feel the rhythms of the Black Hamitic Band transmitting Jazz to a million homes, and be able to follow, night by night, the soporific but benevolent fairy stories of Uncle Archibald. I wonder what they would make of it all. They would at intervals, of course, be bumping into things and people. But would touch and radio sense alone make our world intelligible? When we begin trying to quit our anthropocentry and discover what the world might be like if only we had other organs of body and mind for its assaying, we must flounder and bump in a not dissimilar fashion.

Even the few senses that we do possess are determined by our environment. Sweet things are pleasant to us: sugar is sweet: so is "sugar of lead"—lead acetate: sugar is nutritious, lead acetate a poison. The biologist will conclude, and with perfect reason, that if sugar was as rare as lead acetate in nature, lead acetate as common as sugar, we should then abominate and reject sweet things as emphatically as we now do filth or acids or over-hot liquids.

But I must pause, and find a moral for my tale; for all will agree that a moral has been so long out of fashion that it is now fast becoming fashionable again.

Every schoolboy, as Macaulay would say, knows William of Occam's Razor—that philosophical tool of admirable properties: *Entia non multiplicanda propter necessitatem.* We want another razor—a Relativist Razor; and with that we will carry out barbering operations worthy of another Shaving of Shagpat: we will shave the Absolute. The hoary Absolute, enormous and venerable, grey bearded and grey locked—he sits enthroned, wielding tremendous power, filling young minds with fear and awe. Up, barbers, and at him! Heat the water of your enthusiasm! Lather those disguising appurtenances. See the tufts collapse into the white foam, feel the hairy jungles melt away before your steel! And at the end, when the last hair falls, you will wipe away the lather, and look upon that face and see—ah, what indeed?

I will not be so banal as to attempt to describe that sight in detail. You will have seen it already in your mind's eye: "Or else" (to quote Mr. Belloc) "Or else you will not; I cannot be positive which." If not, you never will; if so, what need to waste more of the compositor's time? But of him who forges that razor, who arms those barbers, who gives them courage for their colossal task, of him shall a new Lucretius sing.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

SPRING FLOWERS BY THE MADELEINE

BY S. L. M. BARLOW

I went to buy Spring flowers
By the Madeleine,
And in the market-place
I thought, "God hides his face;
But we have sun and rain
And wind and April showers
As before the war."

The woman on her stool behind the rows
Of pots stuffed full of lilac blooms
Had seen,—and let the bargaining go by,—
Too many flowers bought to strew the battle tombs;
So she had changed, as I,
God knows,
Have changed. I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war."

And then the sanguine heart of some first rose,
Some drop of red,
Showed me a field of poppies lying dead
And corn-flowers and golden grain
And forest ferns. When Spring comes once again
They will not wake and stir the loose earth-crust,—
Nor these dead forms that with them buried lie,—
But every Season find them so much dust
And leave them so.
O bitterness, to know
That you, who lie so scattered, crushed and torn
In your first dewy hours,
Could have been crushed in an embrace,
Could have been worn —
O men and flowers!

I left the market-place,
Not heeding where I stepped.
I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war,"
And wept.

TWO GARDENS

BY MARY SINTON LEITCH

I have a secret garden full of flowers,
Night-blooming cereus, and magnolia trees,
Poinsettias and, richlier red than these,
Dark lilies gracilent
Above a languorous stream;—
Thither I go to dream
In fragrant shade through many sad and solitary hours.

Long, long ago you laid upon the gate
That I had barred a shy, beseeching hand.
I did not move who could not understand,
And so you turned—and went!
Beneath an indifferent moon
You passed—about you strewn
Were petals of a passion-flower tossed on some wind of fate.

And now I find a garden of your own,
All sweet with violets, morning-glories, phlox,
And heliotrope, and quaint with hollyhocks.
I know you have not meant
To shut the gate . . . the breeze
Has closed it . . . all your trees
Are swaying . . . ah, the gate is barred! I am outside alone!

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN FRENCHWOMAN[1]

BY DOROTHY MARTIN

Amorous soule, ambitious soule, covetous soule, voluptuous soule, what wouldest thou have in heaven? What doth thy holy amorousnesse, thy holy covetousnesse, thy holy ambition, and voluptuousnesse most carry thy desire upon? . . .

All our life is a continuall burden, yet we must not groan; A continuall squeasing, yet we must not pant.

Donne's Sermons.

THE premature death of Marie Lenéru, the French playwright, in September, 1918, closed a life in which passionate longing and passionate despair had been essential elements. Not that she had paraded her sufferings. Rather in her distaste for heroics and petty grumblings she had striven to keep silence in a measure hardly compatible with her own mental comfort. She had desired before everything else a life tense with thought and emotional experience—"to have read every book, smelt every flower, caressed every animal, lived among every race, to have tasted all the joys and all the sorrows, known all admirations and all clear thoughts, to be in death only an outer peel which drops, drained and twisted, from the hand of the master"— and an unhappy destiny had for her made that ambition even less than usually attainable.

Les Affranchis, which was produced by M. Antoine at the Paris Odéon in 1913, is the first and the best known of her plays. Like the rest, it is a drama of ideas and is full of the sense of power and will-bent thought which she herself gives. In it she dramatized her belief that where thought is most vital there also is passion strongest. All great emotions, she declares, spring from the brain: "I have such an adoration of intellect because I have discovered, against established prejudice, how much it adds to the affections." Philippe Alquier, the hero of *Les Affranchis*, is a philosopher of

[1] *Le Journal de Marie Lenéru.*

destructive views and undoubted sincerity, intellectual, abstract; he is also a man capable of deep emotion. His wife, Martha, interests herself admirably in everything, home, society, relatives, children, all except one thing which she neglects, his intellectual life and interests. When Hélène Schomberger, who is on the point of completing her cloistral vows, arrives with Martha's sister, the Abbess, it is she who fills the intellectual gap. Philippe and she read together, study together, walk together. When Martha protests, Philippe brings himself to face the situation, which before he has shelved. Hélène pleads that it is not necessary for her to leave, cannot they go on as before? Has he any right to commence her transformation and then leave the work unfulfilled? They study secretly at night. Martha finds them. Her great grief is that Hélène fills just the one place where she has been wanting. If they had sinned vulgarly, she could have found it easier to forgive—but there is nothing on which she can seize. And yet she knows their love—and they do not deny. She sends the Abbess to Hélène. Philippe leaves them together. Former discipline answering an inner need for renunciation and self immolation, together with suspicion of all earthly happiness, especially when it is gained at the price of another's, win the day. Hélène resolves to complete her vows. Marie Lenéru declares that Hélène and Philippe are not Nietzschean—she says that what they have of his doctrine is also earlier than he. It is the "Be ye creatures of desire" of St. Theresa. They are ascetics, and for that reason passionate souls: they have the lively intellect and deep emotion which, she maintains, are only two different aspects of a unity.

In the journal, recently published in book form for the first time, the temperament which has put much of the essence of its own conflicts into the character of Hélène is revealed *in extenso*. Marie Lenéru was born in Brest in 1845. On her father's side the family had long been connected with the navy; he himself was a naval officer. Marie seems to have been a merry child, beloved of all who knew her. Her early diary, commenced when she was eleven, although it reveals much of her happy childhood, gives many most significant indications of the woman that is to be in its deep preoccupation with questions of conscience, of duty to

God, one's neighbour and oneself. In it she discusses her sins and among them her propensity to lie, which she defends on the artistic grounds of the added interest it gives to her stories—forewarning of the dramatist as well as of the moralist to come! At thirteen, after an attack of measles, she is threatened with the loss of her hearing. The diary becomes irregular and finally ceases at the age of fifteen. After that follow her black years, when hearing finally leaves her and her sight is also threatened. The diary is recommenced in 1893, when she is eighteen; the child has gone and the woman, apprenticed to life by three years of silence and suffering, appears. It is curious that this diary was published at the moment when for the first time Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man* was formally introduced to the French public by an article in *La Revue de Paris;*[1] for in some ways the two diarists are much alike, physically in their bodily disabilities and sufferings, temperamentally in their ambition and belief in their own destiny, intellectually in a mutual passion for probing life, he in all its length and breadth, she rather in its profundity. But there are deep abysses between them and in many ways they seem to inhabit different worlds, so that sometimes it is hard to believe that both belong to the twentieth century and that both, though not always in the same way, are typical of it. Out of the "disordered miscellany" of the mind of an "incurable dilettante" Barbellion has produced a work of art of passionate intensity which not only embodies the spirit of his time but seems to foreshadow that of the future; out of the "conscious and avowed will to fame" of a "passionate ascetic" Marie Lenéru has brought forth a work uneven, faulty, obscure in places, but with an extraordinary power revealed in the depths of its gloom, in its gleams of piercing penetration, in the unrelieved seriousness with which it confronts life and death.

In the first instance Barbellion and Marie Lenéru approach journal writing from an entirely different standpoint. On Barbellion it was enforced in childhood by his love of nature and the inward compulsion to note down all he saw and heard in the wonderful outdoor world to which he was already as a boy devoted; on Marie Lenéru it was enforced by the hand of discipline, for she

[1] *Le Journal d'un Désabusé.* Joseph Aynard.

was sent to write by her mother, often sorely against her will. Her later diary is commenced as an outlet for extreme mental depression. Into it she endeavors to put all the inward suffering and misery which come to her with her deafness and her endangered sight, her physical "cataclysm". She pours out her despair at the waste of her youth and attractiveness and gaiety, and her passionate regret that her talents are being checked and thwarted. Then she begins to see another side to this "ordeal" which has been forced on her and she becomes grateful to it for driving her into herself and thus developing habits of thought, of reading, of writing, which she might not otherwise have acquired. Writing soon becomes in her mind an instrument of revenge; by it she will retaliate on fate, vindicating her personal value and compensating for her sufferings by literary fame. To fit herself for this task she spends years in reading and contemplation, giving time and energy ungrudgingly; but ever, in moments of discouragement when the way seems too long and the end too uncertain, she turns to her diary. Possibly she relies on it as well as on her other writings to bring her the recognition she seeks, for she says "I will not try to get this published, but I do want it to be publishable."

The journal is not her whole self revealed, but her cry of pain at physical affliction, mental depression, unsatisfied ambition. Other things are for the most part excluded; her gaiety and wit can scarcely be guessed from it, and all the miscellany of life, blunted for her by deafness and eyes which must wear blue glasses, enters into it hardly at all, and then only when she wills it, never crowding in spontaneous, unasked, to fill the pages. The things she wishes to suppress, her sorrows and sufferings, mental and physical, are those which drive her to her diary as confidant. The rest of life is comparatively simple and straightforward to her and finds daily expression through the natural channels of friendship and the staunch, unassailable intimacy of French family life. She has not, one gathers, hosts of repressions to fight, crowds of inhibitions to overcome, like Barbellion, before he can deliver over even an infinitesimal part of himself to public scrutiny. If we are to believe the evidence of the journals, Marie Lenéru's is the outcome of pride and courage which prevent her from showing a

certain part of herself, and Barbellion's is the outcome of pride and timidity which prevent him from showing as a rule any part of himself except the "artificially constructed puppet" to the world. Both led a double existence. Through the medium of a diary she is completed, while he is revealed. In Marie Lenéru's case, her hidden life was a surprise to those who knew her best, in Barbellion's it surprised the world. In her the submerged area was never apparent; in him the submerged area, so much larger, was apparent to a chosen few. Both set great store on their journals as testimonies to the strength and passion of this submerged life in them.

In the analyses of her own character and shortcomings which she commences to make at an early age, Marie Lenéru quickly discovers among her more serious faults great pride, coupled with a fundamental belief that she is better than most of the people she knows and all the people she does not know. She makes this discovery first at the age of fourteen; at eighteen she writes, "I suffer because I lead a life unworthy of me." Possibly she would have grown out of the egotistical pride common to adolescence, had not physical suffering driven her at this time in upon herself and it. Certainly her literary ambition is largely a makeshift for a personal pride which would ordinarily have distributed itself among the more usual channels, and this explains why she is often a traitor to it. To write does not seem to be the mode of expression most natural to her temperament, nor does she ever seem to have experienced the joy of the artist in literary creation. Often her desire swings back to cloistered seclusion, the dream of her girlhood; "I see for myself only two futures, a stall in the choir of a Benedictine abbey, or one of these great talents which bring the right of equality in any society. A *pis-aller* this! But it is not easy to make a change of front and then find the equivalent for great piety." And in this mood she returns to the faith from which she has broken away, cultivating anew her old enthusiasms for St. Theresa, St. Augustine, Lacordaire. To the remnants of her old faith she clings with great tenacity, but in her mind she knows the foundations are sapped and she is forced to acknowledge, "I do not know up to what point I am a Christian. I pray without hope, I wait in vain without disappoint-

ment. Mixture of skepticism and religious forms! Indifference, perhaps?" At another time the woman asserts herself. "Fame does not enhance a woman and I do not wish the woman in me to be sacrificed."

She never ceases to be interested in and anxious about her appearance. Bad sight she deplores as a double infliction, for it has made her beautiful dark eyes dim and stolen their animation. She loves her own hands, well shaped, slender, expressive. She enjoys the experience of being dressed for a friend's wedding by a "*grande couturière*" and drinks in the excited admiration of her friends' "Oh, Marie, Marie!" She likes to surround herself with mirrors, partly to multiply the light, but also so that she may scrutinize, as Whitman did, the mystery of her own face. To her the face is an index of all within, and in it she strives to read character, mind, emotions. The reverse idea also compels her and she writes: "Many habits and traits of character would be different if we could have seen in the glass another gaze, another nose." In whatever the world knows of her she wishes to appear without gaucherie, certain of herself, with each gesture conscious and assured, be it physical or literary.

She is haunted as Barbellion was, by the thought of the passage of time and the approach of death. The years as they glide by, increasing her age, shock her. "I continually have the sensation of a person behind time, whom the hour spurs on, who, in order to have a little mental peace, has only one expedient, to walk straight to his rendezvous." Her later diary gives the impression that every moment is devoted to some part in the scheme of her purpose, that she has not time to savour life, or taste the beauty of nature or even the strangeness of her own being, save with an object, save as a thing which will aid her to her "rendezvous"! The genius of her race works in her, the genius of selection and elimination, the genius that is never quite lost in rapture, that is never quite drowned in despair, whose wings of imagination never lose the sense that they are wings, which is always "notebook in hand", always conscious of itself, always ready to apply the test of reason.

When Marie Lenéru declares herself to be insatiable in her love of life and her wish to experience all, she does not contemplate a

wild plunge into the innumerable aspects of life in which Barbellion was capable of interesting himself, but rather a concentrated study of the more limited area of *la nature raisonnable*. Above everything else the mind in its attempt to grapple with and master the deep problems of human destiny fascinates her. She is no dilettante, but a steadfast searcher after the perfecting of her own life, and for this purpose she studies the lives of others in so far as they realize the ideals she strives for, intellectual clarity and a fastidious morality. She cultivates the instinct which leads her to the people and books she can admire, and from these she demands nothing short of perfection; the gesture of a friend or a flaw in a book may turn her aside with a feeling of disgust. She has her measure and applies it to everything and what does not coincide with the proportions she demands is ruled out.

Art to her is almost entirely subjective; even from the point of view of literary material, she sets small store on real experience, holding that to the artist any life, however rich, is never satisfying, so that he is driven to find compensation in the realms of creative imagination for all that he longs for and that life is to niggardly, too short, to give. "A human life, whatever you may make of it, an actual material life, is too slight a thing to feed a talent. If real experience is indispensable to you, abandon hope! Memory is the Procrustean bed of all invention. For myself, to see is to invent; without this the vision of a man of genius would in no way surpass that of another."

Release into the world of the imagination does not, however, seem to have brought Marie Lenéru even the short-lived happiness which usually attends creative activity. Possibly she presses her gifts too hard, and does not allow herself sufficiently frequent descents into actual humdrum everyday concerns. Often she tires of her self-imposed task, feeling that it brings her not a fuller life as she had hoped, but an artificial one. "There are days when ink and books, all these deceptive semblances of life, seem to me a more hateful idol, emptier and certainly falser than money." Thus cut off from action, from participation in simple human interests, she develops a feeling of unrest, of discontent; a sense of intolerable repression.

The journal does not reveal that Marie Lenéru was ever in

love. At twenty-four she declares her formula of happiness to be Italy, music, horse-riding and love. "About the last point I still hesitate, and if I put it down, it is by virtue of the axiom 'when in doubt, do not refrain'. But it must certainly remain in the fourth place." Possibly the great difficulty she had in translating her egocentric feelings into affection for others is closely related to the fact that her deafness came on at the age of fifteen, thus tending to check the natural development of her emotional nature and keep it at the self-centered stage it had then reached. There is no doubt that at that time she felt her physical affliction with cruel intensity, for the memory never leaves her in after life of the terrible transition from her merry sociable childhood with its high hopes and fervent anticipation of joys to come, to her girlhood marred by suffering and mental anguish. It was during this period, from which she had hoped so much, that she had to learn to live in continual silence, cut off from the voices, the music, the sound of wind and sea, that she had loved. The blow stunned her and the process of adaptation to the new conditions imposed on her absorbed three years of her life, of which little record is left. The later diary reveals the extent of the actual change and shows how the whole trend of her life has been driven into intellectual channels at the expense of emotional ones. Beyond the affections formed in childhood and guarded passionately by her through later years as witnesses and remembrances of happier days, she allows herself little emotional outlet. As the key to many of her desires, travel, power, acknowledgment, intellectual friendship, a literary salon in Paris, she longs for money, and is more attracted by the idea of a marriage for money than a marriage for love, of which she is sceptical. Only after the recognition of her work and the production of *Les Affranchis* in 1913 does she begin to form the intellectual attachments and find the sympathy and admiration which she deems worthy of her.

Thus she appears until August, 1914. With the War, she undergoes a great change. What growth and development, youth and womanhood, have failed to do, the War achieves; henceforth her thoughts are turned no longer inwards, but rush out to question and understand and estimate the world catastrophe. In his pref-

ace to the *Journal*, François de Curel says: "The *Journal* now loses much of its interest, for it is not to find general considerations on the atrocities of the War, which, moreover, no one dreams of contesting, that one searches its pages." Yet the effect of war on Marie Lenéru is at least as striking as the effect of love plus the War on Barbellion and is surely not without interest. It develops her character and brings her to a fuller maturity than she has hitherto known. Nor are the "general considerations on the atrocities" mere platitudes, but the result of hard thought and intense feeling. Here more than anywhere else in the *Journal* are thought and feeling closely knit. And some of her propositions might appear to many people highly contestable, for Marie Lenéru is a convinced pacifist and rallies quickly to the side of the few French pacifists who, although they preached their doctrines during the War, knew well that the time jealously to guard and foster pacifism is not during war but always and especially in peace. She works hard explaining and defending her views:

> Pacifism has never meant disarming before the aggressor, that would be suicide, but disarming the aggressor. As for talking about human passion in a war like this, it is a veritable betrayal of heroism. Where is the human passion in this voluntary martyrdom of nations? War for reasons of state serves no human passion, it serves a false idea. That is why, on the day when the pacifists come back from the battlefield—if they come back—we shall need, besides military effort, always necessary but not sufficient (this war has proved that to Germany), we shall need all their devotion and their efforts for peace, if our victory is not to be annulled by the war which may follow in fifty years.

The personal effect of the War on Marie Lenéru is to cure her of many of her disdains, to bring her down into the arena where she mingles with other's suffering and forgets her own, where she puts aside her dislike of unorthodoxy and rebellion and fights with all her intellect against the stupidity of war. She mistrusts congresses and associations and believes rather in a huge campaign to capture public opinion, in which the daily press, journals, books, drama should all be enrolled. She is terribly disappointed in the attitude of her fellow writers:

> That the horrible thing must go on, I can believe, for I understand the implacable necessity and I come of military stock, but that intellects, hearts, and wills

do not react in a passionate attempt to save the future, that they do not rise up against this absurdity, this is perhaps the thing which has most of all enlightened me on human inertia.

The exploitation in literature of the heroism which she admires so much is anathema to her, and the eloquence and emotional elegiacs of armchair critics fan the flame of her indignation. "It is no more among peoples than among armies that we should oppose wars, it is among the non-combatants, writers, diplomatists, politicians, financiers. . . . I will no longer fear war on the day when there are no more non-combatants to make it." While thus on the one hand she revolts against the easy acceptance of war, the lack of will to protest, the æsthetic exploitation of suffering and death, on the other hand she gives all her sympathy to the men on the field; her admiration for their heroism is unbounded, her longing to help is full of the self-immolation of her younger days. Held back by physical disabilities from personal service, she devotes all the more passionately her pen to their service and dedicates to them—

my greatest effort, my greatest work, a piece of which I know nothing yet, except that it may be called *La Paix* and that I progress towards it, preparing myself religiously as for a vocation, for I want it to have effect—it is not as an artist that I exploit this catastrophe. . . . Since I have been cheated out of doing my work as a woman among your agonies, I will strive so that in future you may not be massacred.

The work to which she here refers and which was recently published was destined to be her last, for she died of influenza in September, 1918, and thus never saw the attempted "guarantees of peace" of which she was so skeptical.

The journal of Marie Lenéru is of quite exceptional interest both for its value as a human document which reveals unusual depths of physical and mental suffering, and for its form, especially for its many short phrases of pregnant thought and puissant expression. It is curious, too, as a manifestation of twentieth century thought in France, although in many ways it is not typical. The classical tradition is strong in it, the roots of thought in the past are clear and obvious. But side by side with a love of harmony and balance, a supreme respect for the reason, there are the elements of fanaticism. The whole trend of Marie Lenéru's being

impels her towards the sacrifice of self in some great devotion which will use up mind, heart and person. At one time she longs for the vigour and silence of the cloister, the spirit of a St. Theresa, the self-prostration of a Pascal; then the world surges in with its unrest, its changefulness, its questioning skeptical spirit, its intense respect for life. Its claims are in the end the stronger, and the longing for self-immolation gives place to an ardent desire for self-realization. But when the question arises which part of herself she is to cultivate—the woman or the artist, present enjoyment or future fame—she chooses once more the harder path; the woman cedes her place to the author, and henceforth Marie Lenéru accepts the asceticisms of the conscientious artist.

DOROTHY MARTIN.

IFFLEY THE UNSPOILED

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE only proper way into the Village Unspoiled is along the Thames, through the meadows that Arnold's Scholar Gypsy loved, past fishermen who fish for the joy of the thing and not for fish, who might serve as models for "patience on a monument" save for noses that are perpetually red. One has the consolation of goodly English precedent behind the claw-like hand that reaches forth from the tiny toll house to take the halfpenny which is the price of entering Iffley the ideal way; Roman *denarii*, together with Saxon coins, have been found on the river bottom beneath the bridge. Hard by the toll house are the broken paddles of the mossy waterwheel, and an idle millstone, of the mill that had ground a century of grists in Chaucer's time and that ground on down to a decade ago when fire took it.

Up a cobbled hill and under lime trees the lane winds to a gate beneath a chestnut tree; one is in the heart of England. Here is one of the hundred churchyards within footing distance of Oxford where one may live Gray's *Elegy*. Iffley Church is Norman and is as old as the singing monks sailing by, down stream to Abingdon. The lichens and the love of eight hundred years are in its walls rising from the green benediction of graves. It must be easy and pleasant to sleep here, with the earliest snowdrops starring the turf, and roses at the floodtide of the year. With its half effaced, zigzag bordered arches set with beaks of queer birds from mediæval bestiaries, which bite and vex their own wings to prove their ancient lineage, the church is as lovely as it is old. The wide tower and round topped windows are full of the naïve frankness of folk who have found the holiness of simplicity. Inside the sunlight carpets the floor with the same patterns that made beautiful the feet which rest these centuries under the green outside. All the honest and humble prayers of the devout of many years seem to sweeten the plain white walls. One thinks of the

long sunbeams of many children's hair reaching back from today at the ancient carven font into the yesterdays. Here are holy things time cannot touch, the truce of God, faith in gold and gray, precepts of happiness, precepts of peace.

Just beyond the wall of the churchyard is the rectory, a refectory of monks in other days. It bears its seven centuries felicitously on eaves hung green with moss and tiles of kindly gray. There is no better place to read the Church Fathers than the rector's oaken panelled study, with bees making the afternoon golden about the pleached pear trees outside and blue English skies that mind of forget-me-nots through leaded casements opened wide. Chrysostom and the sunlight of summer, Ambrose and the scent of honey. Men with gold and honey in their names are at home here; and the windows open on a place very like the New Jerusalem. Indeed, below is the great drawing room with a gold and blue motto for a border promising

manibus non factam domum
Sempiternam in cœlis.

And there is the rector's wife, whose dearly cherished Infant Dionysius of too white marble cannot destroy the atmosphere of ages, pouring the rectory dog his milk and saying over tea things the happy things a rector's wife finds to say. And Audrey, the sporting daughter of the house, the ruddiness of October beagle hunts on her face, is tapping the panels to show you where the secret passage is and perhaps dislodging a pet Dresden shepherdess in her enthusiasm. Winding passages, mysterious stairs down which a friar may walk, and the rector with his puns to take you back with him through the years of his house. But outside in the rectory gardens is the heart of England. The sanctity of an enclosure had never so sweet a demonstration. There are peach trees standing English fashion, to get the ripening heat of the stone, like candelabra against walls; Virginia creeper, to tell the passing of the year in red; ivy, to keep the year immortally green; and beyond the antique sundial seven terraces go down with urns and rose arbors to the swallow-haunted Thames. Best of all, there is a cosy quiet, sounds of village dogs and boys faint and musical beyond high walls, tea and talk, talk and tea, and the

day's shadows growing longer on the grass. If a man is ever going to be a poet, it is in such a place.

But one cannot play the hermit forever. Outside, above the rectory, the hill rises where Hawthorne, come three thousand miles to love Oxford, found his view of the city that turns white with all her towers in the sunshine. Beyond hedges of white-thorn on this hill, in a place I know but will not tell you of, for fear the Iffley boys would find it, are glades yellow with February primroses, and May comes there with miles of bluebells until they look like smoke under the trees. But you shall turn instead into the long village street by Postmistress Blay's little cottage. Mistress Blay is keeper of the mails and the lone telephone that thrusts but this one finger of a rushing age into this quiet place; the watchful gods of Iffley have palsied this one digit, for it is better to trust in leather soles than in this telephone perpetually out of order. The postmistress could put old-fashioned New England housewives to shame; her arms, *argent;* a scrubbing brush, *or*, rampant; and of chevrons, *sable*, none at all. One could eat off her hearthstones. I honestly believe she scrubs the stamps.

Perhaps, across the street little girls in pinafores and martyred hair and boys with apple cheeks, smooched Eton collars, and sturdy bare knees will be filing into the schoolhouse by their separate doors. Under the thatch of the schoolhouse there is more than numbers and knitting for the boys, numbers and plain sewing for the girls. There are dishes for school teas, a floor for dancing and games. May Day sets forth in fine style from this base, attendants bearing flower wreaths before the May King and Queen who have all the morning on their faces, or at least as much of it as soap can put there.

Nearby the milkman lives in the past, though trafficking in the present. His stoop has the sea shell which hides the key just as in New England villages; on the shrine of his parlor table rest his Sunday-go-to-meeting hat and his prayerbook wrapped in a spotless handkerchief. His deliveryman, an ungainly boy in teens, who brings you the buttercups and marigolds of Iffley meadows mistakenly called cream, is a poor Hermes to this Zeus. In the village phrase he is "eleven pence, three farthings", which means

in our speech "not all there". He leaves the filled crock just where you will upset it when you open the garden gate. If you chide him, he will fill your measure without emptying the rain-water out. But the milkman is greater than his servant, and lives in his clouds.

In the midst of houses of "county" families, a thatched cottage overgrown with roses and smelling to the skies of sweet lavender is most delightful of all. Bees make the golden and chocolate thatching their hive; window geraniums grow best there. And there is the plumpest and rosiest of boy babies to make the day complete with his play among the dainty daisies on the lawn . . . a place of things that matter in this world.

The houses of village "quality" are pleasant places, too. The Malt House was once a real malt house; in the days when good things to eat and drink, food for holy songs, were still under the wings of the Church, shaven tonsures bent over the mash to watch it change into the ale of beatitude. Stone figures in mitre and sanctified attitudes are dug up among today's brussels sprouts. One wishes to dig in the bed of violas for relics. River-mead is Elizabethan and rambling, with carven griffins on the doors, rooms that run over into the gardens, and gardens that invade the rooms. And the river alone to keep the gardens from going straight on to the City Delectable. Here a bishop enjoys his valedictory days, after the clouds and mists of Newfoundland. Death can come sweetly to him here; when ears fail, there are roses, and when eyes, the smell of them and the feel of their petals. In the "fourth gentleman's house on the left", as its delightful occupant describes it, the Victorian Age is entrenched. You find scrapbooks and watercolors of Sicilian ruins of the bold wash school affected by all young ladies of yesterday. The chairs wear plush and are stuffed; carved grapes crop out where least expected; inevitably there is that chair that reproduces a scallop of the sea. Doilies are thick as cobwebs on morning grass. The politeness that meant life itself forty years ago becomes the lady of this house exceedingly. Even Billy, her terrier, barks lower than dogs of an un-Victorian school.

The Tree Inn, a rallying place for villagers, has gardens where tables spread under chestnut boughs at which on Sunday splendid

workingmen wet their thick moustaches in their ale, while their wives strive to sort their offspring out of masses of struggling boyhood. The Institute, the village clubhouse, need not overawe one with its name; it is only a small cottage done over. But it is a perfect memorial to the men in the late War who have gone Westward forever to a place sweeter even than Iffley. Here their memory keeps green, not in a cold shaft, but in a house where home folks can play the games they loved to play and read the books they left unread. Whist drives bring the Colonel and the postmistress together to clash with Lady John and the village butcher; the tennis court the rector's daughter and the toffee girl from the village store.

If one is seeking contentment in this life, one would do well to lift the latch of Donnington Cottage at the sign of Teas Provided. If there is balm in Gilead, this is Gilead. If the fallible human be the essence of art, here is a masterpiece. The tiles are crooked, the gables go up, the roof sags down, peeling mortar shows timbering of Shakespeare's day, cracks creep down the walls, casemented windows droop under climbing roses, moss caravans along the drains, the chimney pots lean over. Nasturtiums choke the doorway; the garden has run wild with unbridled japonica. Inside is a kitten, sedate as one of the Pharaohs, and a copper kettle with a song quite its own. Old plates catch the glow of seacoal fire. Each cosy thing goes straight home to the heart. Upstairs in a room with windows full of dewy stars there is such sleep as children have. Worries slip away, with the world, in any room at all. But

nulla rosa sine spina.

The thorn in this rose is the landlady. Through years of living alone she has evolved a code of etiquette in pots and pans that would baffle a Balkan diplomat. Each saucepan has its charter of rights; this must never be set on the flame, this is for water only. Now, though dishes are essential things, one still could manage. But not if one happens to be a man. Disappointed once in the *genus* in the person of her husband, she has sworn herself to hate all the rest. So Donnington, for the sins of man, like Eden, goes tenantless.

There are other inviting houses. The elms of one estate are haunted with nightingales; over its lawns of an evening larks go up into a *nunc dimittis* sky. Another is the home of all the hollyhocks and wallflowers. A woman and her daughter live there, too, who brew a tea that makes you say the kindliest things, that wreathes the evening with garlands of peace. Their hearth is the benediction for any golden day. Last of all, there is the Turn, where Sir George and Lady John with their acres keep out the jinns of modern suburbandom from Iffley. Lady John rides her wheel as though her seventy years were twenty, and the May has never left her cheeks. If there are kindly things done, she has her hand in them; she is the village mother, first there with ointments for burns, last to leave the child with the aching tooth. If her taste in Old Masters may be questioned, her house is hung with healing herbs and charity. To hear Sir George, who is a don at Jesus, among his fragrant books, is to have a university at its source. He has been everywhere and done many things well. India and Ireland meet in his witty wisdom. He can tell equally well the story he unearthed in the shadow of the Himalayas of Abraham and the Parsee, or the ending of his recent visit as a secret conciliatory emissary from Parliament to Belfast and how the Irish students, dyed-in-the-wool Sinn Feiners all, bade him Godspeed with cries—"Come back soon, Sir George, and we'll make you the next President of Ireland!" He would be a great philosopher if, as Dr. Johnson remarked, cheerfulness were not always breaking in.

It is the greatest charm of Iffley that here one can see old Dame Human Nature knitting her socks unhurried by the clanking machines of this age. Simple houses, simple lives. Picturesque personalities thrive. Fitz Clare, with his mountain of a perambulator outgrown by his daughter and used now as a barrow for parcels, will keep you from your ways with philippics well seasoned with peppery profanity on a weather that blights his potatoes; or Miss Duke will give you intimate details of royalty (she does not go below earls), while Mrs. Graydon's baked beans, a dish you have transplanted three thousand miles, are left burning on the high knees of the gods. Miss Norris, who is High Church and speaks to no one except Sir George and the rector, goes her

withering way through the big estate where she rents one of the smaller cottages with that spirited aloofness which New England has described as "head up, tail over the dashboard". The Iffley babies have a reputation of sunny optimism even under gray skies, their faces like apple blossoms of Eastertide. One meets such people as the patriarch carrying waterpails on a yoke; Bill, a "proper poacher", who does not keep his rectitude after sunset when hares come out of burrows and who is afflicted by spirits; a vendor of chrysanthemums with spotless apron and shoes as long behind the ankle as in front; the curate in shovel hat with socks flapping over his shoes; the Cowley Father with ankles bare for mediæval humility; the girl who fancies and dresses herself as Red Riding Hood; and the philosopher in corduroys strapped below the knees, whose faggots cannot cover the patchwork on his breeches beside which Joseph's coat is as vanity. The wash lady who "does for" Iffley is a philosopher, too; from her experience with three husbands she gives you wisdom for marital felicity, "if you leaves 'em, you loses 'em." Tramps knock at Iffley doors for hot water to make their tea. The temperamental baker furnishes human nature unadulterated. To him the symmetry of a loaf is as music. He makes music, too, with his bass in the choir. But he shares the weakness of all artists; he will punish you for buying loaves in town by letting you and your tea guests go breadless; he will come out of the choir to sing his solo, though he have but two bars to sing.

Old things keep green in Iffley, old customs, old hearts. The years go by along the London Road, but miss the turn to the village. One can walk its middle ways without fear of motors. The carol singers still lead the Christmas in; December nights have lanterns with frosty aureoles and the clear *Noel* under the starlit skies. Boy mummers gather pennies from house to house on Twelfth Night, armed with swords of lath, playing an Oxfordshire Saint George to a dragon of very broad Oxfordshire brogue. People pluck their forelocks to Lady John and address her as "My Lady"; they would resent being told that such an act betokened servility. Plodding workmen bid you good night when they meet you on lanes full of dusk. And old men and women do not creep away into houses there. They ride their wheels and

play astounding tennis, laugh and walk abroad for ale and primroses, for the sunshine they may find and the rain in their faces, for the fountains of youth. Like babies, old folks flourish there.

It is good to live in Iffley. Somehow, unconsciously, people there seem to have learned the art of living. Tending their roses, living as they please behind their high walls, having their hearts open to their open fires, getting the singing of teakettles into their souls, somehow, they have learned the art. The beauty and ease of it are everywhere. Old houses long filled with tears and laughter to live in, chairs hallowed with use by little children, old ivied stones to love, these help to give felicity. But the greatest of all their blessedness is simplicity. They have found out that the deepest and sweetest things are the little beauties of every day, porridge in bowls with blue flowers, baby shoes worn over at the heel, sunlight and firelight on dishes, smiles, and voices speaking low. The luxuries of life and the unessentials do not greatly trouble them. The simple, single things that last they have, not motor cars, not phonographs, not telephones, not cinemas, not electricity; but in their homes you will find plain pity and love and grief and mercy and, best of all, kindliness. So they are able to talk of happy things; so they can walk along their fields and share the joy the skylarks feel, see the way Spring treads, love sunset and after that the stars. So they can play their croquet till every daisy of their hopes closes gladly with the dusk, and ride their bicycles right up to the green edge of the grave.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

A POET'S HERITAGE

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

In the last years of the reign of George III of England, a certain old gentleman of eccentric appearance was to be seen, every evening at the same hour, walking unsteadily, as if the effort cost him pain, through the streets of a village in Sussex. He was a very tall man and, though bent with age, he carried his head high. His features were fine and firm; his brow was almost delicately modeled; his eyes had not lost their fire. A workman's frock, dusty and frayed, hung loosely from his broad shoulders. His hat was antiquated; his hair was unkempt; his shoes had seen better days. He was neglected and dilapidated, and there was something decidedly unpleasant in the expression of his face. Yet nobody could fail to observe that he bore himself like an aristocrat. An unmistakable air of gentle birth and breeding distinguished the strange figure advancing with a halting gait under the sagging gables of the houses and the low branches of ancient trees.

He has left his house above the river close by the church and is making his way to the tavern. At intervals throughout the day he has escaped the vigilance of his one slovenly servant and, with a furtiveness in curious contrast with his fine head and figure, has occupied himself with sewing banknotes inside the lining of his dressing jacket. Arrived at the Swan Inn he enters the taproom and seats himself at a table among the villagers. He does not indulge in excessive drinking. With his empty glass in front of him, he listens to the gossip of more convivial guests. And as he sits there in silence his features now and then relax their rigidity and his eyes flash, as if some incident related by the gossips had recalled to his memory adventures and romances of his own.

The others glance at him occasionally and keep their distance. They know something of his style of conversation and they prefer

his silence. They know that if he wants to talk, he will talk, and it is not for them to make advances. They know moreover that the old man is a baronet; that he has long enjoyed the patronage of a powerful and unscrupulous duke, their political dictator; that he is the largest land-holder in the county and the owner of the magnificent castle that stands near the village in the midst of broad acres that overlook the Channel. The mood of sullen silence has grown upon him of late. Not so long ago, it seemed as if his one reason for coming to the tavern was for the pleasure of discussing politics, and they were flattered because he met them on an equal footing. He was a staunch Whig, who prided himself upon his liberal views. He could curse the King and the Government in good round terms. But he was a realist of the hardest type, and success was his only god. Let anyone suggest a change in the existing order, let a spark of idealism light up the argument, and he would rap the offender unmercifully. Any desire for reform was a red flag of revolution. If he heard that wages were getting rapidly lower and the people were suffering, he only asked whether his rents would be affected. It was dangerous to differ with him, for his cuts were sharp. His mind was as keen as his feelings were dull. And his opinions could not always be predicted, for he was wilful and moody.

His moodiness has grown upon him of late. The frequenters of the tap-room wonder more and more what can be the cause of his "melancholy". They whisper their suspicion of some secret crime in his past life, or some bitter disappointment. Or is he, perhaps, only a bit "touched in the head"? Why, they ask one another, does he live in a cottage of their village when that magnificent castle stands empty on the hill? He has never even finished the building, with all his wealth! Why is he so solitary, when he has sons and daughters living? He is gouty and irascible. But they are reminded in a thousand ways that he could be a fine gentleman if he chose. And they can easily believe that he was once dashingly handsome with eyes no woman could resist.

What they have heard of his past increases the mystery. They know that he has twice eloped with a beautiful heiress, thereby rehabilitating the fortunes of the family. They know that he was born in America, and they believe that he brought from the New

World some of the energy and initiative that got him his brides and his wealth. Some of them may perhaps have heard that his second wife was a direct descendant of Sir Philip Sidney. What they cannot know—what they cannot remotely suspect—is that as a result of his first marriage, incidentally to winning a fortune, he has achieved immortal fame as the grandfather of the poet Shelley.

He is eighty years old and his grandson is nineteen. Five years ago he was granted, as an emolument of the Duke of Norfolk's party, the right to call himself Sir Bysshe Shelley, Bart. The ambition of his life has been to amass riches for himself and his descendants; to put himself and his heirs on a par with that other branch of the family, descended from the same knights of the Middle Ages, who have inherited the title and the property, whose latest scion is Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove, some twenty years older than the poet—a man of fashion famous on the Turf, of "impeccable manners and a warm heart", who was taken away by his guardian from a life of licentious idleness at the University of Cambridge and was rescued from the gambling table by a charming wife; who is later to take a hand at politics as an uncompromising Tory, a social leader, the companion of kings and princes, an intimate friend and supporter of the Duke of Wellington. By a combination of personal charm and hard-headedness and good luck, Sir Bysshe, who began his life without any prospects of worldly success, has all but realized his ambition. He has expended £80,000 upon Castle Goring, on his estates near Horsham; and now, in his old age, he is deserted by his daughters, who have fled from his domineering rule of the household; he is tormented by gout, much given to violent swearing, hoarding his treasure in secret places, and adding codicil after codicil to his last will and testament. And he has many misgivings of late in regard to his grandson who is heir to his property.

The eccentric Sir Bysshe was born in Newark, New Jersey. His father, like many younger sons whose ancient ancestry could not furnish them a living, had moved to America in the hope of bettering his prospects. There he had married a woman of the people, the widow of a miller. With two sons as the sum total of his American fortune, he returned to England where his second

son, the small boy named Bysshe, so won the heart of the paternal grandmother whose family name he bore that she set aside the natural claims of others and favored him in her will. She directed that he be "educated in an handsome manner, with a scholastick and gentlemanlike education", and she bequeathed him land and ready money, together with jewels, plate and linen, and her small cabinet inlaid with ivory. He was but nine years old when his grandmother died; he must have learned at an early age that he had charms of his own which, in spite of the laws of primogeniture, might take him far.

His inheritance included certain lands bequeathed him by his grandfather on the condition that he should not marry before he was twenty-three. But Sir Bysshe was as independent in his personal affairs as he was subservient in politics. Having captivated the heart of a girl of sixteen, an heiress who would bring him more lands than he forfeited, he married her as soon as he came of age, against the will of her guardian. They eloped to the Continent. Their first child was Timothy, the father of the poet.

As the years went by, and his wife had died and he had married another heiress in the same romantic manner; as he watched his two families growing up, he could have had little anxiety lest his elder son should take his fate into his own hands as he himself had done. For Timothy was a tamer creature. He had little independence of character, although he manifested a fitful obstinacy that made him unyielding on occasion. He was well educated and liked good solid books, but he was self-important and stupid and blundering and bombastic. He had polished his manners with great care, but they deserted him in trying moments, and he was altogether lacking in the personal charm that distinguished his father and his son. One cannot imagine Timothy eloping like his father in the service of Dame Fortune or like his son in her despite. Whatever early "affairs" he may have had, he conducted himself like a man of the world, accepting everything that was established from manners to religion. Sir Bysshe had subdued the will of Timothy. The result gave him no satisfaction. He was in the habit of cursing his son in the presence of his grandson. Yet Timothy was dutiful and to all appearances devoted. He followed in line behind the Duke of Norfolk;

as a Member for Shoreham he was an unquestioning adherent of the Duke's party. He never failed to consult his father on all questions of importance and, however strained their relations became, he never failed to send a messenger every morning to inquire after the old man's health. Above all, he never made trouble. He was extremely cautious and regardful of the world's opinion. At the age of thirty-nine he married a gentlewoman of rare beauty, Elizabeth Pilfold, the daughter of a county squire. Sir Bysshe established the wedded pair in Field Place, two miles from Horsham—an estate far less magnificent than Michelgrove but creditable enough since Goring Castle was in prospect. The first child of this marriage was a son and all was well.

The child was named Percy, for a distant relative of the ancient family, and Bysshe, for the grandfather to whom he would be indebted for his position in the world.

As Percy Bysshe grew from babyhood into childhood—delicate, fair-haired, as beautiful as his mother, with the deep blue Shelley eyes—he gave promise of fulfilling every expectation. He would be very different from Timothy, his grandfather soon perceived, as he observed the first signs of his precocious intelligence, his memory, his imagination, his gentle manners. His grandson would never annoy him by his stupidity; he would not, like Timothy, try his patience by his obtuseness and then infuriate him by bursting into unmanly tears. He could always manage Timothy sooner or later, but he had never been proud of him. And he was proud of his grandson. He liked it that he should be clever and original; he even went so far as to pay for the publication of some of his early efforts in literature, penurious though he was. He looked upon him as one for whom it was well worth while that a title should be added to his inheritance. When the boy was fourteen the title was won and the grandfather's ambition seemed crowned with success.

Yet even before that time there were signs of the coming storm. Disquieting reports had come from Eton. It was all very well that a schoolboy should be clever and outstrip his classmates and even that he should have a will of his own. But beyond certain limits, insubordination was not to be brooked.

And Percy Bysshe had been tampering with forbidden books and forbidden instruments—books on chemistry and instruments of scientific experiment. And what boy of any common sense would resist the fagging system single handed? He was not a good mixer, it appeared—he must get over his habit of solitary mooning and meditating. Above all, his dangerous curiosity must be curbed. He was always speculating and experimenting; and to the Sir Bysshes and Mr. Timothy Shelleys of this world there is something abnormal and dangerous about an inquiring intellect.

When the younger Bysshe came home for his vacations, the consternation of Field Place was duly reported at Horsham. The summer of his eighteenth birthday, when he had finished at Eton, ought to have been one of his happiest. He was in the raptures of his first love; his family encouraged his attachment to his cousin, Harriet Grove; he was writing verses with her and with his favorite sister; he had formed a close friendship with the learned old gentleman who introduced him to Godwin's eye-opening book on *Political Justice;* he was allowing his mind free play on the greatest subjects of human thought. But his parents were outraged by his views. They could not cope with this young skeptic. To his religious questionings, his father would answer, in no gentle tone, "I believe because I do believe." His mother, it is true, was brought to acknowledge one day that if a man lives righteously he has nothing to fear, whatever his creed. Her son was overjoyed at such liberality! Doubtless he had cornered her for a moment with his arguments. Orphaned at an early age and brought up by a Master of the Turf, she was a woman of a shallow education and a shallow mind. Her great desire was to see her son riding to hounds and conducting himself like every country gentleman. It was plain that he had in him the making of a sportsman; he was an excellent shot; he was agile, untiring, and fearless. He could easily have been another Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove! Instead of that, they heard him giving voice to the wildest and most criminal theories. They heard him professing to believe in democracy—that alone was a shock. And when he questioned the Christian scheme of salvation and called their God of punishments an Almighty

Demon, they were frightened. They saw him started on the road to eternal damnation; and of all the roads thither he had chosen the one that was least respectable in the county of Sussex.

Sir Bysshe only shrugged his shoulders at all the talk about what the boy believed or disbelieved. He whom his grandson once described as "a complete atheist, a hard-headed old reprobate, who looks forward to nothing but annihilation", had no fears of the Devil and his influence. But he had never allowed his scoffing disbelief to interfere with his worldly advantage. What troubled him was the boy's foolishness in not keeping his ideas to himself and, still more, his lack of the proper instincts of a man of property. Evidently he was completely ignorant of the value of money! He had been quoted as declaring that when he came into possession of the estate he meant to divide it equally with his sisters! He might do even worse things, for he was susceptible to all kinds of erratic notions. He had none of the pride of his class. He might waste his inheritance—not in gambling and betting, like his kinsman, but waste it! give it away! Who could tell what such a boy might do?

There was still hope that Oxford might bring him to his senses. They made gentlemen at Oxford, not rebels and idiots. Timothy had gone to Oxford; and if Sir Bysshe was scornful of the conventional religion his son's training had fostered, he saw virtue in the same discipline for his grandson. But at Oxford the wayward youth went on recklessly with his wild speculations. He dabbled in philosophy till he lost his bearings completely. His cousin rejected him for his false doctrine; his family gave him up and withdrew behind their second line of defense, the protection of his sisters from his influence; and finally he set up his opinions against those of his elders and betters to such an extent that, before the end of his first year in college, he was expelled.

Sir Bysshe's attitude toward the offender on this occasion was very different from that of the bewildered Timothy, whose idea of bringing his apostate son to accept the true faith was to refuse to let him come home except on conditions no boy of spirit would accept, to cut off his income, and, on top of that indignity, to confront him with Paley's *Evidences* and attempt to convert him and his friend Hogg in a hotel dining room. He protested and

shed tears and only succeeded in making himself ridiculous in his son's eyes. Sir Bysshe would have been as much disgusted as the two boys with such behaviour. Nevertheless, he agreed with Timothy in his determination to show no leniency. He agreed that the rebel must be starved into submission; and later, when mediators, appealing to Timothy on the score of the boy's health and the world's opinion of his severity, persuaded him to allow him an income of £200 a year, we may be sure it was without the approval of Sir Bysshe. When he heard of the Oxford disgrace he wrote to their lawyer a letter which Timothy read and addressed:

HORSHAM, April 15, 1811.

Dear Sir, Agree with you y^t P.B.S. etc. are extraordinary characters, in my opinion there is but one way to bring them to their senses, not to remonstrate, not by treaty, y^t cant be with rebels se by *his* letter to his Father that he is in a state of High Rebellion. No terms but unconditional Submission can be admitted now and y^t is not likely to be the case whilst he is treated with. Now my plain unrefined opinion is (I never deceive myself) let these two young men run their career without interruption, this in my opinion will bring them to their senses sooner than anything.

Very Hble. Servt.

B. SHELLEY.

Meanwhile he would make it a little more difficult for this troublesome heir apparent to inherit and dispose of his property; and he added another condition to his complicated will.

And now, just four months later, a bolt has fallen! The storm has broken in all its fury! Far from learning submission, the culprit has disgraced the family. He has "gone off with a female to Scotland". He has eloped with the daughter of a tavern keeper. He has married beneath his station!

As the old man lingers in the tap-room, he may well reflect that his plans are shattered. If his mind reverts to the castle on the hill with its two façades—the one a Gothic structure of solid masonry, the other carved and decorated like an Italian villa of the Palladian style—he may well think of it as a house of cards fallen about his head.

Baronet and squire would have been in perfect agreement as to the proper treatment for the fair Harriet Westbrook, with her "complexion of the rose shining through the lily" and her "hair

that was like a poet's dream". Mr. Timothy Shelley had been heard to say to his son, "I will care for as many illegitimate children as you care to have, but a misalliance I will never forgive." He may have been misquoted, but the remark is in character. Sir Bysshe provided in his will for at least some of his own illegitimate children. They were honorable gentlemen, both of them!

And the poet's mother—could she do nothing in this coil of events? Could she not appreciate her son's spiritual heritage? Could she see nothing but insubordination in his conduct? nothing but a perverted conscience in his aspirations?

His mother indeed befriended him longer than any other member of the family; that she was obliged to do it in secret shows her position. What could she do with a husband who refused to read his son's letters, turned him over to a lawyer, and declared that he would have nothing to do with him "until he acknowledged his God"? After the Oxford catastrophe she appealed to her brother, and it was he who interfered to appease the towering wrath of Timothy. But after this marriage, what could be done? She was helpless. She no longer attempted to defend her extraordinary son. She was disappointed and distressed, but she had no understanding of his nature.

The only one among them who might have understood was that "hard-headed reprobate", Sir Bysshe. There was a time, at least, when he was capable of understanding, before the fire of his soul had turned to ashes. For one cannot doubt that he had once dreamed divine, frustrated dreams under that brow so like his grandson's. That strange castle of his, with its incongruous façades, was symbolic of his nature in earlier days; he had his harder and his softer side. But worldly ambition had fortified the stern face of the structure and knocked the gentler one into a heap of ruins. If he ever had a sense of humour, of which the family possessed little either by inheritance or marriage, that too had gone down in the wreck. It was too late now for him to appreciate the generous hopes of youth. His own had been thwarted and were forgotten. He could only fulminate and mutter curses and contemplate disinheriting his wayward heir.

He has lost all patience at last. And now there are two

people to starve instead of one; and the baronet approves of the squire's prompt action in once more cutting off the promised income.

A short time after the wielding of this mighty weapon, as the old man passed out through the gate, one autumn day, on his way to the tavern, he saw coming toward him a swift, eager figure. A moment later, he was face to face with his grandson. What could they say to each other? Their greeting was a formal handshake. As they looked at each other, the youthful Shelley saw nothing but "hard-hearted selfishness tottering to its grave"; the elder saw disobedience, defiance, and foolishness. One can easily imagine what passed between them.

As they walk on together, the old man remains stolid and indifferent while the young enthusiast of nineteen pours forth his arguments. He is not pleading his case. He is explaining his reasons for hating bigotry and tyranny and for believing in the equality of man and the innate purity of the soul. He is discoursing upon Christianity, Monarchy, Aristocracy—all are founded upon fear, he declares; all are destructive of virtue, because virtue induced by hope of rewards or fear of punishments thereby ceases to be virtue. He points out the absurdity of his father's demand that he shall profess a belief in things in which he cannot believe; he will never accept a religion that offends reason and fetters virtue. He believes in a Deity which is the essence of the Universe, but not in "a God Who beheld with favour the coward wretch Abraham, Who built the grandeur of His favourite Jews on the bleeding bodies of myriads, on the subjugated necks of the dispossessed inhabitants of Canaan". He avows his determination to combat ignorance and his refusal to listen to the voice of self-interest, however loudly it may howl.

As they reach the door of the tavern, the old man turns toward the youth as if to dismiss him and says gruffly:

"You have come to me for money."

"Grandfather," replies the youth, his wide eyes opening wider, "how can any of you object to an honourable marriage? My father refuses that my name should be mentioned. I had sup-

posed that such blind prejudice had long since been banished to the regions of comedies and farces. My uncle Pilfold has been generous—I had every reason to count upon the income that was promised me. This coil of primæval prejudice—"

"You have disobeyed your father," interrupts the other.

"He would oblige me to recant. I will never do that. Besides, I acknowledge no master but virtue."

"Then you can live on virtue."

"My wife was contented with my small income until I should inherit my property. Her sister —"

"*Your* property!—I will hear nothing of your wife and her sister—and *your* property!" He is growing violent.

"But *you* have never been a slave to religious prejudice, Grandfather. You used to help me when nobody else would."

"I will not give you a cent. My money is my own."

"I shall soon be of age, if I live till then. I have been very ill, but I am better. Eventually all that I possess shall be devoted to the cause—"

"To hell with your causes! Go back and repent of your misconduct. When you are through with being a damned idiot—well—well—then we shall see."

"I thank you for your advice." There is no touch of sarcasm in the voice of the youth.

The old man turns into the tavern and the apostle of Truth goes back to Harriet and Eliza and Hogg.

They never saw each other again. The old man lived on for a few more years, miserable and miserly for most of the time, bedridden. When he heard that the Duke of Norfolk had received the recalcitrant pair into his house as guests, he was impressed, but not like Timothy to the extent of loosening his purse-strings. He expended the last strength of his life in efforts to bribe or compel the eldest son of his eldest son to entail the estates and to prevent him from encumbering them. His will was a most complicated document. He provided for a resettlement within a year after his death, thus making it possible for the bulk of his wealth to revert to Timothy's younger son. He therefore died without knowing whether the wish of

his life would be gratified—the strange passion of a man of property for an immortality of riches.

Before he died his grandson's "vagaries" had crystallized in poetry. But he died without reading *Queen Mab.* He spent his time in other pursuits. A small fortune in banknotes was found in his house, hidden away in secret places. And when he was buried in the family vault in Horsham, the future heir apparent of whom he had once been proud, knowing of his death only by chance when he read of it in the newspaper, did not follow his body to its resting place.

On a cold day of mid-winter, the funeral took place with the requisite pomp and ceremony. "The corpse was followed," as the paper stated, "by Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., who hath succeeded to the family estates of the Shelleys and Michells, and by John Shelley-Sidney of Penshurst Place, Kent, the deceased's eldest son by his second marriage, and by a numerous and respectable Tenantry."

Meanwhile the poet Shelley was completely alienated from his family. His marriage had come to its unhappy ending; he had gone off to the Continent with Mary Godwin and returned to find himself an outcast. Just after his grandfather's death, he returned, for the last time, to Field Place. He was refused admittance; and, while Sir Bysshe's will was being read inside the house, he sat on the doorstep and read Mary's copy of Milton's *Comus.*

Sir Timothy instructed the servant to refer him to the lawyer in London. The physician came out of the house and told him that his father was very angry with him. Mr. Shelley-Sidney, taking his departure, dropped him the remark, in passing, that it was a most extraordinary will. He went away without contaminating any member of his immediate family, for not one of them spoke to him.

He did not go to Horsham to stand reverently before the family tomb. Yet he may have owed more to his grandfather than he ever knew. For there was a touch of genius as well as madness in the old man's nature—a treasure stowed away in dim recesses, more effectually hidden than the banknotes, and set free at last in the mind of his inspired grandson.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

TEACHING IN SUMMER SCHOOL

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

When a Western university invited me to teach in its summer school, I hurried to my typewriter. "My dear Sir," I began arrogantly, "What can you be thinking of? Give up two months of my precious summer to spend them in your tropical classrooms? Waste my genial Yankee drawl on frayed school-teachers? Talk preposterously to undergraduates about Carlyle instead of to Canadian guides, Cape Cod farmers, and tennis fanatics about the immortal interests of square-tails, plover, and overhead smashes? My dear Sir, you—" All this I wrote on the way to the typewriter. The letter itself, which the next post carried West, was less impassioned, but it was, I am sure, to the point. I had, I told this Dean darkly, something better to do. "Under the circumstances"; "highly flattering offer"; "another time,"—so ran my hypocritical phrases. I can fancy that Dean in his office as he read my letter, regretfully. "Very courteous young man," he remarked. I even see him as he

> . . . laid his face between his hands,
> And wept. (I heard his tears.)

Such a kind Dean. That evening over my pipe I analysed the situation (I usually analyse after I have acted from instinct). I realized that Erastus was that summer teaching in two schools—a prodigious feat—and that Ten Eyck had not taught in any. My paradoxical reflection was that both my colleagues were missing a lot. The man who teaches every summer and all summer is in as warm a circle as Dante's tutor, Brunetto Latini; and he who has never faced a summer school class has overlooked some of the best fun in teaching. The truth is, summer school teaching should be tried once or twice, and then never again—like a trip to Chinatown, or flying, or marrying. The similes are imperfect save in the one particular: though I avoid the word, it

will out; summer school teaching is, I fear, an "experience". And having had my experience, I declined the position in the West.

I've had it three times. *Terque beatus!* During three blessed summers I gave up the felicities of fishing, shooting, tennis,—yes, even of scholarly research,—and taught school. That evening over my pipe I was glad I had tried it; and saw more clearly why. Let me say at once that I have contrived to spend the money I made in summer teaching. I shall be more convincing on this point if I remark that my check for the first summer was forty-eight dollars and fifty cents, and for the second summer one hundred and ninety dollars. Indeed I think we may dismiss avarice as a motive of the summer school teacher. No, the feeling I had was plainly different: it was amused satisfaction. Satisfaction that for once I had taught something to someone; amusement at the fun of these episodes.

For the staggering difference in summer school teaching is in the attitude of the class: instead of resistance, you encounter interest; you can count on it! They grip their seats, these idolaters of culture, breathe hard, burst into tears. At the end of the hour you lecture again to a group of zealots around the desk; then fight your way out, but only on promise of more tomorrow. (How can you ever learn you are a great man, unless you teach in a summer school?) I always contrast the canny undergraduate and the feverish summer student in terms of two anecdotes. The same friend is the hero of both, and in both he was reading with holy rapture the lines of *Lycidas:*

> It was that fatal and perfidious *bark*—

"Bow-wow!" roared a boy in the last seat, and the room shook with laughter.

Again in summer school he declaimed:

> It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Rigg'd in the eclipse,—

This time the interruption was also dramatic: "Oh, stop, Professor," sobbed an elderly lady, "till I take down that noble thought." You will admit that it is different. "What are you

doing this summer?" I asked the expert on *Lycidas*. "I'm teaching 'thirsties' ", he replied.

I am sure that my first summer school venture was unique. In a small Connecticut town another youth and myself engaged a hall and sold season tickets for a lecture course in English literature. We descanted upon worthies who, because of death and distance, were unable to deny our libels. We filled the room with matrons prominent in charitable work, depressed business men, and satirical friends. Bill lectured one day, I the next. When off duty he or I sat in the front row and signalled a running Morse code to the other, as the interest of the audience ebbed and flowed. The lecturer never dared look at his victims, so overcome was he by his own fatuousness. His knees clicked audibly, and his expression was that of a man proposing marriage. Depressing indeed to look down at the accomplice and see his eloquent feet and hands registering: "Absurd;" "Oh, how wrong!" "You are an ass." Under this method the lecturer came to look forward vindictively to his day as coach. Each had his turn, and as I remember it, no quarter was given. Our venom would have shocked the Black Hand. As for the course, it was broad, very broad. On the last day we reviewed the eighteenth century, slurred the nineteenth from Byron to Browning, and ended with a scorching vision of the future of literature. This in an hour. I recall that the last day was riotous. A brawl arose concerning the distinction between sensu*ous* and sensu*al*. Bill had said that we ought to stir up discussion. ("Get 'em talking," were his words.) Well, we did. Evil glances, sniffs, exits, blighted that July morning. I believe that in the little manufacturing town our course is still discussed. I do not regret not having heard all the discussions of these, my pioneer days.

Seven years later I found myself in the summer session of a New England college. The Director said that he hoped the mountain air would reconcile me to my small salary; he said he knew of several teachers whom it had affected in this way. I did not ask for the names; I did not think we would have been congenial. I thought the Director too optimistic, but I glanced with interest at the tennis courts. I met my first class, in Vic-

torian literature, in the "Old Chapel". It was a cosmopolitan group. Three Maine teachers eyed me reprovingly. Three seasoned undergraduates told me instantly of past brilliance and present need for passing my course. A French youth bowed with all the politeness of his race, and expressed the wish that I would address him in his own language. A Norwegian girl took notes furtively. Here was a dazzling variety. I longed for an educator friend who was hipped on what he called "homogeneity of classes".

We examined each other. I tried to appear fearfully busy. As I embarrassedly glanced through the poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold, I stumbled on the picture of that flower of Oxford. I suddenly felt a mad desire to turn the portrait towards the class, and let them see one another. (Some people are afflicted by an unhappy impulse to laugh at funerals.) Some day I mean to have this whim classified by a modern psychologist. I suppose I thought that here was one aspect of the Victorian age which they could absorb at once. Let Mr. Arnold do his own talking in this dissenters' chapel, on his own "sweetness and light". But I dared not do it. I could not let the class see those whiskers. They would never have understood. It would not have been a good beginning. I contented myself with a conservative lecture. I think I told them there was a good deal of thought in the nineteenth century, and they did not contradict me.

As the summer wore on, I learned to be fond of that class, it was so rich in surprises. The difference of types which I have noted caused me some pains. My method amounted to this: I gave each student, in turn, a lecture suited to age, temperament, and nationality, mentally excusing the rest, who looked at me with that blankness which Tennyson says the good King Arthur cast upon Vivien in a certain critical moment. All except Monsieur Politesse, who continued to regard me with that amiable interest which he could not, by any chance of the language, have felt. During the third week, as I was impotently illustrating the use of specific detail in nature among the less boring of the poets, I referred the class to H. W. Longfellow. (Good poet, Longfellow, and catholic.) I turned to a teacher and begged elaboration on my theme. I begged her to state how a line from

this benign poet proved my "point". Yes, I might as well confess everything. I went the limit; I quoted Longfellow. I can hear myself now:

> . . . the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

(Ugh!) I waited complacently for the answer. It came: "Oh", she moaned, "*isn't* that beautiful? I have loved that from my girlhood."

The Norwegian girl refused to let me see her notes. When I was firm, and hinted that my purpose was merely paternal, as it were, she covered them with her hand, blushed a Scandinavian scarlet, and made evident signs of leaving the room. I could not afford to lose one of my six students, and forebore. After all, what did I want with her notes? (Still I wish I had seen them.) I think it was the same day that another young lady inquired after class concerning her grade in the course. Her grade! I was stunned. Grades in a summer school! It was hardly fair. Everyone knows that summer schools are for inspiration. However, I had kept records, intending to submit them to the Director to dispose of according to his own good pleasure. So I said cheerfully—for she *was* a good student—"Ninety-two." "Excellent," I added, "your grade is ninety-two." I shall never forget that instant. She looked at me as we shall all look in that solemn moment of the Last Judgment. I have never seen such shame on any human countenance. I knew instantly how murderers feel as they hold the smoking revolver. "Ninety-two!" she gasped, tottered slightly—and fainted.

I hope I was equal to the emergency. Please remember that it was a new experience. Of course I had read *Clarissa Harlowe* and *The Man of Feeling*, but I found these of no practical value at this crisis. Windows were opened, and strong women, awfully motherly ones, were summoned, and bells rung. I remember reaching for my hat, feeling in my pockets for cigarettes, a match—anything, but I am sure I was quite cool. In time the young lady was called back to a world where hellish instructors mark down high-stand students to ninety-two. As she passed out on the arm of a friend I heard her exonerate me. She thought the mark was fair. She was only sorry she had not done better.

As she said this, she teetered again, and I thought she was going back to Cosmos, but her friend vouchsafed: "She always does this when she gets a low mark." Two days later the young lady returned, bringing with her a Newfoundland dog. He loomed up between us, and examined me with moist eyes during the recitation on Rossetti. This intrusion I was left to interpret as I pleased. Let me hasten to say that I never evicted that dog.

A class in composition brought other adventures. This time the chapel was crowded with sinners who were atoning for college courses scanted during the winter. I felt that I was in charge of a mob. Here my own naïveté protected me. In announcing the scope of the course I innocently promised the class the pleasure of writing a short story and a play. What a purgative! On the next day I was again at my ease with eight students. The drones had left for easier honey. Write a play, quoth a'! Only creative artists, I took it, remained. Yet with all these whimsical happenings, how much there was that was good and sound, if one cares for teaching! In this ancient New England college I found truly the strength of the hills. Earnestness, right thinking, the love of truth—these were here in abundance. Many of these students are my friends to-day.

The following summer the school caught reorganization. It was accordingly quarantined twelve miles away in the hills, and, in time, declared to have convalesced into a School of English. There were Deans, two of them, a faculty from all corners of the kingdom, a curriculum, and a hundred thousand acres of forest land for walks, fishing, and botany. For the less athletic there were beds of petunias and a set of croquet. The purpose of the School was high, a focusing upon the study of English in its entirety. Altogether it was an enterprise worth aiding. I believe that this is in many ways the best summer school in the United States.

The adventure in this school was at close quarters. We were housed in a single group of buildings, at an enormous distance from civilization and sea-level. Had the air been a factor here, salaries should have been very low indeed. The place itself was a blessing. Nothing academic about it, I assure you. I met one class in a parlor, another in a smoking room—alas, in name

only. My students sat in veranda rockers, or dining room stiff-backs, or three on a sofa. My only bulwark was a marble-topped table around which the clan gathered after the ringing of a colossal dinner bell. You see it was almost convivial. I used the bell effectively in teaching *Macbeth.*

That class in Shakespeare was the class *par excellence.* I am tempted to a panegyric in Nestorian vein: "In all my years of teaching, never have I seen nor shall I see—" Every state in America was represented, every college, from Harvard to Otter Creek. From the first moment it was give-and-take, with no pause till the instructor collapsed or the tocsin sounded the next ordeal. I have never had better hours of teaching than with that class, and when I am reminded of the benefit to the teacher from a summer school, I think of them.

But even in such a summer school Comedy misses triumph by only a hair's breadth. I began immediately to have adventures. Every morning, for instance, half my class modestly took places *behind* the marble-topped table, and behind me. I am sure that we are not to take the famous "circles" of literature too exactly. They must have been half moons. No professor, however owl-like in face and neck muscles, can lecture backwards. Each morning I remobilized my cohorts, and each morning they re-formed with creaking chairs into a scholastic halo. Then what do you think of the moments when the instructor enthusiastically addresses a score of lady pupils with a loud: "Gentlemen!" or still more vigourously and beseechingly as "Men"? Or, when he misreads his lists and invokes a lady by her first name? Then, too, even among these elect the variety of ages and types was bewildering. One of my most ardent students was summering in the mountains with her grandchildren. At her left sat a débutante. I was always feeling that something more cheerful ought to be done for this lovely creature. I thought of a box of caramels, but dismissed the idea as impractical and profane. I never felt that she was carried away by Cardinal Newman's *Apologia.* Had I rushed to the piano and shouted: "Now for a dance!" she would have been delirious with joy. But this would not have pleased the married graduate student. He was older and certainly knew more than teacher. The *Apologia* was his

favourite book. My classroom was as full of humours as a comedy of Ben Jonson's, and my life as merry.

One delightful student of some summer schools is the individual at the back of the room known as "auditor" or "listener". These persons sit together like a jury: they are magnificently unbiased, for they have not read the assignment. They are gleaners; they pick the crumbs from the feasts of others. They are amusing, and I suppose that it is good business to get one's fill of tuition, but it is false education.

Occasionally the summer school teacher has his adventures outside the classroom. In large summer schools the instructor is often paid per course, and during the other hours he may either study or drink himself to death; nobody cares which. But in others he may have opportunities for other kinds of self development. He may give readings on occasional evenings. He may act in Shakespearean plays. Or he may be blackfaced and sing verses about swinging on an old apple tree. In the dining room he may eat with his students and discuss literature and the problems of teaching. At the end of each week other students may be shifted, as in the good old game of Boston, to his table, and the teacher may thus know the problems of his students. Do you like the idea? (It was the best part of my experience.) I do. But, as I wrote the Dean, I have other things to occupy me. I like to give readings; I like amateur theatricals; I admit an interest in vaudeville, and I play with my students the year round. But who—let him speak out boldly!—can satisfy the requirements in college for new courses, for publication, for tireless and effective teaching, and spend summer after summer in playing school? For teaching, winter or summer, is exhausting. The teacher's summers are his years of plenty: they are for travel, reading, research, knowing other men. Sometimes they are merely for listening to the music of a trout stream or watching the shadows play over the hills; just loafing. This, then, is the text of these confessions: summer school during every summer—is a calamity! During no summer?—well, you have missed a real experience.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

ANCIENT EGYPT IN AMERICA

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

THE tremendous ploughshares of the French Revolution, rooting out and burying many time honoured things, upturned into the light of day others long forgotten, unregarded, or misprized. Thanks to the guiding hand of General Bonaparte, one of these recoveries was the art of ancient Egypt. The French occupation of the Nile country lasted less than three years, yet it bore immediate and splendid fruit in the encyclopædic work called *Description de l'Egypte*. Other explorations, other great illustrated books, soon followed. England was awakened to interest by important collections taken from the French when they surrendered at Alexandria in 1801. Travelling savants and wealthy tourists began to bring home works of art. So did more or less commercially minded "antiquity hunters", exploring the sand-shrouded temples, entering the Pyramids, discovering hidden tombs. The most successful of these was the Italian Belzoni, who worked partly on his own account, partly as agent for Henry Salt, the British consul-general at Cairo. Publishing the story of his adventures and exhibiting some of his finds in London in 1820, Belzoni figured for a time as a popular hero. Many of Salt's acquisitions were bought for the British Museum in 1823, others by the King of France for the Louvre. In 1824 Champollion made known his great achievement, the reading of the hieroglyphs. In 1836 the obelisk of Ramses the Great was set up on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and soon the collections and the writings of Lepsius, and Wilkinson's books of a more popular kind, were spreading in Germany and in England the new knowledge of a civilization in regard to which Herodotus had remained for twenty-three centuries the chief authority.

Nor was America untouched by this new knowledge. Many

American travelers must have examined the collections rapidly growing in European cities, while the most indifferent could not escape acquaintance with some of the elements of Egyptian art as they had affected, especially in the designing of furniture, the development in France of the style of the First Empire. Not until near the middle of the century were the products of this style wholly submerged by successive waves of nondescript forms and patterns. So in old-fashioned American houses may still be seen beautiful pieces of Empire furniture brought home in the 'thirties and 'forties, and also a variety of *articles de Paris* modeled—at long distance!—upon Egyptian suggestions: little marble sphinxes, sarcophagi, and obelisks adorned with make-believe hieroglyphic inscriptions, which served as thermometers, inkstands, paper-weights, or "mantel ornaments". And every self-respecting American bookcase then contained at least one book on Egypt—Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, first published in 1837.

But this was not all. More Americans than might be supposed visited Egypt; a number of them wrote books about it, two of which are still remembered,—Prime's *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia* and Curtis's delightful *Nile Notes of a Howadji*,—and some of them brought home valuable antiquities for the benefit, as it has proved, of the public of today. The earliest of these was a Colonel Cohen of Baltimore, who believed that in 1832 he had been the first to carry up the Nile the flag of the United States. His collection, which contained a part of Henry Salt's, was not exhibited until 1884, when it was given by his heirs to Johns Hopkins University. But even before his day mummies had been more than once shown to our public. Between 1842 and 1850 George Gliddon, an Englishman whose father had acted as the first consul of the United States in Cairo, lectured here on Egypt with the aid of objects of art and of paintings enlarged from one of the great illustrated books. A volume of his lectures, printed in New York in 1843, had by 1847 run through fifteen editions, each of several thousand copies.

Of course all this does not mean that any real knowledge of Egyptian art was spread abroad in our far-off country when it had as yet no help from museums of art or even from photography.

Nevertheless there was interest enough, in America as in England, to show in the designing of many important buildings. Most of them, like Egyptian Hall in London, where Belzoni's collections were displayed, were grotesque, ridiculous travesties of Egyptian precedents. Much better were two of those in New York —the detention prison so commonly called the Tombs that it bequeathed the name to its successor on the same site, and the distributing reservoir on Fifth Avenue where the Public Library now stands. The architect of the one, finished in 1838, was John Haviland; the other, into which the water was turned in 1842, is thought to have been designed by the chief engineer of the Croton aqueduct, John Bloomfield Jervis, to whose credit High Bridge is also put. It is a pity that the Tombs and the reservoir outlived their usefulness, for as the best results of a passing phase of popular taste they had a certain historic value, and they were not travesties but frank and simple adaptations which served their purpose well and did not displease the mind or the eye.

On the other hand, many of our eastern cities and towns contain, or used to contain, would-be Egyptian buildings which anyone might rejoice to see destroyed, or buildings, even churches, in which pseudo-Egyptian and pseudo-Greek features were very queerly combined. They seem all to have antedated the Civil War, but since then Egyptian motives have often been used in cemetery gateways and monuments, recommended by their solidity and gravity of air and by the close connection of Egyptian art with the memory of the dead.

It was just before the Civil War that for the first time an American institution acquired an Egyptian collection—a very valuable one of more than 2000 objects, much the finest yet brought to this country and the first to be exhibited here. Formed by an Englishman, Dr. Henry Abbott, during a residence of twenty years in Egypt, it was shown in New York in 1853, and in 1860 was bought by a popular subscription in which many noted men of other cities joined, and given to the New York Historical Society. Unfortunately there was then no museum of art where it might have been more appropriately placed and better cared for. As many experts—Lepsius, Prisse d'Avennes, Wilkinson, and

Poole among them—had given Dr. Abbott aid and advice, the existence and the value of his collection were remembered in Europe. But in America, confusedly shown in over-crowded cases, uninstructively catalogued, and housed in a building which could not be visited without a permit, it lay for many years in a truly Egyptian darkness of oblivion. Even if a New Yorker remembered it, he could tell little more about it than that it contained certain mummied bulls reputed to be the only ones in existence. Yet from time to time other early collections came to keep it company. In 1908 the Society moved into a new building which it opened to the public, and in 1917 it put its Egyptian treasures in the hands of an expert for proper care, display, and explanation.[1]

The long neglect of these treasures was one of the signs that the interest excited by the opening of the ancient land to modern eyes had died down. More and more tourists were, indeed, "going up the Nile," but for the sake of health or the pleasures of travel rather than the study of antiquity. Even after the establishment of our museums of art interest revived but slowly. The first of them to give hospitality to ancient Egypt was the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which in 1872 acquired by gift more than a thousand objects gathered early in the century by a Scotch collector—the nucleus of a collection which is now surpassed in this country only by the possessions of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Close to the Metropolitan the obelisk of Thutmose III was erected in 1881. In 1889 the English traveler, Amelia B. Edwards, lectured here on Egypt—how successfully anyone will know who has read her book, *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, still the best one, graphic, alluring, and illuminating, to prepare a tourist to enjoy his voyage. During the eighteen-nineties two American universities, Harvard and Chicago, began to offer instruction in Egyptology. And in 1899 the first American exploring expedition was sent out—by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst for the benefit of the University of California.

Public and private collections were now growing and multiply-

[1] A fuller account of our early collectors and collections may be found in an interesting article by Mrs. Williams, the curator of the Abbott Collection, in the issue for April, 1920, of *The Quarterly Bulletin* of the New York Historical Society.

ing. The Metropolitan Museum began its purchases of Egyptian material in 1886, although not until 1906 did it create that Egytian department which has developed with a rapidity astonishing to anyone who does not know why, in recent years, there have been better chances to acquire Egyptian works of art than those of many nearer lands and times. During these years the Government of Egypt has both stimulated and regulated exploration by granting to responsible institutions and individuals from other countries exclusive rights in certain selected places, all valuable finds to be divided between the explorers and the museum at Cairo. Under these conditions several American universities and museums have year after year kept their own expeditions in the field, while others have contributed to the cost of similar English undertakings and shared in the rewards. Generous persons have furthered this work, and others have conducted, under expert guidance, very successful explorations. By these private as well as corporate enterprises many of our museums and colleges have profited, as also by frequent and important gifts from friends who found their chance when valuable antiquities came into the market.

Meanwhile American Egyptologists, although still too few in number, have taken rank with the most accomplished; notably, by virtue of his writings as well as his explorations, Dr. Breasted of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Reisner who, working for the Boston Museum and Harvard University, has recovered from the veiling yet preserving sand the history of Ethiopia, at one time the vassal, at another time the overlord, of Egypt.

II

I should like to show how rich America now is in the multiform artistic products of ancient Egypt. And I should like to point out their special interest for the lover of art, their purely æsthetic significance. But I want still more to comment upon a certain peculiar importance that they have for the public at large, certain fundamental, elementary lessons that they teach more distinctly and more emphatically than could the assembled products of any other land.

They had already attracted popular attention in large measure before Tut-ankh-amen's spectacular resurrection drew upon ancient Egypt the eyes of all the world. At the Metropolitan, for example, the fourteen Egyptian rooms have of late years been more frequented than any others excepting the picture galleries. Of course not every visitor has been allured by the hope of æsthetic gratification. With the majority the chief magnet has undoubtedly been not the merits and charms of Egyptian art as such but the engaging loquacity with which it tells of a long dead civilization—of the daily habits and pursuits, the mortuary customs, and the singular religion of a people so ancient that we can see no other beyond it. Nowhere else did a peculiar physical environment so mould the character of a civilization as in Egypt, or so promote an extraordinary national longevity, or preserve in such mass and variety the major and minor products of its arts and industries. Moreover, nowhere else have the arts both *served* and *recorded* the life of the people, of all classes of the people, as fully as in Egypt. For these reasons this phase of art reveals to us more clearly than any other a phase of man's life in the far past. To want to get a general idea of the story thus carried through successive millenniums of time, and vivid glimpses of many bits of it, is not, as I have shown, primarily an æsthetic desire. But none the less it is a legitimate and a laudable desire, and to gratify it as far as possible is a legitimate and laudable aim in a museum of art, especially as an eventual appreciation of artistic values may thus be promoted.

A different way of thinking, I know, may prevail in a museum. The products of Egyptian hands differ much in quality, even when they date from the height of one of those great artistic periods that were separated from each other by long lapses of unproductive years. All kinds of things for all kinds of men and women, living and dead, were not made with the same expenditure of material, time, and skill. There were perfect things and makeshift things, costly things and cheap ones, things for the use of Pharaohs and of peasants, things made by humble artisans, by better equipped purveyors of what has been called "commercial imagery", and by amazingly accomplished artists, some of whom, as we know, bore the titles of great court functionaries. More-

over, there seem always to have been in different parts of the land contemporaneous schools of art of unequal ability. Therefore it may be thought permissible and desirable to segregate the finest things of important kinds and relegate all others to background places where the studious and the curious may seek them out. But there are great objections to such a plan.

In the first place, to say of Egyptian things *fine* and *poor* does not mean that vast difference in conception, in aim, in fundamental character, which the same words may imply if used of our own products. If we compare our own creditable works of art with the useful things offered generally in our shops—furniture, for instance, china ware, table silver, not to speak of humbler objects of household utility—we find no point of relationship. The two classes of things differ so greatly, in kind and in quality, that they hardly seem to have been made for the same race of men. But in ancient Egypt, as in all the old artistic lands, there was an integral connection between all the works of men's hands. Nothing was made simply to be set up and looked at for the sake of its beauty; everything was made to be of use, actually or symbolically, to the living or the dead; but, on the other hand, everything was made with a wish for beauty in the result. All things were inspired by the same ideas, ideals, intentions. All show the same principles of design, the same choice of motives and patterns, the same kind of *taste;* only they vary in completeness of expression, in excellence of execution, as money or as skill abounded or lacked. Therefore the best and the poorest are united by so many intermediate grades that it is impossible to separate logically, satisfactorily, along any definite line of kind or of quality, what is of artistic value and what is simply of archæological interest. This is all the more true because among the most utilitarian little objects we may find a very gem of art, and among the rudest objects we may chance upon one which suggests the character of admirable things that we do not possess—for despite the marvelous generosity of the land of the Nile we have, of course, only a fragmentary, accidental selection from the riches it once owned. In short, to try to set apart Egyptian works of "fine art" from all others is to tear to pieces the fabric of a great national legacy that has been almost miraculously pre-

served for us and, so doing, to impair its exceptional value to teach a fundamental truth which our modern world has almost forgotten in theory and quite forgotten in practice. This is the truth that art should be considered not a source of luxury, pleasure, or "culture" for the few, but a necessary food for the eye, the mind, and the spirit of all men and, therefore, should concern itself with the lowliest as well as the loftiest tasks.

This, then, is the first great lesson that our large Egyptian collections can teach our public. But they can teach it only by a close association of the various kinds of things recovered from a given time, fully and instructively labeled, and supplemented by photographs, copies, and casts of illuminative objects elsewhere preserved. Only in this way can a museum collection suggest the character of the life of that time and the part that the artist played in it; and only such a suggestion can attract many eyes to an art which in its more important manifestations is so different from all others, so alien to our own ideas and practices, and in some respects so puzzling as the art of Egypt. Anyone may test this for himself by visiting, for example, the populous rooms at the Metropolitan and then those of a museum where the segregating method has been adopted with the wish to concentrate attention upon the finest products of the "fine arts". Probably no one will deny that to attract the public must be the first step toward informing it and awakening its latent æsthetic sensibilities. And year by year there are fewer who deny that this should be the aim of a great museum, especially in a land which lacks the widespread artistic inheritances of the elder world—an aim which, I need hardly explain, does not exclude that desire to serve the serious student and the already accomplished amateur of art which until recent times was thought the whole duty of man as a museum administrator.

Another important lesson that may be taught by an Egyptian collection better than by any other is a lesson in the meaning of beautiful workmanship. It is taught, of course, with more or less emphasis by the products of every country to which a museum opens its doors, but by those of no other in such diversified ways as by the legacies of Egypt or, in regard to certain kinds of work, with such supreme authority. This people, which had no

forerunners to encourage or instruct it, which knew nothing of precept or precedent, but was its own inspirer, teacher, and critic, seems to have been born—no, very evidently was born—not only with a great gift for ornamental design but with an extraordinary supply of that combination of ingenuity, manual dexterity, and patience which is the endowment of the master-craftsman.

Even in prehistoric times, Neolithic times, this endowment gave proof of itself, for it was in the Valley of the Nile that were most beautifully, most perfectly wrought those weapons and tools of chipped flint which in many quarters of the globe served primitive man before he learned to use the metals. With these we may begin our museum survey. Then from the early historic times that we call archaic, long before the days of the pyramid builders, when copper implements had come into use and the bow-drill and the stone-borer had been invented, we shall find large vessels of so hard a stone, or of alabaster so translucently thin, that a modern workman with modern tools would not care to try to imitate them. And from the time of the pyramid builders we find, on the walls of tomb chambers, mural sculptures in low relief of most precise and skilful workmanship. And so it is as we follow craftsman after craftsman through the long, long centuries—the potter, the weaver, the basket-maker, the carver on a small scale in wood or ivory, stone, or shell, all of whom did admirable work even in prehistoric times, the workers in gold, in silver, in bronze, in enamel, in glass, and the great artists who raised magnificient colonnades with floriated capitals and statues of colossal size, and lined the walls of huge temples with complicated carved and painted pictures. Everywhere we find an admirable and sometimes an unequaled skill of hand, even in the making of garlands and collars of natural flowers and leaves more delicately elaborate than any other people ever devised.

In a large portrait head of very hard stone the modeling may be too much summarized to be properly appreciated by an inexperienced eye, but it is none the less right on that account and is all the more remarkable. And if the generalized, conventionalized treatment of other parts of the body, notably the hands and feet, may seem inadequate, incompetence is not the explanation. Who could use this term to explain, for example, the succinctly

modeled hands of the great alabaster statue of King Mycerinus, in Boston, when he notes that they rest upon knees truthfully and delicately modeled in all those subtile details which make them harder to render than hands? But why the discrepancy? This is one of the problems—they are many!—which add interest to the study of Egyptian art.

But while we are looking for examples of beautiful workmanship we need not concern ourselves with problems. We need only mark the way in which the Egyptian sculptor could perfectly accomplish tasks of the most disparate kinds—the knees of a statue larger than life, gigantic heads carved from the living rock, such as those of Ramses II at Abu Simbel which many pictures have shown us, elaborate ceremonial scenes in very low relief like those from the memorial temple of Ramses I at Abydos, which are prime treasures of the Metropolitan collection, or a lily-shaped cup, a statuette a couple of inches in height, a tiny amulet or seal, a bead of glass or stone or gold, a row of hieroglyphic signs in each of which we may take delight as in a precious little object of art.

The work of the painter has, of course, been less abundantly preserved than the work of the sculptor to which, especially in the earlier periods, it was held subordinate. Yet in wall paintings and steles, in mummy cases and coffins, we have a great deal of it, often in its pristine freshness. There could hardly be better examples of the tasteful and dexterous use of colour in intricate little patterns than we may see on certain great wooden coffins recently acquired by the Boston Museum.

Considering all these varied things, we find another reason why with the very best others less excellent should be shown us. It is the eye that we are educating, and the eye learns chiefly by making comparisons. So, to take one example, it may most surely learn to value the exquisitely modeled heads of some of those little figures, most often of blue-glazed faïence, which are called *ushebtis* ("responders", servants buried with the dead man to answer his call and act as his substitutes if onerous tasks are laid upon him), when it can compare them with others varying through many lessening degrees of accomplishment to rudely modeled specimens where the features are indicated by touches of black paint.

Even Egypt could not ensure long life to works of art in the precious metals. Into the melting-pot of its conquerors, its tomb robbers, or its needy citizens went sooner or later incalculable treasures of gold and silver, electrum and bronze. Yet hosts of minor ones survive—statuettes, small articles of use, and jewelry often of the finest quality.

Jewelry, we say, but the term is misleading, for we cannot escape from its suggestion of that modern jewelry which, with its subordination of the metal work to a profusion of sparkling diamonds and of coloured gems mistakenly cut in facets in the hope that they will sparkle too, seems almost as trivial and meretricious as Christmas tree gauds in comparison with the beautifully designed and chiselled, richly yet soberly coloured, sumptous yet dignified ornaments that Egyptian men and women wore. For these, goldsmith's work is a truer term than jewelry, all the more because the Egyptians had none of our gems but only what we call semi-precious stones and, moreover, did some of their most beautiful work in gold alone. Scarcely any museum can be without some small specimens, but in Cairo is the largest store of great ones and, next to Cairo, in New York.

Here the chief group of them includes the ornaments worn in life by the Princess Sat-hathor-iunut, whose tomb lies near the pyramid of her father, Sesostris II, at Lahun in the Fayoum. Dating back to about the year 1900 B. C., more than five centuries before the days of Tut-ankh-amen, they come from the best period for such work, the period called the Middle Kingdom.

"So many of them seem to be chiefly beads," said, rather slightingly, someone who had not yet seen but had only read about them. Yes—but, as we commonly use them, the pearls we so highly value are beads. And even the glass beads that the Egyptians of the later periods made are little works of art, delicately striped and figured, while these Middle Kingdom beads are variously and beautifully shaped of precious materials—lapis lazuli, giving a fine dark blue, turquoise, pale blue-green feldspar, coral red cornelian, purple amethyst, and very yellow gold. The clear, quiet, yet rich and strong colour thus achieved, I may add, was enhanced by the lack of colour in the garments it was worn with, and its sumptuousness by their scantiness. Men and

women alike, these Egyptians of high rank dressed chiefly in thin white linen, and a little of it often sufficed them.

The most splendid of the princess's possessions is a great girdle with elongated gold ornaments in the shape of cowrie shells separated by rows of rhombic beads of three colours; the most delicate are bracelets formed of many strands of little beads disposed in gold bordered panels; the most precious and lovely is a pectoral of gold and polychrome enamel, an openwork design with the oval containing the name of Sesostris II supported by two great falcons. It was made as are the cloisonné enamels that we all know, but with bits of precious stones instead of fused pastes, and on the back is elaborately and delicately engraved. But in any of these adornments of Pharaoh's daughter, in others from other periods which are scarcely less wonderful, and in many minor things wrought in the precious metals, we may study in variety the very perfection of human handiwork.

These, then, are two important lessons which the public at large, which even an eye not yet trained to seek and appreciate purely æsthetic values, may learn from our Egyptian collections: it may learn how all embracing should be the service of art to a community, and it may learn the difference between admirable and untutored or mechanical workmanship. Both of these lessons we need to learn, we *must* learn, if in America good taste is to grow and great art is to develop; for the chief among the arts of design cannot rightly flourish unless the eyes of the people are sensitive enough to ask for beauty in small things as well as great, in things of use as well as in things of luxury and display. A feeling for good workmanship as such, I may add, especially needs cultivation in these days when we must not only revive taste and skill in the handicrafts but must try to master another problem—the production of beautiful, or at least of agreeable, machine made things. In many directions a hopeless problem? Perhaps! But in many directions it has not yet been attacked.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

CHINESE brigandage is doubtless an abominable thing, for all the deviltries of which the Chinese Government must of course be held accountable. It ought to prevent such doings, and if it does not it must pay the ransoms of the captives and round indemnities if any of them are killed or injured. And it must very humbly apologize to the aggrieved nations. Upon all this the United States is supremely entitled to insist, because of its own record in such matters. You see, we have brigands of our own. Seventy-two years ago American brigands in New Orleans insulted the Queen of Spain, destroyed the Spanish consulate, and looted the shops of Spanish merchants. Our Government was no more able to punish them than the Chinese Government is to punish its brigands today, but it very humbly apologized and paid an indemnity. About a generation ago American brigands in Louisiana and in Colorado murdered a number of Italians; and as before our Government confessed its inability to punish them, but it apologized and paid indemnities. Most of all to the point was an incident of thirty-eight years ago, when American brigands, led by pastors of churches, kidnapped and tortured to death a number of Chinese, acting much worse than the Chinese bandits of today; and as our Government was not strong enough to punish the miscreants, it had to content the aggrieved nation with profound apologies and indemnities. Surely, we may expect China to act as handsomely as we did! Could we ask more?

The opening of the International Academy of Law at The Hague should be an incident of happy augury, though it may suggest some heart searchings as to whether we have not put the cart before the horse in first seeking to establish international courts and afterward studying international law. How little agreement there is among the nations on some of the sim-

plest and most fundamental matters of law has been strikingly illustrated by the controversy between Great Britain and Russia, which has turned upon the question of the width of coastal waters over which the country which they border has authority. Great Britain insists upon only three miles, while Russia claims twelve, and other nations prescribe six, and nine. There never has been general agreement. Suppose that a case involving that question were brought before the court which the League of Nations has established, and that British, Swedish and Spanish judges were on the bench. What kind of decision could be expected, with the judges committed respectively to three, six and nine miles as the width of territorial waters? Truly, an Academy of Law seems an essential prerequisite to a successful Court.

A practical vindication of the defeat of the "Clean Book Bill" by the New York Legislature followed quickly upon that incident. A court with a trial jury in New York City found a certain stage play improper, and those responsible for its production guilty of a penal offense. This was done under the ordinary general laws of the State, by the ordinary officers of the law, without any special legislation or the meddlesome and oppressive activities of a self-appointed smelling society. There is no question that similarly satisfactory results could be obtained in the same way in the case of any other play, or any book or picture that was really an offense to decency and morals. The trouble is that people neglect to invoke the law until its violations become flagrant, and then they get hysterical and yell for special legislation and a censorship and other abominations. And in such circumstances professional prudes and notoriety seekers perceive the opportunities of their lives.

Seldom has the Prime Minister of any government resigned his office amid more general and more sincere regret than Mr. Bonar Law. But substantial consolation is afforded in the assurance that the incident will mean no radical change of the beneficent policy which he had pursued, but rather its continuance in hands as expert and as sincere as his. The accession of Mr. Stanley Baldwin is particularly reassuring of the mainte-

nance of satisfactory relations between Great Britain and the United States, since he is known to be most kindly disposed toward this country, with which only a few months ago he personally, at Washington, negotiated a settlement of the British war debt.

Charles de Freycinet had so far outlived his age as to have entered oblivion, almost, before his death. Accustomed as we have lately been to recording men of extreme old age, it was a trifle startling to be reminded that here was a man who lived in the reign of Charles X, and was active in public affairs in the time of Louis Philippe, who rose to eminence during the Second Empire, and for a full generation was one of the foremost figures of the Third Republic. In scholarship he had few rivals, in integrity and loyalty he was surpassed by none, and in the sum of his public services he ranked far above the average of French Ministers and Prime Ministers. Only an incurable nervous diffidence and weakness prevented him from attaining a place close to those of Thiers and Gambetta. Perhaps the greatest Opportunist of the Republic, his Opportunism invariably aimed, and generally with success, at promoting the welfare of the nation.

A most interesting and not unimportant question is raised by the proposal, made by eminent church authorities, to "free the plan of a World Court from politics by making it an issue in the churches of the country." A similar proposal has been made by Mr. William J. Bryan with considerable success, to make the enforcement of prohibition an issue in the churches. Entirely without reference to the intrinsic merits or demerits of the World Court and of the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment, it is indisputable that they are primarily and essentially political matters. If then they are taken up by the churches as religious issues, what happens? They cannot thus be made one whit less political. It inevitably follows that in such action the churches go into politics, or politics into the churches—it does not matter which way we regard it. And that, we must insist, is a most undesirable thing. Complete separation of Church and State, or,

as Cavour memorably put it, "a free Church in a free State," is an American ideal. But if churches engage in purely political propaganda, in behalf of causes like the World Court and Prohibition, which, whatever their merits, certainly involve no religious principle, there would seem to be grave danger of one of two things. Either the churches will become political agencies or secular politics will dominate the churches. And either of these conditions would grossly violate the principle of separation of Church and State.

Washington's historic dictum, ostentatiously slighted and contemned by Pacifists, that it is sheer manslaughter to send untrained troops against trained, receives impressive confirmation in recent statistics of our own Government, which show the losses sustained by the various Powers in the World War. From these it appears that the twenty-two million soldiers of the Central Powers inflicted much heavier losses upon their opponents than they suffered from the forty-two million soldiers of the Allies. To be more exact, the 22,850,000 of the Central Powers killed or wounded 22,090,000 of their opponents, or very nearly one apiece; while the 42,189,444 Allied soldiers killed or wounded only 15,405,000, or little more than one to every three of them. Of course the explanation is that the Central Powers soldiers were all thoroughly trained, while the majority of the Allied troops were comparatively raw recruits. The trained soldier far surpasses the untrained—in this case, by about three to one—not only in ability to inflict losses upon the enemy but also in ability himself to avoid being injured. It is quite safe to reckon that about one half of the 22,090,000 casualties of the Allied troops must be charged against their unpreparedness.

A somewhat embarrassing though entirely logical and natural result of the progress of civilization is to be perceived in the fact that the volume of business transacted is increasing very much more rapidly than the population of the country. Thus in the first twenty years of the twentieth century the population of the United States increased by a little more than 41 per cent. That was a notably high rate of increase, attributable both to a high

birth rate and to much immigration. But in the same twenty years the amount of freight carried on the railroads of the United States increased by about 119 per cent, or nearly three times as much as the population. In view of those figures it is not at all surprising that we suffer from congestion of traffic and from inadequate means of transportation. The explanation is, of course, that our civilization is constantly growing more elaborate, more complex, more luxurious, and more exacting in its demands. The solution of the problem must be, obviously, in civilization's developing an ingenuity and a resourcefulness equal to its demands, so that it will not only increase the amount of goods carried to supply its wants, but will also increase its means of carrying them. Twentieth century demands are not to be met by nineteenth century methods and equipment.

President Harding's statesmanlike and patriotic words against the spirit and the acts of factionalism provoked from high Pacifist and Internationalist quarters the amazing retort that factionalism in this country, especially including Congressional blocs, and the Ku-Klux Klan, has its origin in the Monroe Doctrine and its pernicious development in our failure to enter the League of Nations. It is, urge these Tolstoyan pundits, this accursed crime of national patriotism that is responsible for all the evil in the world. Just because we insist upon being an independent sovereign nation, not subject to any super-State, we form ourselves into factions, and we put on pillow cases and sheets and ride about at night flogging men whom we do not like and ordering women who do not like us to leave town under pain of tar and feathers. Marvellous! I am quite titillated with anticipation of next hearing the gypsy moth and the boll weevil charged against the same fecund *fons et origo* of all our woes.

The often-mooted scheme of an international or universal language is again put forward in a temperate and judicious fashion and by a high authority. I should hesitate to say how many such schemes have been conceived and urged upon a reluctant world, even in the comparatively few years since the preposterous "Volapuk" enhanced the gayety of nations; and of course that

was very far from the beginning of the campaign. Cecil Rhodes was pretty nearly right when he said that the confusion of tongues at Babel was the greatest blunder mankind ever committed, and that all should have been contented for all time with a single language; though doubtless there will be wide dissent from his added remark, that of course that one language should have been the English. The fact is that there is scarcely anything to which men are more attached than their native languages. They are much more ready to change their form of government or their religion than their speech. Note the inveterate antagonisms, the persistent controversies, which have arisen over language—as in South Africa, in Hungary before the World War, in Russian Poland, even for a time in Canada. The glib proposal that all men should renounce their native tongues and all jabber nothing but Volapuk was a striking example of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. Three of the greatest languages in history have in certain periods enjoyed universal use for certain purposes, but none of them, Greek, Latin, or French, ever wholly displaced a single other tongue of importance. Dean West, of Princeton, prudently aims not at the supplanting of any languages, but at the provision of an auxiliary to supplement existing languages, especially in diplomacy and commerce. Of such an auxiliary there is unquestionable need, and there is more to be said in favour of "a simplified Latin" for filling it than of any other that has ever been proposed. Latin is one of the oldest of existing languages and not an artificial contrivance; it is not now specially identified with any one nation and is therefore exempt from jealousy; it is perhaps already more widely known than any other; and it is easy, beautiful, and particularly practical and effective. To many of us not the least of its recommendations would be that the proposed use of it would continue and increase acquaintance with the vast treasury of Latin literature which forms an essential foundation of real culture.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Scepticism and Animal Faith. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Half way through Mr. Santayana's book, a question almost inevitably thrusts itself forward, despite the literary magic which the author has thrown around his discussion of the problem of knowledge. Is it worth while, one asks, to reassert, without any new justification, the claims of common sense in so laborious, so ingenious a manner? The motives of other philosophers we readily understand, whether or not we understand their philosophies. The older systems, and some of the newer ones, are more or less frankly compensatory. One does not need to labour this point with respect to Plato or M. Bergson. Pragmatism itself allures and comforts its devotees, and even Radical Empiricism has its ways of recommending itself. Moreover, it is not as if very many were under the bondage of false philosophies and therefore in need of a propaganda of common sense. "Animal Faith" is in no danger of extinction! Indeed, it is exactly from the limitations of common sense, or animal faith, that most philosophies have ambitiously set out to rescue us. The reader's perplexity could be more easily resolved were Mr. Santayana a modern professional philosopher—a neo-realist, for example. On the contrary, he is primarily a man of letters, a great humanist. It is not merely the advancement of analysis in a certain field that he is seeking, as the optician seeks the advancement of optics; nor is he inspired by a controversial spirit—that philosophical animus which accounts for the bulk, if not for the existence, of many philosophical, as well as theological or political treatises.

Consideration of this most difficult problem, the real purpose and value of what appears on its face to be a work of genius, may be advantageously postponed until the book has been completely read and has had a chance to prove its effect upon one's thinking. One may then make a bold guess.

What immediately strikes one about the book is the extraordinary thoroughness and subtlety of its scepticism. His scepticism, Mr. Santayana has resolved, shall be not "malicious" but honest; not dogmatic and sweeping but liberal and refined to the extreme limit made possible by a mind of remarkable sensitiveness trained in introspection and in literary criticism. This book, it may be said, is the natural, the characteristic, the inevitable product of just such a sensitive, acute, and humanistic mind; and perhaps this is its sufficient justification.

Mr. Santayana doubts and doubts. He doubts so ingeniously, so sagaciously, so super-subtilely, that at last he reaches a point at which further doubt obviously means the suspension of all thinking and indeed of life itself.

Then he proceeds, methodically and carefully, to admit the assumptions of "animal faith". These he allows to enter quite honestly and with no doubt as to their real nature. True, they are mere assumptions; no *belief* can be proved. Every belief turns out to be dependent upon some other belief that is unproved. Thus, the confident predictions of the scientist are, after all, merely a phase of animal expectation; the uniformity of nature is but a dogma. Without animal expectation and animal purposes, *thinking* would be inconceivable and indeed could never have arisen: pure spirit would simply stare at the spectacle provided by intuition and would never posit any superfluous "existences". Even our faith in the possibility of change—which is the fundamental faith—would have no possibility and no meaning apart from our animal nature. But these assumptions are necessary and should be admitted openly, though with due caution. If we are necessarily deceived, if we must live in a universe of uncertainty, let us be deceived as little as possible and, so to speak, with our eyes open. It is another way, one supposes, of urging us to make "a right use of imagination". We have our being, it would seem, in a world of symbols, and what we call our knowledge is certainly "vehicular". Words symbolize states of mind; states of mind symbolize existences, which we "posit"; these existences are in the last analysis symbols of our expectations, our purposes.

Clearness in the description of our human predicament is furthered by the distinction the author makes between existences and "essences". Existences are those realities which we posit in obedience to the promptings of animal faith. An "essence" is anything whatever that is presented to intuition. The number of essences is infinite; they are the materials of the "flux"; yet each of these impressions is known immediately and completely for just what it is, and is moreover by its very nature changeless and everlasting.

Just here comes in a stimulating thought. The realm of essences is not, it would seem, without its own importance. The case is not as if one essence were more existential than another. One conjectures, therefore, that in Mr. Santayana's philosophy speculation is not to be harshly snubbed. Any intuition of essences, any combination of them, may be perhaps a better guess about reality than a thinker who supposes that he has somehow got ultimate reality by the ear would be willing to admit. In short, one dimly discerns that a complete recognition of the "vehicular" (and altogether unsubstantial) character of knowledge is going to give greater scope to art and literature as contradistinguished from science, while its inherent scepticism preserves us from the excesses of romanticism. Without permitting us to be idealists, it will rid us of dogma and make us better humanists.

One feels inclined to pause at this point to admire the extraordinary literary inspiration which pervades Mr. Santayana's expression of his ideas—a quality quite distinct from his dialectical skill, which is, as has been already indicated, sufficient. To be sure, one is haunted by the feeling that the whole system of thought might have been presented more simply and in outline more clearly. Such a gain in simplicity and clearness would, however, by no means com-

pensate the reader for the absence of the author's many-sided comment and occasional intense illuminations of thought. Most certainly Mr. Santayana is not a philosopher of the dryly logical or mathematical type. His gift for sudden, intense, partial illuminations is the literary gift *par excellence.*

This philosopher is sometimes as aphoristic as an early Greek sage. Presented poetically as a series of abrupt assertions, his treatise would still be potent and perhaps essentially complete. "All symbolisms and sensuous dialects," he writes, "may be truly significant, composing most relevant complications in nature, by which she comments on herself. To suppose that some of these comments are poetical and others literal is gratuitous. They are all presumably poetical in form. . . . Sense is a faculty of calling names under provocation. . . . Knowledge lies in thinking aptly about things, not in becoming like them. . . . It does not seem to me ignominious to be a poet, if nature has made one a poet unexpectedly. . . . The discouragement we may feel in science does not come from failure; it comes from a false conception of what would be success. . . . It matters little if the existence of things is vouched for only by animal faith and presumption, so long as this faith posits existence where existence is. . . . The axioms of sanity and art must correspond *somehow* to truth, but the correspondence must be very loose and partial. . . . Any belief will remain a mere belief to the end, no matter how much corroborated and corrected; but the fact that it is a belief, far from proving that it must be false, renders it possibly true."

Broadly speaking, the supreme qualities of men as viewed from an undogmatic and confessedly human point of view appear to be three: first, the ability to conceive that nothing is intolerable, that no conditions are too hard, that the game is worth playing to the end—the view expressed by Kipling in *If*; secondly, the ability, with proper discrimination and with nice discernment to attribute to all estimable human qualities a high degree of worth—to value truth, joy, the prosperity of the common people, the feeble well-meant effort, the success of the schoolboy who obtains his high-school diploma, the simplicity of the child; thirdly, the power to make proper use of the imagination without subservience to its forms, to strip, so far as possible the mythology from our ordinary thinking and to remember that words are but symbols and that all manner of subjective impressions are at best no more than symbols. In the furtherance of this third form of greatness, Mr. Santayana's book, unless one completely mistakes its purpose and tendency, should be a real aid. It is by no means a mere dogmatic reassertion of the doctrines of common sense.

THE DECADENCE OF EUROPE. By Francesco Nitti. Translated by F. Brittain. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Although his book is written in the style of a special pleader, and though it strikes one at times as a violent tirade—although, moreover, nothing sounds less agreeably in the ears of most Americans than anything like special pleading

for Germany coupled with severe criticism, not to say vilification of France,—in spite of all this, it is difficult to resist the persuasion that Signor Nitti is in the main lines of his thesis correct. The peace has been virtually a continuation of the war. Absurd political and economic conditions have been made. There has been injustice, if not hypocrisy, in the carrying out of arrangements regarding the disposition of various territories, as exemplified by the case of Upper Silesia.

The League of Nations has proved inadequate to deal with the really important problems. The total sum of German reparations should have been fixed at a reasonable figure, and, for the sake of the rest of the world, the economic recovery of Central Europe should have been permitted. The present state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely; it can end only in chaos and further wars. Common sense has been submerged by fear and by passion. "The treaties of 1919–20 have a common characteristic—a spirit of hatred,—together with a desire to destroy the vanquished by means of impossible conditions." Only two nations exclusive of the United States,—Great Britain and Italy "have already the state of mind that leads to peace."

A much more conservative thinker, a much more temperate writer than Signor Nitti might reach very similar conclusions. The points in regard to which opinions concerning this book will most generally differ are points of emphasis. Is it justifiable in view of all the facts, one asks oneself, to say that the Congress of Vienna was a far more statesmanlike assembly than the Peace Conference at Versailles, that the Holy Alliance was an organization of idealists as compared with the great powers after the late war, that the terms imposed by Germany upon France in 1871 show great moderation as compared with the burdens which France now seeks to impose upon Germany? One has to admit that such statements seem of questionable historic soundness, and that they appear to be made for effect.

In view of the undoubted fact that Germany occasioned the war and made it inevitable, are we prepared to give so great a weight as is given by Signor Nitti (who also has no illusions about Germany's intentions before the war) to the argument that all the European nations were in some measure responsible? Can one accept the view that not merely fear but economic selfishness are at the bottom of the unjust and impracticable peace, just as fear and economic selfishness, and megalomania, were the cause of the war? Is there a conspiracy to press Germany deeper and deeper into the mire without thought of ultimate consequences to Europe and to the world? "I have shown on many occasions," writes Signor Nitti, "that while the German steel and iron trade was one of the causes of the ghastly European War (for which, however, all the countries of Europe are responsible to different degrees), yet the corresponding French trade has been one of the chief causes of the bad peace. Its directors continue to inspire the actions of their Government and the operations of the Reparations Commission. Their action is felt also in England and Belgium, and still more in Italy." All the cynicism

born of the war and strengthened by the peace disposes us to accept such a statement as measurably true, as it inclines us to see a bitter truth in the allegation that the League of Nations is nothing but a tool of oppression in the hands of the victors.

The entire question, however, may obviously be debated endlessly between the partizans of France and those who take the British and Italian view without any result except an increase of acrimony until the disputants agree to adopt a moderate tone. They obviously cannot agree as to the precise degree of blackness of Germany's sins, the exact degree of militarism that is to be read into the acts of the French Government, the extent to which economic motives, which hardly ever fail to distort ideal aims, have distorted them in this case.

The outstanding facts appear to be that there can be no real peace until the reparations muddle is settled, and that it ought to be settled on a basis of sound economics and common sense. These views were ably set forth by Signor Nitti in an earlier work of his, rather more convincing and less inflammatory. In the present book, a book clearly designed to influence American public opinion, he has perhaps somewhat overshot his mark, since a picture of Europe so cynical and gloomy disinclines Americans toward any participation whatever in European affairs.

As We See It. By René Viviani. Translated by Thomas R. Ybarra. New York: Harper and Brothers.

In part an answer to the recently published memoirs of the former German Emperor, M. Viviani's book, though undoubtedly an authentic presentation of facts, has too much of the effect of a rhetorical counterblast to be altogether agreeable reading or to be an altogether well conceived means of influencing public opinion. Public opinion in regard to Germany or the former Kaiser, indeed, needs in this country no influencing. There is no disposition here, it may be safely assumed, to underestimate the guilt of him who, as far as one man under all the circumstances could conceivably bear it, bears the moral burden of responsibility for the war. Nor is it hard for M. Viviani to show that the Kaiser could not have been the innocent dupe that on the whole he represents himself to have been. Even if his apologies were sincere, one could say that it is but poetic justice that the world should now take seriously all his past posturings in the rôle of great man and warrior and should hold him chiefly responsible.

But Wilhelm's wickedness was also his enormous folly, and his folly, his egomania, make him personally insignificant. Let him rest! To add one more to many previous analyses of his character will not teach us how to prevent future wars.

"Let him live," writes M. Viviani, "if living brings him joy! Let him taste, almost on the anniversary of the Kaiserin's death, the perverse joys of

a senile betrothal!" Language like this, however fully deserved, is venomous, and does not make pleasant reading.

For the rest, M. Viviani's book is a closely reasoned account of diplomatic interchanges and other governmental acts preceding the war. It brings forward facts derived from the German documents published by Kautsky, from the Bavarian documents, and from the Austrian Red Book. For the purpose of determining motives, no vagueness is allowed even in regard to short intervals of time. It is known whether action was taken just before or just after a given fact. It is known that certain communications were withheld until just the moment that suited Imperial policy. The picture of German duplicity certainly appears to be complete.

The most disappointing thing about the book appears to be the fact that it reflects no change in the war frame of mind in France. It is written as if in the midst of the conflict, and has the familiar tone of the war propaganda.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLUNT, LABOUCHERE, *ET AL.*

SIR:

I note that Mr. S. C. Chew in his article on Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in your May issue speaks of the "terribly succinct scorn of Labouchere's *Where is the Flag of England?*" Mr. Chew is evidently unaware that in his lifetime Labouchere emphatically denied the authorship of the verses in question; and that *Truth* has been impelled to publish similar denials on two or three occasions since his death. I was once told that it was from the pen of an Irish-American newspaper man.

Truth, by the way, after Blunt's death last autumn made certain revelations which indicated an undeniable streak of charlatanry in that gentleman's pose. He was unquestionably one of those gentry whom Gilbert had in mind when he wrote—

> The idiot who praises, in enthusiastic tone,
> Every century but this, and every country but his own.

HECTOR CHARLEWORTH.

Toronto, Canada.

SIR:

I have often seen the verses *Where is the Flag of England?* attributed to Labouchere and had never come across his repudiation of them till I read Mr. Charleworth's letter. I regret the error, though it does not affect the reasonableness of my citation of the poem.

As the question whether Mr. Blunt was a charlatan, a poseur, and an idiot is a matter of opinion, not of fact, Mr. Charleworth's second paragraph requires no comment from me.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Bryn Mawr, Penn.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

SIR:

I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Edward N. Wentworth in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW with regard to my paper upon *Immortality and the New Physics*, in which I endeavored to analyze the new theories of matter resulting from the phenomena of radioactivity and to trace their bearing upon the problem of a "supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know".

My critics are those chiefly, I think, who were bred in the older scientific conceptions, which emphasized the axioms of Euclid in geometry, and in physics the doctrines of inertia and the indestructibility of matter. The newer school, now thoroughly adjusted to the loss of these time-honored principles, while objecting that I have carried the implications from recent scientific discoveries farther than they are willing to follow, are less inclined to demur, and seem to feel that in the tremendous break-up of systems, marking a new epoch in the history of thought, almost anything may turn out to be true.

Singularly enough, my paper, written from a purely rationalist standpoint, has made an appeal to theologians, who seem to find in its positions a support for certain phases of Christian theory, particularly as affecting the Resurrection of Jesus. In reality, the chief thesis of my paper represents a conception which many scientists and mathematicians of old pre-Einstein days had harboured under the name of the "Fourth Dimension". This and sundry other abstruse phases of the subject I was compelled to omit as impossible of treatment within the compass of a magazine article.

A remarkably clear elucidation of the four dimensional idea appeared in *The Scientific American Supplement* for September 5, 1908, from the pen of H. Addington Bruce, in which the author declared that "the possibility of a fourth dimension has been demonstrated by mathematicians with absolute exactness", though he expresses the view that its actuality can never be realized because of the "limitations of our sense-experiences".

The most comprehensive treatment of the subject is to be found in a volume published by *The Scientific American* in 1910 under the title of *The Fourth Dimension*, consisting of the best of two hundred and forty-five prize essays submitted in a competition during the preceding year, and the publishers express the hope that the brief expositions may serve "to popularize a topic which has hitherto been unfortunately classed with such geometrical absurdities as the squaring of a circle and the trisection of an angle".

These essays, emanating for the most part from trained mathematical and scientific minds, abound with interesting sidelights upon the problem. We find the idea, for example, attributed originally to Professor Karl Pearson, that an "atom may be a place where the ether is flowing into our space from a space of four dimensions". Again, we encounter the notion of four dimensional vortices as explaining the electric current. So, too, the fourth dimension is offered in explanation of "isomerism" in chemistry—applying to substances having the same composition and the same molecular weights and the same ultimate constitution yet which are physically different, such as dextro-rotary and laevo-rotary tartaric acids. The suggestion appears that this strange aspect of matter may be due to "a four dimensional movement in the minute particles of which they are built"—a highly interesting theory in the case of the two tartaric acids, since they appear to be identical except that one turns the plane of polarized light to the right and the other to the left.

All this, of course, was in the days before Einstein. The uprise of that world-figure in science, who has declared the four dimensional conception indispensable to his theories, has given an interest and value to the idea which it has never before possessed. In a charming and delightful work, *Easy Lessons in Einstein*, Edwin E. Slosson deals at length with the four dimensional idea, both from the older and the newer angle, and observes: "If the ether does not move and does not stand still, then there is not any ether, or perhaps there is a fourth dimension. There are two conceivable ways out of the dilemma, but they are not easy to accept, either of them. If there is no ether, what carries the light waves? If there is a fourth dimension, in what direction does it lie? But it is no harder to believe in or conceive of a fourth dimension than it is the ether, and if the physicist finds that he needs it in his business he will have to have it. Einstein says that he needs a fourth dimension for his formulas."

It is thus apparent that the conception urged in my paper, which I felt had become more nearly realizable under the new theories of matter, was not an overbold deduction. That it is a pure fancy under the old scientific materialism cannot be denied, but the old scientific materialism has suffered two shocks of staggering proportions during the past twenty years—one in the revelation of a new state of matter and the other in the revolutionary discoveries for which Einstein is responsible. Indeed the old axioms and principles from which mathematicians and physicists reasoned with so much assurance turn out now to be, not self-evident truths, as was supposed, but unproved and in some cases disproved assumptions.

CHARLES KASSEL.

Fort Worth, Texas.

"THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIST"

SIR:

Major Miles's article on the Pacifists in your REVIEW is an able and clear illustration of how not to do it, exhibited in all of the efforts of reformers, so far, to stop war.

In the first place, they all chase the wrong objective. Making war is never the object of those who make war. Using military or naval force is simply one of the means by which nations, or governments, seek to gain their desires. Those desires are either to secure certain things which they lack, or to resist the efforts of rivals. Now, self defense is legitimate, and in accordance with natural law. The fault lies with the aggressive nation. (It is true that both sides are sometimes aggressive and share the fault.) The problem then is: What is the fault, and what does it spring from?

What are the natural relations of people and nations? Is it natural for them to live in harmony, and to adjust differences as they arise, or to seek advancement at the expense of each other, and by destroying all who become apparent obstacles? Humanity belongs to the Animal Kingdom, and, so far

as living is concerned, is governed by the same general laws. Now, intelligent study of the higher species of animal life shows that the individual members of each species always live in harmony with other, save under pressure of starvation, or of the urge for reproduction. This is generally true of even the most savage and destructive animals.

To avert the struggle for existence which we often see among other animals than man, Nature has provided us with a superior order of intelligence that was intended to enable us to make use of all of the hidden resources of Nature for increasing the supply of human needs almost indefinitely; and also to explore the earth for vacant spaces in which to live. Every well informed student of physical geography knows that with even the present imperfect knowledge of the material sciences, the earth could well support at least five times as many people as at present. The same laws of intelligence enable the human animal to use judgment in limiting the increase of progeny to conform with the means of existence without depriving any one of the natural happiness of parentage.

Returning to the study of the reproductive instincts common to animals and humans, we find a general law of respect for every thing relating to the impulses and relations of the gender nature, and that it is only through the perversions of the natural, respectful, modest and healthful instincts of the gender sense that we find the Christian world filled with immorality, diseases, cruelty, contempt, distrust, hatred and wars. With such a fatal philosophy, it was inevitable that the human race—or at least that part which includes Europe and the United States—should fail to realize the state of social harmony and mental respect, charity and forbearance, which Nature intended, and it is only the constant effort of Nature to correct all errors and falsehoods that keeps society from destroying itself.

The fatal error of the League of Nations scheme—forced untimely on the Paris convention by our President—was that it ignored all of the real causes of the war, and proposed to stop war by inventing a new war club on unnatural and unworkable lines, and depending on a renewal of the old "Holy Alliance" to swing it.

Our best statesmen and philosophers have been working for a generation to suppress, not the basic faults of society, but one of their superficial results, and not one has ever worked out a practical remedy for the faults. The truth is that very little reforming is ever accomplished by suppression or strangulation. As well try to stop a steam boiler from exploding by tying down the safety valve. The only cure for any of the evils of society is to go back to the point of departure from the natural laws of life, and educate the young to understand and respect themselves and each other, as all natural instincts prompt them to do. Then we will have a general state of harmony, mutual respect, health and happiness, and wars will automatically become obsolete.

JOHN E. AYER.

Seattle, Washington.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1923

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEDERAL IDEA

BY MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY

Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin

WITHIN the limits of a paper one can do little more than make an outline of the material embraced in such a broad and comprehensive title as that of the Development of the Federal Idea and Its Acceptance by the People. Every student of law, of economics, or political science, even the casual reader, must have been much impressed by the continually increasing activity of the National Government, particularly during the last half century. Whether this increased activity on the part of the National Government be due to an actual increase in power or merely to a development or unfolding, as it has been termed, of power latent during the earlier period of our national history, is an open question. Whether it be the one or the other, its growth and development depended upon its acceptance by the people; otherwise it could not have been embodied in the law. In any case, the Federal Idea is the greatest contribution of the Anglo-Saxon race to the science and practice of government.

It may be well at the outset to call attention to the fact that a government in which the sovereign powers of the State were to be divided, part of them to be exercised by a Central Government, and part of them to be exercised locally by States, was almost entirely unknown at the middle of the eighteenth century. The people who formed the Thirteen Colonies came to this country to escape the operation of a strongly centralized Government in

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which they had no voice. They were largely individualistic in their tendencies, and because of their remoteness from the Old World as well as from each other, they became greatly attached to their local institutions and to the idea of local self government. They looked with great suspicion, therefore, upon any scheme of government which was likely to produce in the New World the evils which they had escaped by fleeing from the Old World. The fundamental principles upon which they united for the purpose of resisting foreign aggression were set out in detail in the Declaration of Independence; their fundamental concepts of local self government were set forth in their State constitutions, which, in turn, embodied the ideas of the Declaration of Independence.

The progress of the Revolutionary War demonstrated the necessity of a political union of the States which should represent and express their common interests, economic and political. Out of this pressing necessity came the Articles of Confederation. The States, however, could not bring themselves to a point where they could surrender to the Central Government enough power to make it effective.

The importance of the Articles of Confederation in the development of the Federal Idea is minimized and often overlooked, largely because of the unforseen success of the Federal Constitution. It is not necessary to analyze the Articles of Confederation and point out their weaknesses in detail. Suffice it to say that these weaknesses were so great, and so patent, and so generally recognized, that they constituted the cause for calling together the group who formulated our Federal Constitution.

Immediately upon the organization of the Constitutional Convention, Edmund Randolph proposed a plan for the correction and enlargement of the Articles of Confederation, so as to accomplish the objects proposed by their institution, namely, "common defense, security of liberty, and general welfare." The plan proposed by Mr. Randolph immediately raised the question whether or not the proposed union should be a confederation of free and independent States, or whether it should provide for a Government resting directly upon the consent of the people themselves. Governor Randolph's plan was presented on May

29, 1787. After two weeks of debate, on June 15, William Patterson of New Jersey proposed a substitute for the plan offered by Mr. Randolph, but later amended. This substitute, known as the New Jersey plan, was offered by those who were opposed to any departure from the principle of the Confederation and who were also opposed to a strong National Government. James Wilson on June 16 contrasted the principal points of the Virginia plan with those of the New Jersey plan. After four days of debate the New Jersey plan was rejected and the Virginia plan, introduced by Mr. Randolph, was adopted as the basis for the work of the Convention, by a vote of seven States to three.

Throughout the Convention, although James Wilson and others clearly stated the proposition that under the Virginia plan the Government would rest directly upon the people and not upon the States as such, there was constantly suggested the thought that there would inevitably be a conflict between the National Government and the State Governments, and that a tendency would develop for one to encroach upon the other. The Constitution was the result of a series of compromises and of an endeavour to preserve so far as possible the rights of States and at the same time to give the National Government sufficient power and authority to make it effective. James Wilson, who was strongly opposed to a Confederation of States, and who perhaps had a clearer conception as to the manner in which the proposed Constitution would work out than any other man in the Convention, felt very strongly that the States would probably encroach upon the National Government. In the Pennsylvania convention he said (speaking of the Federal Constitution):

> The truth is, sir, that the framers of this system were particularly anxious, and their work demonstrates their anxiety, to preserve the State Government unimpaired—it was their favourite object, and, perhaps, however proper it might be in itself, it is more difficult to defend the plan on account of the excessive caution used in that respect than from any other objection that has been offered here or elsewhere. (*Records of Fed. Convention*, Vol. 3, 144.)

In this connection the opinion of Mr. Madison, expressed in *The Federalist*, is of present interest:

> The powers delegated by the proposed Constitution to the Federal Government are few and defined. Those which are to remain in the State Govern-

ments are numerous and indefinite. The former will be exercised principally on external objects, as war, peace, negotiation, and foreign commerce; with which last the power of taxation will for the most part be connected. The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which in the ordinary course of affairs concern the lives, liberties, and properties of the people; and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State.

With the adoption of the Constitution the contest between the Federalists (those who favoured a strong National Government) and the Anti-Federalists (those who favoured the supremacy of the States) continued and became acute. From the beginning of the Constitutional Convention down to the present time the Federal Constitution has always been thought of and construed as a grant of power to and not as a limitation upon powers inherent in the Federal State. While it is clear from all the records that the framers of the Constitution intended to do just what they did do, that is, to form an independent sovereign National Government and not a new Confederation, nevertheless the National Government has no powers except those expressly granted or necessarily implied.

After the adoption of the Constitution the doctrine of States' Rights was invoked, with but few exceptions, to promote the economic interests of the States or sections invoking it as against the National Government or other States. It is not possible to do more than refer to a few of the most significant instances: In 1795, the Whiskey Rebellion in Pennsylvania; in 1799, the adoption of the Kentucky Resolutions, of which Thomas Jefferson in 1821 acknowledged himself to be the author; in 1814, the Hartford Convention, which was the result of the Embargo of 1807 and the following years.

In 1825 the State of Georgia forcibly prevented the execution of Federal laws, and of all decrees of the Federal courts within the State of Georgia relating to the Creek Indians within her borders, basing her action upon the same theory which had been set forth in the Kentucky Resolutions. In 1832 Alabama followed a similar course. In 1832 the State of South Carolina adopted the so-called Nullification Act, in which the theory of Nullification was further perfected by John C. Calhoun.

In the decade preceding the Civil War fourteen Northern

States, in acts known as Personal Liberty Laws, attempted to nullify Federal statutes relating to slaves and slavery, by making it a crime for their citizens to obey these Federal laws, thus setting the State administrations against the Federal officials. As this controversy was developed in the State of Wisconsin its history may be found in *In Re Booth*, 3rd Wisconsin, and in *Booth vs. Ableman*, in the 16th, 18th and 20th Wisconsin. It may be of interest to know that the remittitur containing the mandate of the United States Supreme Court in the Booth case has never yet been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

How far the assertion by the Northern States of the doctrine of States' Rights was based upon economic interest and how far upon moral or purely political considerations, would be an interesting study, but is not within the scope of this paper.

It was inevitable that the controversy over slavery, being of the very highest economic importance, should produce finally the full fruit of the theory of Nullification. The representatives of the seceding States met in March, 1861, to adopt a Constitution for the Confederate States of America, and it is interesting to note the preamble of that document. It says: "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to promote a permanent Federal Government, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity—invoking the favour and guidance of Almighty God—do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America."

With the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, the controversy which had raged from the beginning as to whether or not the National Government was a Government of the States or a Government of the people by the people, was forever settled. The Federal Idea had triumphed. A State, in the sense of a political entity, in which the sovereign powers were distributed, part of them to be exercised by a strong Central Government and part by local self government, was no longer a political experiment but an accomplished fact. It had taken seventy-five years of struggle, terminating in a great war, to perfect the ideal born of the political necessities produced by the Revolutionary War.

While there have been conflicts of interest since the Civil War between the States and the Federal Government, there has been, so far as I know, no threat of nullification or of secession during that time. It is possible, but not probable, that a conflict of economic interest may become so acute and cover such a wide area of the country as to prompt some State or section to assert again these doctrines. The situation which exists on the Pacific Coast with regard to the immigration of the Chinese and Japanese in all probability would in the early history of the country have produced another Hartford Convention, or an even more formidable organization. It can hardly do so now.

Coming now to the period succeeding the Civil War (or as many prefer to call it "the War between the Sections"), it is interesting to note the striking change in the attitude of the people as a whole toward the Federal Government which has followed the decline of the States' Rights doctrine. The members of the Convention which formulated the Federal Constitution were apprehensive lest the States at the demand of the people should encroach upon the powers of the Federal Government. The history of our country down to the struggle which ended in 1865 shows that this apprehension was well founded. It was inconceivable to the popular mind that two governments, each supreme and sovereign in its field, could operate together in the conduct and regulation of the life of a great people, without one encroaching upon the other. History afforded no example of such an adjustment, and due weight was not given to the fact that in the United States the sovereign power was vested under the Constitution in the people rather than in a governing class or person. With a realization that such an adjustment was not only possible, but had actually been made, by the people themselves, the controversy between those who believed in a strong Central Government and those who believed in the extreme doctrine of States' Rights, disappeared.

I wish to refer briefly to some instances that indicate the changed attitude of the people themselves toward the Federal Government.

In 1863 State banks were supplanted by the National Banking System. While there was no provision in the Constitution under

which Congress could do away with State banks, it was able to accomplish indirectly by taxation that which it could not do directly. The benefits which accrued were of such a character as to lead the people to approve not only of Federal banks, but of the means by which they were established, in direct contradiction of their (the people's) former attitude, for instance in Jackson's Administration.

For many years there had been a growing demand for the suppression of the lottery evil. Attempts to suppress lotteries by denying their promoters the use of the United States mail had proven ineffective. The lotteries had been able to escape interference by establishing themselves in foreign territory. In 1890 Congress passed an act for the suppression of the lottery traffic, under its power to control foreign and interstate commerce and the postal service. The law not only prohibited any person from bringing into the United States or depositing in the mails any lottery ticket or lottery advertisement, but forbade these things being carried from one State to another. For the first time the power of Congress to regulate commerce under the Federal Constitution was used to infringe upon the police power of the States. Thereby Congress entered a legislative field that had in the whole history of the Constitution been thought to be reserved entirely to the States. In the last three decades this doctrine has been widely extended, as we shall see.

In the Congressional debate it was stated: "The demand for the suppression of this lottery traffic comes from all sections of the country. This lottery business has grown to such an extent that it has shocked the moral sense of the people of the entire country." Because the people demanded it, the law was enacted, and there was little if any debate in Congress upon the constitutionality of the measure. In 1903 the Supreme Court held that lottery tickets were subjects of traffic and their transportation by common carriers from one State to another was interstate commerce which Congress might prohibit under its power to regulate commerce among the States. Justice Harlan said:

> As a State may for the purpose of guarding the morals of its own people, forbid all sales of lottery tickets within its limits, so Congress, for the purpose of guarding the people of the United States against the widespread pestilence

of lotteries, and to protect the commerce which concerns all the States, may prohibit the carrying of lottery tickets from one State to another.

The Court was divided, five to four. Chief Justice Fuller, dissenting, characterized the act as "a long step in the direction of wiping out all State lines and the creation of a centralized Government".

In 1799 Congress enacted a law directing Federal customs revenue officers duly to observe the quarantine laws of any State and faithfully aid in their execution, thus recognizing the power of the States in the exercise of their police powers to establish quarantine regulations. In 1898 Congress enacted a law which empowered and authorized State quarantine officers to act as officers of the National quarantine system and provided that they should be clothed with all the powers of United States officers for quarantine purposes. In a century Congress had exactly reversed its position. The Quarantine Act went so far as to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury, in the event that the quarantine regulations of any State or municipality were not, in his opinion, sufficient to prevent the introduction of infectious or contagious diseases from foreign countries, to promulgate rules and regulations which would supersede State laws. Representative Rayner of Maryland said:

Some of the States—but very few indeed—have ample and efficient quarantine regulations, while others have legislation upon the subject which is utterly impotent for the purpose for which it was designed, and still others have no statutes or provisions upon the subject at all. It is idle and useless to say that this is a matter that ought to be left to the conflicting laws of the different States. No one State has it within its power to protect itself from the importation of an epidemic.

In opposition to the bill, Mr. Mallory, of Florida, said:

On the plea of necessity the House of Representatives is asked once more to organize a raid upon State authority, to invade the sacred domain of personal liberty, to wrest from the local authorities of the States a power which up to this time has been exclusively theirs, and, in order to effectually secure these ends, to delegate to a single administrative officer its high legislative functions.

Although the Supreme Court had held in a prior decision that the power to establish quarantine laws rests with the States and has not been surrendered to the General Government, the law

was nevertheless passed because the people of the country demanded it, there being no other effective method of protecting themselves against the introduction of contagious diseases.

From time to time the several States had enacted laws against the adulteration and misbranding of foods and drugs. These State enactments proved to be ineffective. Again the power of Congress under the Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution was invoked. In 1902 a law was enacted which authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to establish standards of food and food products and to determine what are regarded as adulterations therein, for the guidance of the officers of the various States and the courts of justice. Some States enacted laws conforming to the standards as established. In the House of Representatives the majority report contained the following statement:

"We believe that everyone recognizes the necessity of governmental regulation to prevent the sale of adulterated, poisonous and other injurious food products." It was frankly stated that the object of the act was to obtain uniformity of food standards among the States, and then continued: "The necessity for pure food laws is apparent to everyone. Many of the States have endeavoured to meet this necessity as far as they can, but the several States have proven unable to fully deal with the matter when affected by interstate commerce in adulterated and misbranded articles. The laws and regulations of the different States are diverse, confusing and often contradictory."

In opposition to the enactment of the Pure Food and Drugs Act it was argued that the power to protect the people of the various States in health, in morals, and in general welfare is inherent in the States, was reserved to the States by the Constitution, was not delegated to the Congress of the United States, and remains to be exercised by the States at the will and pleasure of the legislatures of such States. In the case of *Plumley vs. Massachusetts*, 115 U. S. 461, it had been held by the Supreme Court of the United States that the State had the exclusive right to pass and endorse laws for the protection of the health and morals of its people and to prevent the sale of all articles manufactured in or brought from another State. The bill which became the Food and Drug Act passed in the House by a vote of

243 to 17, and in the Senate by a vote of 63 to 4. The result of this law has been that nearly every manufactured article of food which now enters the household bears this legend: "Guaranteed under United States Pure Food Law." It is impossible to estimate the effect upon the public mind of this constant reiteration of Federal power. It has taught the people of the country to look to the Federal Government as their personal protector against adulterated and impure foods.

The rapid development of railroads in the decades immediately succeeding the Civil War brought with it many new questions. The owners and managers of these great properties regarded them as purely private and individual enterprises and so controlled and operated them. Many abuses grew up. Large shippers became the favored shippers. Rebates and discriminations in service, resulting in manifest injury and injustice, were practised. The Granger movement in the Middle West in the late 'seventies and in the early 'eighties expressed in some degree popular resentment against railroad domination. Attempts were made by the enactment of regulatory measures in various States to remedy this great and growing evil. However, the power of the States to deal with the matter was limited, and the railroad commission laws of the various States proved to be ineffective. It became apparent that if the railroads were to be effectually restrained it could be accomplished only through the exercise of Federal power. The growing demand for relief from this condition resulted in a long inquiry by Congress as to the extent of its power and authority in the premises. The result was the enactment of the first Interstate Commerce Law in 1887. It has been many times amended, but each amendment has conferred additional power upon the agents of the Federal Government. It was argued that Congress could not delegate to the Interstate Commerce Commission its power to regulate interstate commerce. In view of the fact that it was perfectly evident that Congress could not, even if it had the time, consider the multitudinous details affecting railroad rates and railroad service, imperative necessity required that some agency should be created which could give its exclusive time to the regulations of these great transportation agencies. The power to regulate

railways and other means of transportation under the interstate commerce clause is plain and one that the framers of the Federal Constitution intended to confer upon Congress. No construction of that instrument was necessary to confer upon Congress the power to act in the premises. Nevertheless, the exercise of this power by Congress and the fact that its control was effective, whereas the control of the States had been ineffective, tended to center the attention of the people more and more upon the Federal Government as a means of relief from conditions with which the States could not or would not effectively deal.

The enactment in 1890 of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was also plainly within the constitutional prerogative of Congress. Senator Sherman said:

> While we should not stretch the powers granted to Congress by strained construction, we cannot surrender any of them; they are not ours to surrender; but whenever occasion calls, we should exercise them for the benefit and protection of the people of the United States. And while I have no doubt that every word of this bill is within the powers granted to Congress, I feel that its defects are moderation and that its best effect will be a warning that all trade and commerce, all agreements and arrangements, all struggle for money or property, must be governed by the universal law that the public good must be the test of all.

In this statement we have the basis of the continual demands made upon Congress for the enactment of laws which were formerly thought to fall purely within the police power field. For the benefit and protection of the people of the United States the universal law is that the public good must be the test of all. This seems to state the very essence of the theory upon which Congress has continually acted in response to popular demand.

The system of rebates, discrimination in service, and other similar evils connected with railway transportation built up great trusts and monopolies, which resulted in the enactment of the anti-trust laws. These laws have been amended from time to time and the powers of the Federal officers extended in many respects. The Federal Trade Commission was created for the purpose of investigating and accumulating a mass of material as to the manner in which the business of the country is conducted, for the purpose no doubt of furnishing a basis for further legislation.

On the ground that controversies between employers and employees were likely to interrupt the operations of interstate commerce carriers, the Board of Mediation and Conciliation was created by act of July 15, 1913. It was practically superseded by the Labor Board, created by the provisions of the Esch-Cummings Act. While the recommendations of the Board are as yet merely advisory, it may be fairly assumed, taking into consideration the history of other enactments in the same field, that they will shortly be made compulsory. Activities of the Department of Labor and of the Department of Agriculture, benefits to be secured under rivers and harbors bills, the demand for public buildings and national highways, have all served to emphasize the power of the Federal Government. Great areas of public land have been reserved from entry and are now held by the General Government for water power, mining, and other purposes. The instances enumerated by no means exhaust the list of Federal activities. Mention of the activities of the Government in the World War is not made because we are not yet far enough away from it to determine with any degree of certainty what its ultimate effect upon the extension of Federal power will be.

To the constitutional lawyer perhaps the most startling innovation was the enactment of the Mann Act. In 1875 a Federal act had made it illegal to import women for immoral purposes. Not being sufficiently effective the act was amended or another act passed in 1907. Even this did not reach the evil aimed at. By the passage of the Mann Act, the transportation or obtaining for transportation in interstate or foreign commerce of any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or any other immoral purpose was forbidden. Persuading, inducing, enticing or coercing any woman or girl to go from one State to another for acts thus made illegal is prohibited under heavy penalties. This law was severely criticised on constitutional grounds. It was argued that because the transportation of lottery tickets could be prohibited, not because the tickets themselves were harmful but because of the injurious connection between them and the entire lottery scheme, the interstate transportation of women for the purpose of immorality could also be made illegal. It was further

agreed that the Supreme Court had held that the solicitation of business for a firm outside of its own State was a part of interstate commerce. The law has been upheld by at least four decisions of the United States Supreme Court. It was enacted in response to a popular demand and because the so-called white slave traffic had shocked the moral sense of the people.

The constitutionality of the Migratory Bird Act has been upheld on the ground that the law being enacted in the fulfillment of a treaty obligation is valid. The court said:

> No doubt the great body of private relations usually fall within the control of the State, but a treaty may override its power. . . . We see nothing in the Constitution that compels the Government to sit by while a food supply is cut off and the protectors of our forests and our crops are destroyed. It is not sufficient to rely upon the States. The reliance is vain. . . . (*Missouri vs. Holland*, 252 U. S. 416.)

The creation of the Postal Savings Bank, of the Federal Farm Loan Banks, the enactment of the Eight Hour Law, the creation of the Federal Reserve Board by the Federal Reserve Act, all have had a profound influence upon the country as a whole. President Jackson said in the 'thirties:

> The Bank of the United States possessed the power to make money plentiful or scarce at its pleasure at any time or at any place by controlling the issue of other banks and permitting an expansion or compelling a general contraction of the circulating medium according to its will.

He was at that time supported in this position by the large majority of the people.

The Federal Reserve Board was created for the express purpose of doing exactly the thing President Jackson condemned—expanding the currency of the country so as to meet changing conditions, and to contract it when the necessity for expansion is passed. There is no doubt that this act was passed to meet a pressing demand from the people. The experience of the country, particularly in the panics of 1893 and 1907, demonstrated the necessity for some means of meeting the exigencies of financial crises. Yet in the more purely agricultural regions of the Mississippi Valley there are today many indications of a strong reaction against the Federal Reserve Law. Its opponents to a surprising degree assert the same arguments against the law that

were used by President Jackson and his friends against the United States Bank.

The enactment of the Federal Income Tax has brought home to the people of the country more sharply than any other single act their relationship to the Federal Government. From 1880 to 1900 a man might have conducted a very large and extensive business in many fields without coming in contact with any representative of the Federal Government save perhaps the postal authorities. That condition is not likely to prevail again in this country. The regulatory measures enacted by Congress (under one pretext or another) touch the life of the people at almost every point.

During the World War, the Federal Government took over the operation of the railway and telegraph systems as a war measure. It is already apparent that this step is to have a far-reaching effect upon the transportation systems of the country. The advantages of unified control, direct routing and free exchange of equipment are so manifest, that measures to secure these advantages are likely to be resorted to in every transportation emergency. Already many proposals for consolidating the railways serving certain regions have been made. The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Railroad Commission vs. C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., 66 L. ed., Adv. Ops. (U. S.), 236,* indicates quite clearly that every transportation agency in the country is likely to be drawn into the Federal system, with the power and authority of the agents of the Federal Government vastly extended. Already the power of the States to regulate intra-state transportation is greatly limited. The recommendations contained in President Harding's last message (December, 1922) suggest the probability of fundamental changes along these lines.

A discussion of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is omitted from this paper. Suffice it to say that as interpreted and applied, the amendment has had a profound influence upon the jurisprudence of the country. In the main, however, it is a guarantee of existing rights of citizens, and a prohibition upon State agencies, legislative, judicial, and executive. It does not confer upon the Federal Government

additional powers, as is sometimes supposed. Its effect has been to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, with the result that the people have looked more and more to the Federal courts for protection in the exercise of their guaranteed constitutional rights and privileges. While the State courts have recognized and enforced the provisions of the amendment, the final determination of questions arising under it has, of course, presented a Federal question for determination by the Federal courts.

We have noted that from the adoption of the Constitution down to the time of the Civil War, the States, as such, and the people of the entire country were constantly alert to see that the National Government did not encroach upon the reserved powers of the States. The maxim that that government governs best which governs least was applied to both the State and Federal Governments, but particularly to the activities of the Federal Government. America had not lost its intense individualism; on the contrary, during the first half of the nineteenth century that national characteristic was even accentuated, due no doubt to our vast frontiers, in the settlement of which the people had become necessarily independent and individualistic. The doctrine of States' Rights was prior to the Civil War invoked quite as often by the North as by the South and was the exclusive property of no section. Every real or supposed invasion by the National Government of the rights of the States was quickly resented, and thoughts of secession and nullification were easily aroused.

Comparing the period previous to the Civil War with the period subsequent to that time, it is evident that there has been a complete change in the attitude of the people themselves toward the Federal Government, and this, to the mind of the writer, is a significant and vital fact.

In addition to the laws above referred to reference should be made to the development of the census, the work of the Department of Agriculture, activity in educational matters, the growth and development of the Departments of Labor and of Commerce, the various projects in which the Government has engaged, such as the expansion of the public health service, the operation of parcel post, postal service, and reclamation, as indicating an in-

creasing reliance of the people upon Federal agencies for the advancement of the general welfare. The enactment of any one of the laws above referred to was not in and of itself a particularly vital thing. As a matter of fact the enactment of any one of them may from some point of view be readily justified. The significant fact is that the people look to the Federal rather than to the State Government as the readiest and most effective agency for promoting the general welfare. Whether the activity of the Federal Government is an encroachment upon the powers of the several States, or whether it is merely the development or unfolding of the powers of the Federal Government granted but not heretofore exercised, does not matter. The significant thing is that the States as such and the people as a whole no longer question the rights of the Federal Government or seek to limit its activity. Given an apparent necessity for the enactment of a Federal statute, all other questions seemed to disappear from the mind of the people. Because their interest is not adversely affected by this increasing exercise of Federal power, the rights of the States as such, theoretically or practically, no longer interest the people.

It may well be argued that the attitude of the Supreme Court of the United States has undergone a change since the period of the Civil War. This change has come not so much in response to as it has as a part of the changed attitude of the people; it reflects the altered attitude of the public mind. In the Lottery case, Chief Justice Fuller, with Justices Brewer, Shiras, and Peckham concurring, dissented from the decision of the court. The grounds of dissent are stated in a very able opinion which presents logically and consistently the view that had theretofore prevailed:

> It will not do to say—a suggestion which has heretofore been made in this case—that state laws have been found to be ineffective for the suppression of lotteries, and therefore Congress should interfere. The scope of the commerce clause of the Constitution cannot be enlarged because of the present views of public interest.
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> The Constitution gives no countenance to the theory that Congress is vested with full powers of the British Parliament, and that, although subject to con-

stitutional limitations, it is the sole judge of their extent and application; and the decisions of this court from the beginning have been to the contrary.

* * * * *

I regard the decision as inconsistent with the views of the framers of the Constitution, and of Marshall, its great expounder. Our form of government may remain notwithstanding legislation or decision, but, as long ago observed, it is with governments as with religions, the form may survive the substance of the faith. (188 U. S. 321, 372.)

Thus Chief Justice Fuller wrote in 1902. Since that time the Constitution has from time to time been so extended by construction as to give Congress authority over subjects which theretofore were supposed to be wholly within the jurisdiction of the several States. With the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment, Congress, by express sanction of the people themselves, was given authority in a field theretofore expressly reserved to the States. However widely the power of Congress might be extended under the Interstate Commerce clause, it would not effect prohibition, either in the manufacture, transportation or sale of intoxicating liquors within the States. Because of the fact that State and local regulations were ineffective, the Eighteenth Amendment was sought and procured. The Constitution was thus amended, not by construction or interpretation, but in the manner provided in that instrument, to give Congress powers in a strictly police power field in respect to intoxicating beverages.

The enforcement of this constitutional provision, which confers concurrent powers upon the State and Federal Governments, has served to disclose in a most startling manner the changed attitude of the people of the wealthiest and most populous State in the Union in respect to State and Federal activity in the police power field. The State of New York adopted an enforcement act known as the Mullan-Gage law. On May 5, 1923, the Legislature by a decisive vote passed a bill repealing the enforcement act. The Governor withheld executive approval of the bill until all parties in interest could be heard. While the voice of protest against the repeal of the act was loud and insistent both in the Legislature and before the Governor, it was not urged by anyone that, as has been pointed out by the President, the repeal of the

law amounted to an abdication by the State of its rights and duties in respect to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. No other interpretation can be placed upon the action of the State of New York in this respect, unless it can be said that the State enforcement law was repealed with the expectation that the Eighteenth Amendment and the provisions of the Volstead Act would not be enforced at all in the State of New York. This supposition is scarcely tenable. If it is, the act of the State of New York amounts to nullification by inaction. It is equivalent to revolt by passive resistance. The attempted nullification of Federal law by a State has never yet failed to bring about increasing activity on the part of the Federal Government and a corresponding diminution of State activity. However, the most significant fact is that the State of New York in 1923 renounced the duties and obligations imposed upon it by the Eighteenth Amendment, which was approved by it in 1919. We think more and more as citizens of the United States and less and less as citizens of a particular State. In 1919 the legislature of Wisconsin had before it for consideration more than twenty-five resolutions dealing directly with Federal subjects. This is only one of many things which confirms the student in the belief that the change which is evidenced in so many ways is fundamental and to a large extent will be permanent.

There has come into existence during recent years, by accident or design, an extra-constitutional method, by which the Federal Government has sought to influence and control State Governments. Stated in plain terms, the Federal Government says to the States: Here is an appropriation which is available to you upon certain conditions. As a rule these conditions are that a like amount shall be appropriated by the State Government for the purpose indicated in the bill making the Federal appropriation. There is a further stipulation that certain conditions relating to intra-State affairs are to be complied with as a condition of receiving Federal aid. This scheme, by which the Federal Government in effect exercises legislative power in relation to education, public health, and other kindred subjects strictly within the police power of the States, is an innovation upon our constitutional system.

There seems to be no limit to the activities of the Federal Government when the matter is approached from this angle. So far the writer is aware there has been no attack upon these measures on the ground that they provide for the expenditure of Federal funds for purposes not authorized by the Constitution. Conditions may be attached to these appropriations which would prevent for practical reasons acceptance by any but certain States. As the laws would operate only in the States which accept the conditions, to that extent the uniformity of Federal laws would be destroyed. By means of this method the Federal Government in effect purchases a right to interfere in the local affairs of the States which accept the Federal bounty. One can better imagine than describe the protest that would have followed this procedure in the days preceding the Civil War.

Since the Civil War our population has been largely increased by foreign immigration. These foreign peoples have been accustomed to strong central governments, and are not attached, as were the early colonists, to the principle of local self-government. The changed attitude of our people as a whole toward the Federal as opposed to the State Government, has been due in part to the altered character of our population. Americanization may well have for one of its objects the reëstablishment in the minds and hearts of our native as well as our foreign born citizens the ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence and our Constitutions, State and Federal.

Consideration of the trend of events which has in the last fifty years wrought such fundamental changes in our national life naturally leads one to think of the future. One cannot help reflecting upon the effect which still further increase of Federal power will have upon the nation, and of the forces which tend to diminish or accelerate such increase. No one can foresee what the effect of the increasing activity of the Federal Government and the increasing dependence of the people upon it will be. In a country of vast territorial extent, containing one hundred and ten million people, administrative powers must be exercised by commissions or by subordinate officials. The creation of commissions and other similar administrative agencies must result in a continual augmentation of Federal authority and Federal

power. These commissions and agencies, far removed from the people, neither elected by them nor responsible to them, continually reach out for more and more power and authority. Once established it is practically impossible to dislodge them. The War developed the fact that these boards, bureaus, and commissions have over-lapping jurisdictions, and that in some instances at least, a half dozen different agencies may at the same time be doing substantially the same work, covering the same field, with varying results. The scope of the work undertaken by these various agencies is so vast that it prevents adequate and effective supervision and division of powers. Year by year the dividing line between the exercise of executive and judicial powers fades. Administrative boards in many instances exercise to all practical intent and purpose judicial as well as administrative powers. Within their field they are supreme, and not subject to constitutional limitations. The people submit without much protest because power can be more effectively exerted through a centralized agency than it can be through local agencies which must of necessity be numerous and of varying capacity and efficiency. The work of the Draft Board during the late war is a striking example of the efficiency of a centralized as opposed to a decentralized administrative machinery which performed a like service during the period of the Civil War.

We have no method by which members of the Cabinet or administrative agencies can be made directly responsible to the people, and in this respect our governmental machinery is incomplete. Whether readjustments can be made which will bring about a more immediate responsibility of these agencies; or whether some form of correlation can be achieved; or whether the present policy will be followed and additional commissions and administrative agencies created until the system shall finally break of its own weight, is a grave question. Their value is so great that the people hesitate to limit unduly their activities, but there are diverse signs of reaction against their number, and what is regarded by many as their meddlesome activity.

Under our constitution Federal statutes and laws must operate uniformly and equally throughout the length and breadth of the land. That we have wide diversities of local interest, economic

and social, was brought out clearly during the war; Federal enactments are not only uniform, but they are rigid in their operation, and there is little room for adjustment to local conditions. The vast amount of business brought before Congress makes it almost impossible for a single State or section to obtain a speedy and impartial hearing. The tendency, therefore, is for the whole Government to become more and more rigid, less and less responsive to the demands of particular States, sections, or interests. If a Federal law operates oppressively upon the people of any section, with no opportunity for the people of that section to obtain a hearing before Congress in order to secure adequate relief; further, if injustice results and their economic interests become strong enough, there will be a tendency, at least, for them to assert their rights in some other way.

The Federal Government is to most of our people a distant and far-away thing, to which their sense of responsibility is not present and immediate, but is remote and indefinite. If we are to remain a democracy care must be taken that the people of the country are made to feel their responsibility as citizens and to exercise their rights as such.

One of the reasons, as has been already stated, why the people turn to the Federal Government for relief is that the Federal laws are much more effective than are State laws. The reason they are more effective is that they are more rigidly enforced. The reason they are more rigidly enforced is that they are enforced by strangers who are not influenced by local considerations. An internal revenue officer has no hesitancy in sending a violator of the Federal law to jail or compelling him to pay a fine, while the local factory inspector or dairy inspector may be subject to many local influences. If the Federal Government is to enter the police power field and attempt to regulate, under one pretext or another, the lives of the people, there will be a growing tendency to regard the Federal Government more and more as a thing apart from the people. Whatever the Government may do in theory, it will in actual practice grow further and further from the people.

Powers once exercised by the Federal Government are seldom if ever voluntarily surrendered. In the police power field the powers of the Federal and the State Governments are to a cer-

tain extent concurrent, but under Article VI of the Constitution of the United States, in case of conflict the Federal law is supreme. Practically speaking, any increase of Federal power, either by way of amendment, interpretation or construction, or by the exercise of powers granted but not heretofore exercised, must result in a like diminution of the powers of the respective States, and so lessen the people's sense of civic responsibility.

The framers of the Federal Constitution considered it an experiment. They felt that it would succeed if the Federal Government remained within its field and its powers were not encroached upon by the States. The tendency towards centralization which was feared by those who opposed the adoption of the Constitution has become a fact. This growth has been the result mainly of two great influences: First, the fact of unrestricted intercourse, commercial and social, between the various States. The result of this intercourse has been to draw together all parts of the country in the accomplishment of a common purpose. The second great influence has been the marvelous development of facilities for travel and communication resulting from the inventions and discoveries of the past century. These influences operate together and each is to a certain extent dependent upon the other. It would be impossible to keep this country united but for modern improvements of travel and communication. Today San Francisco is nearer in a commercial and social sense to New York than was Richmond, Virginia, at the time the Constitution was adopted. The manufactured products of each State find their way into every other State of the Union. There is constant travel in connection with business and pleasure from one part of the country to the other.

The object of the framers of the Federal Constitution was to create a Central Government which would be mobile, elastic and responsive to the needs of the people. If the tendency to centralization continues there is likely to be, as has been pointed out, a diminishing interest on the part of the people in governmental affairs, the Government will tend to grow more and more bureaucratic in its methods, State Governments will tend to become less and less efficient, and we shall thus ultimately bring upon ourselves the very evils which the framers of the Constitu-

tion sought to avoid. The tendency to centralization is due immediately and consciously to the fact that the Federal Government is more efficient in the exercise of its powers than is the State Government.

Moreover, State Governments often fail or refuse to act in matters where action is highly desirable. Large social interests are not bounded by State lines. Child labour in the South or in the West is as abhorrent to the resident of New York as is child labour in New York itself. The refusal of certain States to enact appropriate legislation on this subject has resulted in a nation-wide propaganda for action by the Federal Government. In holding the recent child labour legislation by Congress unconstitutional, the court applied a fundamental principle of law which has been asserted and reasserted times without number throughout our history; but because in this instance its assertion frustrated what is thought by many to be a laudable purpose, the court is severely criticised. Already there is on foot a proposal that an amendment to the Federal Constitution be adopted conferring upon Congress the right to legislate in this field, thus still further extending the jurisdiction of Congress in the domain of the purely police power. This situation, perhaps as vividly as any, illustrates the reason for continuing appeals to Congress for relief from what are largely local conditions. The matter of child labour is not affected by transportation as was the traffic in intoxicating beverages, which was in a way thus beyond the power of the States. Each State has ample power to deal with this subject. Many States refused to deal with it and other States failed to deal with it effectively; hence the appeal to Congress.

If further increase of Federal power is to be avoided, it can only be accomplished by efficient action on the part of the States concerning questions that are of vital interest not only to the people of a particular State but to the people of the surrounding States. Such action can be brought about only by arousing intelligent public sentiment on such questions. Men of business and training in various lines have in recent years paid all too little attention to the affairs of government. Lawyers as a class still take an active and intelligent interest in public affairs,

Physicians and clergymen have a more limited interest, and this is true of all the learned professions. The leaders in the commercial and industrial world, as a class, have withdrawn themselves almost entirely from the public service. Men of experience, position, and training no longer offer themselves for service either in the executive or legislative departments of our Government. The writer has no patience with the criticisms that are made upon those persons who do undertake this arduous and unrewarded service. But unless our leaders in industry, in commerce and transportation (not merely presidents and heads of great enterprises, but their subordinates who have any responsible administrative duties) take a more intelligent and active interest in public affairs, governmental authority will be exercised more and more by the Federal Government. Powers which need to be exercised will be exercised by some one; if not by those who should exercise them, then by someone else. What this country needs most is more willingness on the part of men of affairs to sacrifice their individual interests to the general welfare.

If the increasing burden of taxation which has necessarily followed the war has the effect of arousing on the part of our leading men in commerce, industry and transportation, a live interest in public affairs, great good to the country as a whole will result. It is not enough that our leading men interest themselves only in killing off measures proposed by others; they should come forward with a constructive programme based upon the welfare of the State and nation as a whole. It is not enough for them merely to care for their own selfish interests. If they are not willing to give of their time, energy and ability in unselfish service to the State, the time will come when they will sincerely regret it. A business or enterprise which finds itself hampered or restrained by Federal law is bound as with bands of steel. If one regulatory measure after another is to be adopted, making our laws more rigid and inelastic, the time will come when civil liberty, in the sense in which our grandfathers understood that term, will have been lost.

When Mr. Gladstone said, "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain

and purpose of man," he ignored the fact that the Constitution was in reality the natural growth and development of English law and colonial self-government. It was in fact an evolution out of the colonial experience of the thirteen States plus their experience under the Articles of Confederation. The construction, interpretation, and amendment of the Constitution have likewise been a part of an evolutionary process which is still going on. The result has demonstrated the genius of the Anglo-Saxon people for self-government. We must be a part of and direct the evolutionary process along right lines if we are to avoid revolutionary changes in the future.

MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY.

JAPAN AND NATURAL RESOURCES IN ASIA

BY W. W. WILLOUGHBY

RECENT years have given great importance to the question of the right, as determined by international law or international comity, of one State to have access to or the use of the natural resources of other States. Especially is this a question of vital interest to Japan and China—to Japan because of her need to obtain supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials from abroad; and to China because of the danger lest other nations will be tempted to overstep the limits of international law and international comity in the effort to obtain for their own use the natural resources which China's soil supplies. The recent conference in Washington cast some sidelights upon this question which deserve careful consideration.

Japan finds herself in the following situation: The population of her homeland has already reached a considerable degree of density, and is still increasing. Just how rapid this increase is does not certainly appear from the authentic figures that are available, but it is probably in the neighborhood of half a million annually. The amount of additional land that it is practicable for Japan to bring under cultivation is not great, although it is probable that, if more scientific modes of irrigation were introduced, the food-producing capacity of the homelands could be somewhat increased. Also, if the Japanese could be trained or persuaded to rely less exclusively upon rice, their food problem would be rendered less perplexing to them. However, do what they will, the Japanese are undoubtedly confronted with an increasingly serious situation, unless their increase in numbers can be checked.

It now seems fairly clear that the Japanese themselves recognize that they cannot hope to solve their population problem by means of emigration. There is no reasonable hope that they

will be received in any considerable numbers by those countries, like the United States, Canada, New Zealand and Australia, where they can successfully compete economically with the native populations. It is equally clear that the Japanese are not able to compete upon anything like equal terms with the natives of Asia or Polynesia. Even in Korea, despite the encouragement given them by colonization societies and the favoring aid of their own Government, they have had little success as settlers upon the soil. It is evident, therefore, that future increases in the Japanese population must be taken care of in Japan itself. This of course means that Japan must continue that process of industrialization and commercialization of her economic life which has already made such considerable progress. This in turn means that she must be able to import foodstuffs and raw materials in increasing quantities, for, unfortunately for her, she has within her own borders small supplies of coal and minerals.

This situation has led Japanese statesmen of recent years to lay great emphasis upon what they have termed Japan's "economic right to existence". This doctrine appears with significant emphasis in the correspondence leading up to the establishment, in 1920, of the new International Banking Consortium, as well as in certain declarations made by the Japanese delegation in the Washington conference. It has also found statement in a remarkable paper prepared by the late Premier of Japan, Takashi Hara only a few weeks before his most lamentable assassination. The importance of these declarations or statements of right justify a review and critical examination of them.

As is well known, Japan, in her correspondence with the British and American Governments, strove to have excepted from the activities of the proposed banking consortium for the making of foreign industrial loans to China, loans relating to Manchuria and Mongolia where, it was declared, Japan had "special interests". In its argument in support of this exception, the Japanese Government several times referred to the matter of Japan's national economic existence and asserted, in effect, that her interests in Manchuria and Mongolia were essential to her own economic existence and constituted, as it were, an integral part of that existence. Thus, in its memorandum of March 2,

1920, the Japanese Government declared that "from the nature of the case, the regions of South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia which are contiguous to Korea stand in very close and special relation to Japan's national defense and her economic existence. Enterprises launched forth in these regions, therefore, often involve questions vital to the safety of the country. This is why Japan has special interests in these regions and has established there special rights of various kinds." This memorandum closed with a formula which the Powers participating in the consortium were asked to adopt, according to which "In matters relating to loans affecting South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, which in their opinion are calculated to create a serious impediment to the security of the economic life and national defense of Japan, the Japanese Government reserve the right to take the necessary steps to guarantee such security." This reservation, the memorandum declared, was indispensable to the existence of the Japanese State and people, and was based "on the paramount importance of the economic existence and national security, coupled with a due regard for the general peace of the Far East."

The British Government declared, in its reply to this memorandum, that it clearly recognized the legitimate desire of the Japanese nation to be assured of the supplies of food and raw material necessary to her economic life and her justifiable wish strategically to protect and maintain the Korean frontier, but that they could not assent to a formula that seemed to imply the possession by Japan of a special sphere of interest in particular regions of China, nor could it be believed that, in order to meet Japan's legitimate needs, it was essential that Japan alone should construct and control certain railway lines west of the South Manchuria Railway, which the Japanese memorandum had referred to.

The American reply was even more emphatic. In its memorandum of March 16, it said that Japan's proposition could not be reconciled with the principle of the independence and territorial integrity of China; that, as to the proposed formula, the right of national self-preservation is one of universal acceptance in the relations between States and therefore does not require

formulation as to its application in any particular instance, and that the principle was implicit in the terms of the Lansing-Ishii notes of November 2, 1917. The Government of Japan, it added, had no occasion to apprehend on the part of the consortium any activities directed against the economic life or national defense of Japan, and that Japan could rely with entire assurance upon the good faith of the United States and of the other two Powers associated in the consortium to refuse their countenance to any operation inimical to the vital interests of Japan. The British Government gave substantially similar general assurances to the Japanese Government.

In its communication of April 3, the Japanese Government noted these assurances, and, in reliance thereupon, withdrew its proposed formula.

It will be observed that, in this correspondence, neither the British nor the American Government gave recognition to any right upon the part of Japan, in the exercise of its general right of self-preservation, to take any action within Manchuria or Mongolia that would be in derogation of the sovereign territorial rights of China, or that might be founded upon a general superiority of rights (to use a phrase later employed by Secretary Hughes) within any designated region of China. All that the British and American Governments did engage to do was to refuse their countenance to any enterprises directed against the economic existence or defense of Japan. Of course, aside from any express engagement, it is, under any circumstances, an unfriendly act for one nation to give its support to undertakings directed against the existence of another State. Thus the matter stood when the Washington conference convened.

It is clear enough that, in that conference, the Japanese Government made statements and signed agreements which, if carried out in good faith, will prevent it from again raising a claim to special rights or interests in China that will be in derogation of the rights or interests of other Powers, or which will in any wise be inconsistent with the sovereignty and territorial and administrative integrity of China. In doing this, Japan is now precluded not only by the general principles of international law and comity but also by her own formally given undertakings.

As regards the matter of her national economic existence, and, as connected therewith, the obtaining of an adequate supply of foodstuffs and raw materials for her people, Japan, at the second meeting of the Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions, made the following statement:

> We adhere without condition or reservation to the principle of the Open Door or equal opportunity in China. We look to China in particular for the supply of raw materials essential to our industrial life, and for foodstuffs as well. In the purchase of such materials from China, as well as in all our trade relations with that country, we do not claim any special rights or privileges, and we welcome fair and honest competition with all nations.

This is a declaration satisfactory in every way, and it is to be hoped that it will be faithfully followed. It was, however, somewhat disturbing to China, and, no doubt, to the other Powers, later to find that, in justification of her refusal to abandon the leased Kwantung district, Japan should have pointed to the fact that that district was a part of Manchuria "where, by reason of its close propinquity to Japan's territory more than anything else, she has vital interests in that which relates to her economic life and national safety."

Furthermore, at the twentieth meeting of the Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions the Japanese delegation submitted a formal statement in which it called attention to the richness of China's natural resources; expressed the hope that China would grant to foreigners, as far as possible, the opportunity of coöperation in the development and utilization of those resources; and said that it would be gratified to receive from China a spontaneous declaration as to her future policy in this regard.

It is to be hoped that, in these statements, there was not intended to be implied any right upon the part of Japan to claim that anything more than friendly persuasion can be applied to China in order that the Japanese people may obtain an assured and adequate supply of the foodstuffs and raw materials which they may deem to be necessary to their economic existence.

Replying to this request for a "spontaneous" statement, it will be remembered that, on February 2, Mr. Sze, speaking in behalf of the Chinese delegation, said that China's natural re-

sources were already accessible to all under the normal operation of the economic law of supply and demand. "Consistent with the vital interests of the Chinese nation and the security of its economic life," he said, "China will continue, on her own accord, to invite the coöperation of foreign capital and skill in the development of her natural resources."

It is universally recognized that a country has the first claim upon the natural resources of its own soil, and may rightfully exploit or conserve them in accordance with the economic needs of its own people, whose needs rightfully take precedence of the needs of other peoples. As for Manchuria and Mongolia, the Chinese Government can, without difficulty, demonstrate that their forests, lands, and sub-surface treasures will be urgently needed by the Chinese themselves, and this too within the very near future. For some years now, Manchuria and Mongolia have furnished outlets for the surplus populations of other of China's provinces, and, with the rapidly increasing industrialization of China, it is certain that the coal and minerals of the Mongolian and Manchurian mines will be needed for home use or manufacturing. As Dr. Koo said, in answer to the Japanese statement which has been earlier quoted: "It is clear that China has such truly vital interests in Manchuria that the interests of any foreign Power therein, however important they may be in themselves, cannot compare with them. The fact of close propinquity of Manchuria to Korea, if it justifies any claim to consideration, can be equitably appealed to only on the condition of reciprocity"—that is, one that would give to the Chinese in Korea the same privileges as might be claimed by the Japanese in Manchuria.

The foregoing discussion furnishes an introduction to a thesis maintained by the late Premier Hara in the paper to which earlier reference has been made. This thesis, while not a new one, gains additional interest and importance when accepted and urged for world adoption by such a distinguished statesman. (Mr. Hara's paper entitled *Reflections on Lasting Peace* was published in *The Tokyo Diplomatic Review* of September 15, 1921; and republished in English translation in *The Living Age* of January 7, 1922.) He says that if one starts with the proposition

that no nation has a right to compel another nation to commit suicide—

> It follows that it is the great duty of every government today to open wide its economic doors, and to extend to all peoples free access to what is vital to existence, and thus to save the more unfortunate from unnatural misery and discrimination. . . . The "open door" and the abolition of world barriers must be our policy, as it is the first principle of a lasting peace. We Japanese in particular are suffering from the increasing difficulty of living, attributable to our ever waxing population and our ever waning resources. Were any people to reach a point where their entire energy was inevitably devoted to earning a bare subsistence, and no energy was left them for attaining higher spiritual and cultural ideals, that people would indeed be facing a mighty dark future. We tremble to think that our people are often threatened with uncertainty as to even the necessaries of life. Their condition ought to be remedied and greater freedom be given the Japanese, if the world expects her to be the keystone to the arch of peace of the Far East, and a faithful supporter of the welfare of the world. Thus, even a single example shows beyond a doubt the absolute dependence of lasting peace upon the "open door". By "open door" I do not mean a complete throwing down of national boundary stones. What I have in mind is the removal of the economic insecurity of some peoples by extending to them the opportunity for free access to the world's resources, eliminating other artificial economic barriers, and adjusting as much as possible the inequality arising from the earlier discriminations of nature and of history.

Here we have frankly applied to nations that same principle with regard to the distribution of so-called "gifts of nature" which certain economists or sociologists have sought to have adopted as between individual human beings. Its international adoption would of course mean the abrogation of all tariff barriers, of all restraints upon immigration and emigration, and the repeal of all laws imposing limitations upon aliens with regard to land-holding, to ownership and operation of mines or ships, or to any other economic activities or enterprises.

This occasion does not offer an opportunity to discuss the abstract or inherent justice of this Communistic principle, whether as applied to nations or to individuals. It is sufficient for our purposes to say that the chance that it will be adopted by the nations of the world is so remote as to take it out of the realm of practical politics. If, then, this be admitted, in what position is Japan left? Premier Hara implies that, unless Japan is allowed

to share in the resources of other nations—and he evidently has China especially in mind—Japan cannot be counted upon to aid in the maintenance of peace. From his statements the conclusion seems to follow that if China should refuse to make her natural assets sufficiently available to Japan, that would be equivalent to a demand upon China's part that Japan should commit national suicide, or at least that she should acquiesce in a life for her people that would be one only of bare existence.

Should Japan attempt to claim in China or elsewhere rights of trade or of economic exploitation based upon her economic necessities, there are two countervailing arguments that China or any other Power concerned may adduce.

In the first place it may be said that the misfortunes or needs of one State give to it no ethical or moral right to violate the rights of another State, any more than they justify, in private law, the seizure by one individual of another individual's property. The doctrine that to desire or to need a thing is sufficient to authorize a State to take by force the objects desired or needed was of course Germany's doctrine when it declared that it had a right to gain for itself a place in the sun. It is scarcely to be conceived that, when this is seen to be its essential character, Japan will wish to advocate or practice the doctrine.

In the second place, it can of course be shown that this is not Japan's only alternative. As other industrialized countries have done, she can dispose in the open market of her manufactured products, and, in return, purchase, in free competition with the other peoples, the foodstuffs and raw materials which her subjects may need. This process will be limited only by the ability of the Japanese to develop an efficient economic and industrial machinery and an adequately trained body of workers. Surely, should she find herself unable to do this to an extent that will enable her to compete with the workmen of other countries, she cannot thereupon claim special rights of economic or political exploitation outside of her own borders.

In truth, if the processes which have operated in other parts of the world operate also in Japan as we may expect they will, it will be found that her population will accommodate itself in the matter of numbers to the standards of living that prevail in

Japan. That is to say, the standard of economic comfort being given, the population by a process of natural increase or decrease will be determined by the available supply of economic goods. Japan, therefore, need not necessarily look forward to a time pictured by Premier Hara, when her people will be obliged to devote themselves exclusively to maintaining a bare existence without opportunities for culture and the enjoyment of what are termed the luxuries of life. If her people become educated to a higher standard of life, the birth rate will decrease until these standards become maintainable. This may mean that Japan cannot look forward to as large a population as her political ambitions may seem to make desirable, but surely this will not be employed as an argument in defense of an aggressive foreign policy.

In result, then, if we squarely face the present political situation in the Far East, it is seen that it is still one that needs to be carefully watched. If China has within herself recuperative powers, so that, within a reasonable time, she will be able to establish an efficient national Government, and if Japan loyally abides by the undertakings into which she entered in the Washington conference, one may look forward to an increasingly satisfactory condition of affairs in the Far East. But if either or both of these desiderata are not realized, the abilities of the Western Powers will be taxed to maintain peace and mutual accord. Japan continues in possession of interests, and in the exercise of alleged rights, in Manchuria which, if she were without scruples, would enable her to dominate that vast and rich area.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY.

CERTAIN BELGIAN PERSONALITIES

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

"Hey, Bill, is that Amsterdam coming in?" "No, it's Paris 4-40 going out!" shouted a couple of porters one to the other as our motor car drew up before the last building in a strange street of that very strange town which is the airplane village at Croydon, just outside London. Along both sides of this street stretch large houses of light blue, yellow, pink, brown, dark blue, etc., each the headquarters of one of the numerous airplane companies running lines from this, the largest airplane centre in the world. A short run out from the heart of London, a ticket bought just as one buys a railway ticket, and you are off by air-liners to most of the capitals on the Continent. Besides these regular liners, there are also air-taxis waiting to take you to any place you may indicate. It was only a few years ago that we read with supercilious amusement Kipling's fantastic stories of the distant future when there would be an airway station dispatching and receiving airships; and now it actually exists!

Through the doorway at which our taxicab halts come other voices. "Have you any spirits or tobacco to declare?" Evidently a customhouse inspector is at work; and, surely enough, when we enter, there stands a row of passengers from a newly arrived airplane, opening their bags for his inspection just as if they had landed from a common everyday boat or train, instead of having descended from the clouds overhead. And with what precision these bird vessels alight—swooping down, and running along the earth until their landing wheels come right up to the edge of the gravel path before the customhouse, not within a few yards or even feet, but within a few inches of it. All sorts and conditions of air vessels are here—a great yellow twenty-seater, with two huge propellers in front, alongside a small blue two-seater; and so they vary all down the long row. It is difficult to decide which has the more fascinating interest, the deft

guidance of those arriving, or the soaring flight of the departing craft. But now the time has come for our departure. "All aboard for Brussels!" and if it be our first experience, there is no denying that it gives one a sensation. The porters pick up the bags, we walk over and climb the steps into the comfortable little cabin, the door is shut, and it is too late to draw back! The day after my own first trip I felt rather amused at the sensation the starting had caused me, for once the experience was over it fell back into the commonplace. Five days later the plane that had carried me so comfortably fell into the Channel and all hands were drowned!

The door of the cabin is shut, a few sharp commands outside, the roar of the propeller, and we are off on our two hour and a quarter trip to Belgium. If you expect any sensation of rising you will be disappointed. Instead, the earth seems slowly to sink below you, while you remain stationary except for slight lurches now and again, such as one experiences when an automobile swings round a corner. The landscape dropping lower and lower looks exactly what newspaper pictures have taught one to expect. The roads are winding white ribbons, but a railway line is not so easy to follow, for here the ribbon is dirty. When the Channel is reached you are surprised to find that it looks more like a wide river than the broad stretch of water that makes so many bad sailors unhappy for a dreadful hour and a half. Up aloft we sweep comfortably across in less than fifteen minutes. One soon becomes accustomed to the great noise of the propellers, but are reminded that it exists when we try to shout to our neighbour. How deafening is this noise comes home to us on arrival at our destination, for after the power is shut off we circle around and with a slight jar touch and run along the earth to a full stop, and can hear nothing at all. It will be several minutes before this deafness wears off.

It is most appropriate that we should have arrived by air, for no governmental Chief in the world has taken such active interest in the practical development of flying as has the King of the Belgians. Do not imagine that it is merely a favourite sport of King Albert—far from it. He uses his airplane solely to enable him to economize his sorely taxed offical time. When in 1921 he was returning from Morocco he did the journey by airplane

relays, and the time saved in the last one from Paris to Brussels, flown in his own airplane, enabled him to advance by a whole day an important Cabinet meeting. Also he sees great commercial advantages ahead if flying can be made popular. Just as his great-grandfather, King Louis Philippe of France, rode in railway trains when it took courage to do so, in order to demonstrate to the public the practicability of railways, so King Albert uses his airplane for necessary travel to give a similar example. Furthermore, there is another reason, especially Belgian, for the King to make this practical use of airplanes, and it has to do with something of the highest importance to Belgium's future—the Belgian Congo. Here is a vast virgin territory stretching far and wide into the heart of Africa, possessing an undeveloped wealth of raw products that today defies computation. Its possibilities are better known to the King than to most Belgians, because he traveled there extensively before he came to the throne. If the Belgian Congo is to be developed by no other means than the slow transportation of river steamers, or must await the construction of extensive railways in a difficult country, then a delay of decades must be faced. On the other hand, if the use of airplanes can be made popular, then Belgium will soon be gaining large national dividends upon an asset secured to her people by the sagacious foresight of King Leopold II. Therefore, King Albert's interest in flying should prove a businesslike example exceedingly useful in opening up with the least delay the opportunities of the Congo for serious commercial exploitation. Already the Belgians have linked together its principal points by wireless, so that a message will reach a town even up by distant Lake Tanganyika the same day it is sent from Brussels. And already, thanks to the King's enterprising example, the untutored savage in those distant wilds is beginning to see the great birds of commerce flying over his astounded head. An amusing tale is told of one native who insisted to a European traveler that there were male and female airplanes. "But how can you tell which is which?" "They generally fly in couples, and you can tell that the one in front is the male because he settles down first to select a good landing place for his mate."

No, it is not as sportsman that the King uses his airplane for

traveling, but as a far-seeing practical-minded monarch, with vast colonial possessions abroad, needing development for the good of his people.

As a matter of fact, King Albert is a sportsman with a favourite sport to which he is much devoted, and that is mountain climbing. Even among accomplished Alpinists his mountain ascents are held in high respect, and his steady head and true beating heart, trained on mountain peaks, serve him well in an airplane.

For nearly thirty years, King Albert has been a devotee of this strenuous and hazardous sport. What most impresses his Alpine guides is that he requires little or no training for these feats of endurance, and if the weather permits insists upon making ascents day after day, with none of the customary days of rest between. In 1920, with only five days at his disposal between his arrival from and his departure for Brussels, he ascended the Grépon, the crossing of the two Dru, and the Monk's Needle. His list of hazardous ascents, some of them made in bad weather, is too long to print here. They include all the more difficult of the practicable peaks both in the Engadine and Tyrol, and have earned him such a reputation as an ardent and intrepid Alpinist as to elect him an Honorary Member of the British Alpine Club.

Our object in visiting Belgium is to study her leading personalities—her output of statesmen. Where else were there surpassed in their widely differing spheres King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, or Burgomeister Max, or a woman braver under fire or more unremitting in such womanly tasks as nursing than the Queen? And the Belgian people, too, men, women, and children —their stubborn endurance during the black years of the war was more than heroic. Who shall say if there be not something in Belgium's atmosphere that develops heroes, something tonic to foreigners as well as to natives? For we must remember the gallant conduct of our own Minister, Brand Whitlock, and his Spanish colleague, the Marquis of Villalobar. Is it not fair to give Belgium some of the credit for their admirable behaviour in those days of stress and strain?

To facilitate our study of Belgium's representative personalities, let us time our visit so as to see her capital *en fête* to

receive the King and Queen of Spain. They are to arrive at 11 a.m. Punctually at 11 the first gun of the royal salute booms out to announce that the train is drawing into the Gare du Nord. After a greeting by the Belgian sovereigns, the four royalties with their immediate suites enter five State carriages, each drawn by four horses guided by gorgeous red and gold postilions, with two equally gaudy footmen behind. The troops lining the streets leading to the Palace come smartly to attention, and the glittering cortêge sets off upon its way between cheering crowds. Whenever the leading carriage comes abreast of a regimental flag, the King of Spain, attired as a Spanish General, rises and salutes the colours. He is a good sized man, but even at that the Belgian King overtops him. In the second carriage the Belgian Queen is similarly overtopped by Queen Victoria of Spain. On dash the State carriages and their clattering cavalry escort, the cheering grows fainter, the crowds dwindle away, and there remain only the gay Spanish and Belgian flags adorning the house fronts to show that the royal Spaniards have just passed that way.

So different, one from the other, were those four royalties as to cause constant comment during the next few days. Both the Kings are fine upstanding men, yet their types physically are antipodean; one is a tall, vigorous mountain climber and the other a lithe, dashing polo player. And it is good snappy polo that King Alfonso plays, as all of us can testify who saw him at Deauville last summer, whither he came to indulge in his favourite sport, playing as the Duke of Toledo on the Madrid team. Incidentally, they took home with them three handsome sets of cups, won by hard riding and straight hitting from first class polo competitors. Both these Kings are intensely popular with their subjects. It is a widely accepted saying that if Spain became a republic tomorrow, King Alfonso would be elected its first President. This would be equally true of King Albert in Belgium. And the two Queens—here was even a greater contrast than between the two Kings. Queen Victoria, a tall, strikingly handsome blonde, stately of figure and carriage, and gracious of manner; Queen Elizabeth, slender and petite, with markedly intelligent eyes and of a rarely attractive feminity.

This official visit happened to coincide in time with two serious

happenings in Belgium's affairs, *viz.*, the receipt of Germany's reparations offer and preparation of the reply, and a threatened general strike by the employees of the State railways, for in Belgium all are government-owned. At the head of the constitutional Government is a Prime Minister peculiarly well equipped to deal with so considerable a financial problem as German reparations, George Theunis, a trained banker. He laughingly insists that this is his only qualification for that high office, alleging that he possesses no political preparation. The observer comes to an entirely different conclusion. Mr. Theunis had to be much in evidence during these crowded few days of the Spanish visit, and though he was always calm and pleasant of aspect, it was easy to see that he grudged the time taken from official business piling up in his office. Any man who could dispatch the volume of urgent affairs then imminent, and yet imperturbably represent in public his high office, does not need many lessons in practical politics. Both he and his able coadjutor, Henri Jaspar, Minister for Foreign Affairs, seem perfectly to realize the value of America's telephone slogan: "The voice with the smile wins." Though both are unusually agreeable men, each has a steel skeleton. It seems entirely natural thus to couple their names and speak of them in the same sentences, for they are more than political friends. Indeed, it is delightful to hear the affectionate terms in which they speak of each other. Two summers ago I had the privilege of meeting and conversing with fourteen Prime Ministers of Europe in their respective capitals, but nowhere did I find such perfect harmony between Cabinet officials as clearly exists between Mr. Theunis and Mr. Jaspar. Both are men of solid build and of short stature, but otherwise they are strikingly dissimilar. Mr. Theunis is rather bald, which is perhaps a good thing, for it displays the unusual development of his head, especially for industry and capacity. Mr. Jaspar's shock of snow white hair and his fresh pink skin would make his fortune as the head of some great curative institution. His sense of humour, too, is a distinct asset for a man shouldering the burdens of international disarray that now confront Belgium, like every other European country. Mr. Jaspar is the brisker and more active of these two men. It needs only

a glance at his bright eyes to understand the reputation he has enjoyed ever since the Versailles matching of Europe's best minds —a reputation for being a prompt finder of harmonizing expedients in a diplomatic *impasse*.

One of the most interesting and significant episodes of this royal visit was the display in front of the Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place (that most impressive of all European squares) of the massed banners of all of Belgium's Trade Guilds. Some were ancient, strange and tattered, a few weirdly quaint, many modern and gaudy in their fresh coloring. But what a meaning was woven into those waving banners! What ages of close-knit comradeship between men of the same trade, what struggles for their privileges as workmen, and what patriotic resistance for country against outside oppression! Their assembling in this historic spot meant a greeting to Spain from Belgium's backbone —the framework of the nation, whose prosperity spells the welfare of the whole structure. This fête belonged by rights to them and to the City Fathers, and over them all rightfully presided Burgomeister Max. He is one of Europe's greatest bourgeois, sturdily representative of a class of citizenry that is naturally most offensive to Bolshevists, because the bourgeoisie of every country is its greatest bulwark against the Soviet despotism that is ruining Russia. Of Burgomeister Max's resolute bearing during the German occupation of his city it is not necessary to speak here; every American child knows the story. It certainly was delightful to see how his people respect and admire him, and how naturally he dominated that great assembly of the Belgian Arts and Crafts in their greeting of the Spanish sovereigns. Nor would these sturdy Belgians let slip so apt a moment for glorifying their own beloved Fatherland; the culminating moment of the whole spectacle was reached when, the Guild banners having been massed into two great rectangles, there was marched into the central space the historic national flag of 1830, birthdate of modern Belgium. As the colour guard proudly swung into position facing the four sovereigns up in their box on the Hôtel de Ville façade, trumpets blew, carillons rung out, and the whole Place went mad with patriotic emotion. Up leapt the ancient banners, as shout after shout greeted the playing of the national

anthem. Even we foreign onlookers were swept off our feet by these waves of popular enthusiasm, and cheered as wildly as our neighbours.

The *dîner de gala* given at the Palace in honour of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria afforded an unintended background for an episode entirely characteristic of King Albert. After graceful toasts had been changed between the two monarchs and the guests had left the brilliant dining room for the long salon that adjoins it, a few of the men guests were honoured in turn by a chat with His Majesty. Much the longest of these conversations was with the Minister of Railways, and as the city buzzed with rumors of an impending railway strike, this was surely a talk of some moment. Besides, the face of the Minister showed it. The King's countenance, however, although expressing serious concern, chiefly spoke the perfect balance of a man thoroughly conversant with the subject under discussion, and inspired by a conscientious wish to take steps fair to all concerned. But there was no worry, as there was on the face of the Minister. And so it is always with this King, known for his industry in preparing himself upon all public questions, and for his painstaking care lest decisions be hasty.

Throughout all the incidents that together make up such a great State function, there was always a frank simplicity in every detail. Dignity was conserved, but friendliness was not banished. For example, before moving out to dinner, the guests, ranged in rank by the Grand Marshal of the Court, passed one after another into the room where stood the four sovereigns, and were each in turn announced as presented. But note this fact: to each guest the sovereigns extended a hand, just as guests are treated at the White House in Washington.

As for the Queen, our own excellent Brand Whitlock, a keen observer, expressed the opinion that she utterly lacked physical fear, and told how more than once she had to be literally forced to retire from a point endangered by enemy fire. Vicomte d'Harcourt of Paris has a pleasant tale of his visit to their majesties in 1917 at La Panne, just across the French frontier in Belgium. They were living in a modest little house, for they refused during the war to be lodged better than the humblest lieutenant of their

armies. The conversation was interrupted by a burst of machine gun fire. The Queen hastily led the way out of doors to learn the cause of the firing. Flying towards the cottage was a squadron of five German battle-planes, grim death birds, making for Dunkirk, and the Belgian artillerymen had opened fire on them. The King and Queen, instead of taking shelter, remained calmly looking up at them until they had passed overhead and on their way. And this is the same Queen of whom the shopkeepers say in Brussels that when any particularly pretty order of lace is being sent abroad it is customary first to take it to the Palace for her to see. Also, the smart Paris dressmakers insist that of all their clients the Queen of the Belgians is the most dainty in her requirements. Compare these statements with another war tale, from a leading Socialist statesman of Belgium who, by the way, carries on his shoulders a strikingly handsome head. Because of his years, a part of his war work was the charge of a refuge where war orphans were collected. One day when he was temporarily absent the Queen visited the orphanage. Learning upon his return of her visit, he set off in his ramshackle little motor to overtake the royal party and thank Her Majesty for the honour done his refuge. He trundled down the road and presently came in sight of a trim little figure in Red Cross nurse's uniform, swinging along all alone, and to his surprise found it was the Queen hastening back to the hospital where she was serving as a nurse! Socialist though he be, this distinguished statesman has a deep respect for the sort of royalty that flourishes in Belgium.

Madame Herbette, wife of the French Ambassador in Brussels, speaking one day of a small luncheon party at the Palace, said that when the conversation turned upon Egypt, which the Queen had visited, she talked with so much real learning on the subject that one would have thought her a trained Egyptologist. And here is yet another facet of her many-sided character. Her father, a Prince of the royal house of Wittelsbach, was an excellent surgeon, and as she was a favourite daughter, he taught her much of that science. The interest she took in it naturally proved of the utmost value later during her Red Cross work. It seems almost surplusage to add that Her Majesty is also an accomplished musician, playing the violin with great skill.

One could not help noticing that at all public functions during the Spanish stay in Brussels, always the Queen was to be seen engaged in friendly chat with that great churchman and greater world citizen, Cardinal Mercier. He went through his hour of trial without scar or smudge, and today nothing in the sweetness of his expression shows any trace of the trial. A charming group they made, too, the tall, stooping, kind faced prelate in his gorgeously coloured robe and cap, and the dainty little Queen, earnestly conversing together.

To be privileged to visit Cardinal Mercier in the Archbishop's Palace at Malines is in itself a benediction. He loves to speak of his visit to the United States, and his surprise at the warmth of his reception there is really touching. "But they did not even wait to know me!" he exclaims. Just as if we had not already known him through and through, before ever he came to us! He is reluctant to speak of the trials of the war, but his secretary showed us where a German shell came through the roof of the Palace into a large room full of wounded.

Undoubtedly the most pregnantly significant fact in connection with this picturesque visit of Spanish royalty to Belgium was not the importance given to the Guilds' reception in the Hôtel de Ville and the Grande Place outside, not the simplicity of the elegance characterizing all official entertainments at the Palace. No, but it was the entire absence of any grand review of troops always expected on such state occasions. Not only was there no such militaristic display, but the time which in the old days would naturally have been devoted to it was used by King Albert to show his Spanish guest the great iron works of Charleroi (which have been recreated since the war) and the arrangements for handling shipping in the port of Antwerp. Americans are interested to learn what steps Europe is taking to demilitarize herself, and that fact is an answer from Belgium.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

TEN YEARS' WORK FOR CHILDREN

BY GRACE ABBOTT

Chief of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor

THE Children's Bureau began work during the summer of 1912, so that a ten year period includes practically its entire history. For six years before the Bureau was created the need for such an organization in the National Government was discussed both in and out of Congress. It was urged by groups of people who were professional workers in the various fields of child care and by other large groups of women and smaller groups of men who were interested in community aspects of child care. The professional workers hoped that the trial and error method in the care of children could be abandoned and that, if a central agency was created which would make the really valuable experience of each available to all and would undertake on a national scale much needed scientific research in the whole field of child care, unnecessary experimenting with children could be avoided.

In order that specialized pieces of work should have their proper setting in the whole programme for children, it was considered important to give to the Bureau consideration of all the problems of childhood. Although certain information was at that time being obtained in a number of departments and bureaus in the Government, it was not known or really available even to professional workers in the field. While it was anticipated that the Bureau would be helpful to these professional agencies much more than that was desired. As one advocate pointed out, its very name should convey to the average man and woman what it was and the service it was prepared to render. The success in their respective fields of the various bureaus in the Department of Agriculture and of the Bureau of Mines in the Department of the Interior was cited as illustrative of what it was hoped could be done by a Government bureau in the field of child welfare.

After the so-called White House Conference on the Care of Dependent Children, President Roosevelt and his successor, President Taft, both recommended to Congress the establishment of a Children's Bureau which would assemble and publish the facts with reference to the whole field of child welfare. The law creating the Bureau was finally passed in 1912. Under its terms the Bureau is directed to investigate and report upon "all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life among all classes of our people"; "infant mortality, the birth rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children, employment, legislation affecting children in the several States and Territories" are especially named.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop, the first Chief of the Bureau, had before her the difficult task of making a beginning in this vast field of social research, which would establish respect for the scientific quality of the work of the Bureau, and at the same time make the conclusions reached available to the individual. Although in the decade that has passed similar bureaus have been created in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Russia, Poland, and Jugoslavia, the United States Children's Bureau was the first public agency directed to consider as a whole the problems of childhood, so that Miss Lathrop was breaking new ground. She had an appropriation of $25,640. On this amount she made a beginning which established at once the scientific character of the Bureau's work and its popular value.

In her first annual report, Miss Lathrop pointed out that it is the "final purpose of the Bureau to serve all children, to try to work out the standards of care and protection which shall give to every child his fair chance in the world". This meant that, in addition to consideration of the problems of the various agencies that specialized in the care of those unfortunate groups of children which are found in every community,—the neglected, dependent, delinquent, and defective,—there must be a working relationship with the child-caring agencies and also with the great groups of people in the country who are concerned with the community problems of child care, and the still larger numbers of individual parents who are asking for help in the problems connected with their own children.

The subject of infant mortality was selected for the Bureau's initial inquiry, because it was of fundamental social importance and of popular interest, and could be made in small units and the conclusions given to the public as each unit was completed. It was determined that this inquiry should reverse the usual method of studying infant mortality from the death records; that it should begin with birth records and follow each child through the first year of his life, or such part of the first year as he lived. A schedule was prepared for this inquiry which would give a picture of the social, civic, and industrial conditions of the families studied, together with a careful history of the baby's growth with special attention to feeding. As the questions were necessarily intimate and difficult, only women agents were employed in securing the replies. The first study was made in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and subsequently in nine other industrial towns and cities including Baltimore, Maryland, and Gary, Indiana. Studies of the care available to mothers and infants in typical rural communities of twelve States of the South, Middle West, and West were also made.

The coincidence of a high infant mortality rate with low earnings, poor housing, the employment of the mother outside the home, and large families, was indicated in all these studies. They all showed that there is great variation in the infant mortality rates, not only in different parts of the United States, but in different parts of the same State and the same city, town, or rural district. These differences were found to be caused by different population elements, widely varying social and economic conditions, and differences in appreciation of good prenatal and infant care and the facilities available for such care.

Evidence of the methods used in successful efforts to reduce infant mortality was also assembled. The instruction of mothers through infant-welfare centers, public-health nurses, and popular bulletins as to the proper care of children, the value of breast-feeding, the importance of consulting a doctor upon the first evidence of disease, everywhere brought substantial decreases in deaths.

Along with these first studies of infant mortality, popular bulletins on prenatal care, infant care, and child care were pub-

lished. Popular bulletins on other subjects have also been published from time to time, but these three were not only immediately useful but the demand for them has increased each year. Since July 1, 1922, more than 600,000 of these bulletins were distributed, although many requests cannot be filled.

In the period from 1915 to 1921, there was a substantial reduction in the infant mortality rate in the birth registration area of the United States, but five nations still had lower rates than the American. A study of vital statistics showed that little progress was being made in reducing the deaths in early infancy, including deaths caused by premature birth, congenital debility, and injuries at birth, which have maternal causes. Consideration of infant mortality therefore inevitably led to the question of the care mothers are receiving before, during, and after childbirth. Unfortunately, the maternal death rate in the United States has increased rather than decreased, so that the American rate for 1920 is the highest among all the nations for which recent statistics are available. With an annual loss of approximately 200,000 babies and 20,000 mothers, the need of extending on a national scale the successful local efforts to provide better care for mothers and infants was obviously necessary.

In her annual report for 1917, Miss Lathrop called attention to the method of coöperation between the national and local government adopted by Great Britain in the so-called grants-in-aid for maternity and infant welfare work, and suggested that the United States should use the well-established principle of Federal aid as a basis of national and State coöperation in reducing the unnecessarily high death rate among mothers and babies in the United States. The Sheppard-Towner Act for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy, which became a law on November 23, 1921, is in all essentials the same as the plan for the "public protection of maternity and infancy" submitted by Miss Lathrop in 1917. This act authorizes an annual appropriation of $1,240,000 for a five-year period, of which not to exceed $50,000 may be expended by the Children's Bureau for administrative purposes and for the investigation of maternal and infant mortality, the balance to be divided among the States accepting the act as follows: $5,000 unmatched to each State,

and an additional $5,000 to each State if matched; the balance to be allotted among the several States on the basis of population, and granted if matched.

The act intends that the plan of work shall originate in the State and be carried out by the State. A Federal Board of Maternity and Infant Hygiene, composed of the Chief of the Children's Bureau, the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, and the United States Commissioner of Education, may approve or disapprove State plans, but the act provides that the plans must be approved by the Federal Board if "reasonably appropriate and adequate to carry out its purposes". Forty States have by legislative action accepted the terms of the act—all except Maine[1], Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Illinois[2], Kansas[2], and Louisiana.

With this very general approval of the measure, there was also some opposition. Suits were brought by the State of Massachusetts[3], and by a taxpayer[4] to test the constitutionality of the measure. A decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court in June, 1923, to which there was not a dissenting vote, has ended this controversy, so the work can be pushed without danger of its suddenly coming to an end on the ground of its unconstitutionality.

The plans under which the States are operating under this act vary greatly, but everywhere, as a result of the widespread discussion of the whole question of maternity and child care and of the measures initiated in the States, real progress is being made. The national administration of the act is immediately in charge of the Maternity and Infancy Division of the Children's Bureau, of which Dr. Anne E. Rude is Director.

In addition to this Division, the Bureau has a Child Hygiene Division, an Industrial Division, and a Division of Social Service, whose field of research includes the children in need of special care, the dependent, neglected, and delinquent children, a Statistical Division which is in charge of the statistical work of the

[1] Accepted by the Legislature, vetoed by the Governor.
[2] Accepted by the Senate; did not come to a vote in the House.
[3] Mass. *vs.* Mellon *et al.*
[4] Frothingham *vs.* Mellon *et al.*

Bureau, and also makes investigations which are primarily statistical, an Editorial Division, and the beginnings of a Recreation Division.

It is not possible to enumerate all the work done by these divisions, but some examples will indicate the type of studies that have been made in these four or five categories. In addition to its investigations of infant mortality in selected areas in the United States, the Bureau has investigated the health problems of children of pre-school age, their physical status, mental habits, nutrition, and community methods used for improving the care of these young children. The methods of child care in New Zealand which has the enviable record of the lowest infant mortality rate, have been investigated. The laws relating to child labour, juvenile courts, mothers' pensions, children born out of wedlock, sex offenses against children, have been analyzed and published in tabular form; those on importation and exportation of children and adoption will appear shortly. In the field of child labour, the most important studies include the industrial home work of children, child labour and the work of mothers in oyster and shrimp canning communities on the Gulf Coast, and child labour in an anthracite coal community. A series of studies of rural child labour, particularly with reference to its effect on school attendance, is now being published. In this series, work in the sugar beet field, at cotton picking, in the truck gardens of the East, in the corn and wheat belt, and in hop picking on the Pacific Coast, will be included. A report on vocational guidance and another on children in street trades will shortly be issued.

Studies of juvenile delinquency and juvenile courts, of illegitimacy as a problem in child welfare, of the methods of administering so-called mothers' pensions laws, and of the care of dependent children, have also been published. Most of these are schedule studies of individual children, but some are analyses of methods used in various communities by experts in their respective fields.

The Children's Bureau has had the responsibility for one piece of administrative work in addition to the administration of the Maternity and Infancy Act to which reference has already been

made. This was the first Federal Child Labor Law, passed in 1916, ten years after it was first introduced in Congress.[1]

The standards established by this act were not as high as those of a few States; they were substantially the same as those in a larger number of States, but were considerably higher than the standards fixed in a third group of States. While this was a new type of Federal legislation, the experience of the Bureau of Chemistry in administering the Pure Food and Drug Act, and a series of studies of the administration of State child labor laws which had been made by the Children's Bureau, furnished helpful analogies based on both national and State experience.

The Bureau laid its plans on the theory that the full value of this national minimum for the protection of children which the act established, would never be realized except through a genuine working relationship between Federal and State officials. The resources of both were inadequate for the task before them. It was, of course, important that needless Federal machinery should be avoided, and that, so far as such machinery was established, it should so function as to strengthen respect for the State as well as the Federal laws.

With this in view, a conference of State officials was called during the summer before the act went into effect, so that the Bureau might have the benefit of the advice of State officials before the rules and regulations as to certificates of age were adopted, and of a detailed discussion of the other common problems of State and Federal officers.

At this conference, the State commissioners and chief factory inspectors voted that they desired to have formal recognition by the Federal Government, and, in accordance with their vote, all State officers charged by statute with the enforcement of a State child labour law, were commissioned to assist in the enforcement of the Federal act. In commissioning them, attention was

[1] This Act prohibited the shipment in interstate or foreign commerce of the products of (1) a mine or quarry in which, within 30 days prior to the removal of said products therefrom, children under 16 years of age had been employed or permitted to work; and (2) of a mill, cannery, factory, workshop, or manufacturing establishment in which, within 30 days prior to the removal of the products therefrom, children under 14 years of age had been employed, or children between 14 and 16 years of age had been employed, or permitted to work more than eight hours a day, or six days a week, or before 6 a. m., or after 7 p. m. It became effective September 1, 1917.

called to the fact that inspections would be made by the Children's Bureau in any State, either upon its own initiative, upon complaints of violations, or upon the request of State officials.

The help given by the State officials in the enforcement of the Federal act was substantial. It began in some States before the law went into effect, with an educational campaign to acquaint employers and parents with the provisions of the act. In a number of States in which children between 14 and 16 years of age were allowed, under the State law, to work more than eight hours a day, State inspectors checked time records in the course of their regular inspections to see whether the Federal eight-hour standard was being violated, and called the attention of the employers to the fact that their products could not be shipped in interstate or foreign commerce if the Federal eight-hour standard was not observed.

The act itself provided a basis for coöperation between the Federal and State Governments in that it was possible to accept for the purposes of the Federal Act the certificates of age or work permits issued under State authority. State experience had demonstrated that it is possible to enforce a child labour law only if no child is employed without a certificate and if no certificate is issued except on reliable evidence that the child is of the legal working age. The question of what State certificates should be accepted therefore was a very important one in the administration of the act. Having adopted what it regarded as the necessary standards for a good certificate system, the laws and administrative practices of the several States were carefully studied.

It was found possible to accept the State certificates for the purposes of the Federal Act in practically all the industrial States. It was, however, found necessary to issue Federal certificates in North Carolina,[1] South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, and, at the time the act was declared unconstitutional, arrangements were made for issuance in Virginia.[1]

To an inspector of the Children's Bureau was assigned the special duty of coöperating with State officials, and joint inspections with State inspectors were tried in a number of localities.

[1] Laws making possible great improvement in State standards have since been enacted in North Carolina and Virginia.

These were useful in acquainting Federal and State inspectors with the methods followed by each, and in impressing parents and employers with the fact that Federal and State officials were working together. It was felt, however, that if long continued, joint inspections would be wasteful, as the time of two sets of inspectors was consumed for work which could be done by one. A regular exchange of information was probably what each needed from the other, and with this end in view, arrangements were made by the Children's Bureau to send to the child labour inspection departments of the States a summary of the findings of the Bureau inspectors in their own jurisdiction, as well as all rulings and other information with reference to the act which might be published by the Bureau from time to time.

When the Supreme Court handed down its decision in June, 1918, that the law was unconstitutional, it had been in effect nine months. It is believed, however, that the nine months' experiment demonstrated that the plan adopted, of reënforcing with Federal support, wherever possible, the local administrative machinery while at the same time leaving with the central office final responsibility for the enforcement of the Federal law, was a practical one.

In the course of the inspections and issuance of work permits, much material of general social interest was discovered which demonstrated the vicious circle of child labour, illiteracy, bodily feebleness, and poverty, as almost never before.

Since 1911, following the example of Ohio, one State after another has appointed official child welfare commissions which have usually been charged with the responsibility of codifying existing laws relating to children and of recommending laws and administrative practice which would put the care given the children of the State on a level with that which the children are enjoying in the most favored communities. The Bureau has kept in touch with all these commissions and has assembled much material for their use. Last year, at the request of the North Dakota Children's Code Commission and in coöperation with it, a series of studies were undertaken in that State, which the Commission found useful in preparing its very admirable report to the legislature. Of the twenty-five measures proposed by this com-

mission, modifying and enlarging the work of North Dakota for its children, twenty were adopted by the Legislature.

From time to time, the Bureau has coöperated in the working out of standards in the various fields of child welfare. In 1919, at the Washington Conference which ended Children's Year, a group of American experts drew up a tentative draft of what were agreed upon as "Minimum Standards of Child Welfare". After this draft had been discussed and modified in a series of regional conferences, it was published by the Bureau and has been useful in giving the public what are generally regarded as reasonably attainable ideals at the present time.

Standards of normal development and physical fitness for working children were worked out by a group of doctors who are specialists in industrial medicine, or in charge of examinations of children applying for work permits, and the Bureau staff.

A committee of juvenile court judges and probation officers, appointed at the request of a conference of juvenile courts called by the National Probation Association and the Children's Bureau, has just completed juvenile court standards.

From the beginning, the Bureau has had the coöperation of the great national women's organizations of the country as well as the professional organizations in the field of child care. Several very important pieces of work have been undertaken either in coöperation with the women or at their request. The first piece of work of this sort was a campaign for birth registration.

The annual reports of the Bureau record the progress of this coöperation. In 1914, fifteen hundred club women in seventeen States were reported to be helping. In the report of 1915, the Chief of the Bureau recorded 222 committees formed in twenty-four States. In 1916, this movement was expanded into National Baby Week campaigns, the plans for which were worked out with the General Federation of Women's Clubs with the idea of making the week a period of education and demonstration which would lead to the initiation of permanent health activities. During the year 1916, two hundred and fifty-seven committees were organized in twenty-four States. In 1916 there were 2,083 Baby Weeks celebrated and every State in the Union took part in the movement.

In 1917, the clubs had many permanent results to report. The following year, when the United States was faced with the problems which came with the War, and when, through the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, State and local committees were being organized throughout the country, the Children's Bureau was asked to coöperate in a child welfare programme. It was decided to call the second year of this country's participation in the War "Children's Year", and to set forth a simple national programme of child welfare. Four items were included in the programme: public protection of maternity and infancy; mothers' care for older children; enforcement of all child labour laws and full schooling for all children of school age; and recreation. In order to make the movement educational and at the same time furnish a basis for a practical follow-up programme in child health, it was decided to conduct a weighing and measuring test for children of pre-school age. It was thought that the undertaking could be considered successful if several hundred thousand children were weighed and measured through the interest aroused by the women's committees. But the first edition of 500,000 record cards had to be increased to six million in three months. All but two States finally participated in the Children's Year Programme in connection with which the Council of National Defense estimated that at least 17,000 committees were formed with a total membership of 11,000,000 women. More than 16,500 cities, towns, villages, and rural communities conducted weighing and measuring tests.

As the Children's Bureau was created because of the interest of professional social workers and women's organizations, so its responsibilities or its opportunities for service have been increased from time to time. The most recent widespread activity of the women's organizations has been in connection with the passage of the Maternity and Infancy Act by Congress, and its acceptance by the various States. While it was before Congress, sixteen national women's organizations urged its adoption; in the States, the State-wide women's organizations were represented at legislative committees and were active in securing favourable action by the State legislatures.

It is difficult to summarize the results of the activities of the

Children's Bureau. Since its creation, it has worked side by side with other agencies, public or private, in the promotion of child welfare, and the advancement made has been the result of many forces. Ten years ago, the birth registration area had not been established by the Division of Vital Statistics of the Bureau of the Census, and facts were, in consequence, not available as a basis for community action. Now the birth registration area includes thirty States and the District of Columbia—72.2 per cent of the population. The number of States which have special bureaus or divisions dealing with child health has increased from 1 to 46; forty States have availed themselves of the benefits which the Maternity and Infancy Act of 1921 offers. More than half the States have created commissions to make comprehensive inquiries into all aspects of child welfare, with a view to a recodification of existing laws and such improvements in law and administration as are found to be needed to bring the State's care of its children up to standard. In more than half the States, bureaus or divisions dealing especially with dependent, neglected, or delinquent children have been organized either as independent administrative units or in the State departments of public welfare or charities. The number of States which provide, through so-called mothers' pensions, public aid for dependent children in their own homes, has increased from 2 to 42. There has been an increasing appreciation of the importance of scientific research and good administrative technique in the field of child care; of linking up the State with the local administrative machinery and of including in the field of interest all the children in the community. The medical profession is giving more consideration to the social and economic aspects of child health, and the social workers have learned the importance of a physical diagnosis before determining social treatment. The Children's Bureau does not claim credit for these changes. It can, however, be said that its investigations furnished the facts on which action was frequently based, and through the coöperation of experts in child welfare, public and private child-caring agencies, and women's organizations, the Bureau has been able to focus national attention on some of the most important aspects of child care.

GRACE ABBOTT.

DOUBTS ABOUT HERESY

BY MAX McCONN

THE grand amusement of drawing rooms in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, if we may trust the evidence of contemporary comedy, was scandal. Recall merely Lady Teazle and Congreve's Millamant. In the twentieth century scandal is rather out of fashion—not so much taboo as passé. It is not only or chiefly that we are more charitable than our ancestors, but that we have discovered a more titillating diversion. The recreation of all really smart drawing rooms today is heresy.

Let me not assume a hypocritical tone of superiority: I too have a weakness for heterodoxy. When after dinner some clever person questions a doctrine, derides a custom, or assails an institution which I have never before heard questioned, derided, assailed, my inclination is to hail his sally with enthusiastic delight. My pleasure is, I suspect, akin to that with which Sir Benjamin Backbite and Lady Sneerwell greeted a quite fresh insinuation against some fair one whose character had thitherto escaped detraction. And as Lady Sneerwell and Sir Benjamin did not greatly care whether their insinuation was truth or calumny, so my friends and I are not concerned to consider too narrowly whether we can really accept and endorse this new morsel of radicalism. We take our heresy, as they took their scandal, for its own sake. And of all this, though I may sometimes be a little ashamed, yet on the whole I am inclined to be proud: I am keeping up with the new generation!

And yet—apparently it is no use. These youngsters who have made their debut in drawing rooms within the last ten years are too much for me. They go a step beyond what I can accept even as wit. For these new lads and lasses are not content to subvert dogmas and institutions. They appear to despise also what seem fundamental human virtues. God, marriage, and property (please note the climactic order) I can give over to them; but

when they speak with contempt of courage, kindness, and duty, I draw back. Concealing my displeasure and dismay, I make cautious inquiries. I should like to get this new point of view. Perhaps these things, too, are idols to be tumbled down!

But I find the doctrine perplexing. There are evidently distinctions. As for courage, what I may call daring still stands —the courage of adventure, battle, exploit. Youth can never, I suspect, give that up. But what my generation chiefly praised as courage was something more philosophical: fortitude, endurance—yes, if you like, submission. The acceptance of the human lot, including suffering and death, and going through with it, as we used to say, bravely. More specifically, the maintenance of an inward peace and an outward cheer, and meeting our fellow men and doing our work in the spirit of that peace and cheer, in spite of the tragic futility of man's destiny. "My head is bloody but unbowed"—and all that sort of thing.

As nearly as I can make out, this kind of courage is now regarded by the up-to-date as silly—or perhaps obtuse. The boys and girls seem to think that we old fellows never knew unrest or that we never noticed the facts of misery and mortality. They themselves—poor things—are fairly wild with their restlessness, their rebellion against all the circumstances of life. It is continually on their lips, in their novels and free verse, and, more poignantly, in their eyes. It is undoubtedly the incentive of their somewhat riotous pleasuring and their equally riotous utopianism. But if one talks of "acceptance", of "serenity",— a great word that, in our day,—of "finding peace in one's heart", in short, of any brand of stoicism, Christian, Socratic, Aurelian, or merely Horatian, one but stirs the coals to brighter flame. The thing to do, it appears, is just to go on being restless and blank and desperate, to lament and bewail, to rebel in one's heart and then rebel some more.

And kindness! My generation, too, overthrew certain virtues, or ideals which our fathers accounted such. One of them was reverence, which we denominated superstition. Another was one kind of modesty, which we denounced as prudery. And —heaven forgive me!—I still think we were right, though I am not quite so sure as I used to be. But I think none of us ques-

tioned kindness. To be courteous, considerate, sympathetic, charitable; to spare feelings, to share griefs, to enhearten, and of course, when one could, to relieve suffering—all this we accepted without question as part of our code. Nay, I think that as we turned away—angrily or sadly—from Faith, we were inclined to stress Works if anything more than our elders had done. We were great on practical religion, organized charity, all kinds of amelioration. We even experienced in kindliness a sort of transcendental, cosmic superiority. The heavens were empty, but Man had somehow discovered love and in the practice of it excelled his origin.

Higher than heaven they sit,
  Life and her consort Law;
And One whose countenance lit
  In mine more perfect awe,
Fain had I deemed their peer,
  Beside them throned above:
Ev'n Him who casts out fear,
  Unconquerable Love.
Ah, 'twas on earth alone that I His beauty saw.

But now the code of those who think new thoughts and are to do the world's work for the next forty years is not kindness but hardness. Kindness is weak, sentimental—"slave-morality". If you are a superior person, you put it from you. (Not a difficult thing to do, ye superior ones!) You do not trouble to be courteous, to spare sensibilities. You say what you think (or feel), and say it with a tang. As for a word of cheer—down with Pollyanna! And charity and amelioration are no good; they help to maintain the *status quo*, to postpone—what? The millennium, I judge, when apparently kindness will be quite unnecessary.

And, finally, Duty—

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!

That was not written in our generation, and we had some trouble with "God"; we made private footnotes of interpretation. But I think that nearly all of us thrilled to that line and to the whole of the poem that follows. It was—and remains—a little diffi-

cult to explain what the sanctions and imperatives are for duty or for specific duties. We made much of "enlightened selfishness". But the point is that the word "ought" remained in our vocabularies and we did a good many hard and tedious things because we "ought" to do them. And, looking back, most of us feel that those things were good for us and are glad we did them and hope we may do a few more of the same kind before we pass out.

But nowadays—why should anyone do anything not motivated by pleasure or immediate self-interest? It is difficult to argue with any tough-minded person who gets this idea into his or her head; and I have already confessed that rationalistic sanctions for duty are exceedingly abstract and elusive. Only I cannot for the life of me see how not merely our present civilization (for which I hold no strong brief), but any kind of human life, and least of all any Utopia, can possibly carry on without quite a lot of "ought" in it somewhere.

Well, having set down the new point of view, the new attitude towards life, as well as I can, I stand off and look at it. I am genuinely anxious to see the good in it, the truth of it. It is almost a point of honour with me to do so; for it has been my life-long hobby and private pride to be "open to conviction", to be able to see all points of view. But this is too much for me. I cannot see it—and I cannot even laugh at it. I am concerned, for the sake of the integrity of my own mental and spiritual life, to formulate my objections to it—at least the grounds of that instinctive and almost contemptuous distaste with which I find myself regarding it.

Is this merely the prejudice of middle age—the result of hardening arteries and the herald of approaching mental death? Very likely it is; yet I must speak. For I have found the underlying ground of my dislike for the whole of this new attitude towards life, namely, that it is weak. These young men and women think they are hard. I tell them they are soft.

No doubt they will answer me with scorn. "Your generation," they will point out, "had a pretty easy time of it! You grew up in a period of peace and plenty and superficial altruism. You had nothing to do, when you were our age, but read books and talk about your souls and courage and kindness and duty.

We came up into the World War. We served in the trenches in France, or at any rate practised stabbing with bayonets in training camps; or we sent our lovers away to do these things, expecting never to see them again. You were safely married, of course, so you stayed at home and tried as civilians to 'hold out'. We make no objection to that. It was up to us to do the fighting, and we did it. Only don't you talk to us about softness!"

Of course I am somewhat abashed. I admit that I and my coevals were most fortunate in our youth, and that you have been more sinned against than sinning. Also that your generation performed most nobly the terrible task that was set it. But this point of injustice as between you and us does not alter present facts. And so I repeat that I find you soft.

It may be, in fact, that this is partly, perhaps wholly, the result of the War. For on no point was General von Bernhardi more grievously in error than in maintaining that war hardens the morale of the men and women who participate in it. The aftermath of all wars teaches just the opposite lesson. To face imminent death is undoubtedly more acutely terrible than to face life; but it does not follow that the effects on the intellectual processes, on the point of view (to say nothing of character), are more beneficial. Is it not obvious that war shatters, loosens, weakens individuals as well as States? If one is expecting to perish within a few days or weeks, it may be thought or felt to matter little how one spends the brief interval. At any rate one does not have to work out a code. The necessary soldier's code is simple and already clearly formulated and quite sufficiently enforced.

You see, my generation, though it did not face death, did have to face life. The only alternatives we saw were suicide (which few philosophers, however disillusioned, seem to consummate) and going through with it, presumably for a period of years which seemed to us then very long. We did have to work out a code, a *modus vivendi* with ourselves and our fellow creatures, and we had to make provision for enforcing that code upon ourselves. And that is how, perhaps, we came to fall back on those old virtues. Courage in the philosophic sense, meaning a sort of blind, willed serenity in the face of a long vista of tasks,

tediums, and griefs, culminating inevitably in the same supreme catastrophe which you have faced; this the *modus vivendi* with oneself—and the thing which most of all, it seems to me, you lack and need. Kindness, as the most tolerable attitude (tolerable for oneself) towards all those about one, from lovers to enemies. And duty, however justified, or even if without justification, in lieu of the Articles of War, to put oneself self-respectingly through the things one has to do.

And will even you maintain that these old ideals are not solider and harder than the new ones which you seem, by negation at least, to adopt? Serenity than restlessness and bewailing; self-restrained and purposeful kindness than slapping and kicking or passing by; and duty (whatever it may mean) than pleasure and drifting?

No, I cannot believe that these ideals are to pass like the mere dogmas and customs and institutions which I am willing enough to join with you, seriously or sportively, in questioning. Looking back over many ages, one does not find that these have changed. God has been interpreted in countless ways already, and doubtless many more glosses are to follow; the sex relation has taken several different forms in other lands and ages, and marriage as we know it is not so ideal that we need hesitate to consider other possibilities; and private property with the present implications of that phrase is not the only method of economic distribution that men have tried with some success—it may be open to further modifications. But wherever in history thus far we encounter men and women whom we account strong and noble and enlightened and—within human limitations—happy, these ideals that I have named are in evidence and seem, at least, to have been the basis of whatever greatness and felicity we find. I think the best you will be able to do—you young ones—is to rediscover them. If you can give them new names to make them sweeter to your souls, so much the better. But I think the things themselves will have to stand.

MAX MCCONN.

TORNADOES AND OTHER STORMS

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. E. TILLMAN, U. S. A.

METEOROLOGY in the most general sense includes a study of all the phenomena due to the earth's atmosphere and its constituents. A better conception of the causes and operations of the tornado, as now understood, is facilitated by a general comprehension of terms and of certain atmospheric conditions and motions now fairly well determined; accordingly these will be briefly stated.

The earth's atmosphere extends from the surface to that ill defined region generally designated as interstellar space. It consists in the main of approximately 98 per cent of oxygen and nitrogen, mixed in nearly the proportion of one of oxygen to four of nitrogen: the remaining constituent gases in the order of amounts are, vapor of water, argon, carbon dioxide and minute quantities of ozone and ammonia; there is also very generally in suspension in the air certain non-gaseous matter, microörganisms and dust particles, the last named being always present in the lower air and having an important action in meteorological phenomena, being instrumental in cloud production and very materially affecting the colours of the sky and atmosphere.

All natural motions of the atmosphere are called "winds"; that branch of meteorology dealing with winds is termed aerodynamics, and involves problems of great difficulty and complexity. So many factors are involved in these motions that it has not been possible to account for them by deduction from simple fundamental laws applicable in all cases.

The dynamical action of the air herein especially considered is the tornado; it is of so much more frequent occurrence in the United States that it has frequently been called an American storm, seldom occurring in other countries, the reason for which will subsequently appear.

As we ascend from the earth's surface the air becomes less

dense, or as usually stated more rare, and all of its components decrease in amount; at thirty miles up there is little or no oxygen and the density of the air at that altitude is about 1/100th that at the sea level; at fifty miles, the nitrogen ceases, and there is practically no water vapor above five miles. Above twenty-five miles the air is too rare to transmit sound and absolute silence there prevails. As the air is very rare at that altitude and as no motes or dust are there, the light waves pass almost unobstructed and there is nearly total darkness and absence of all colour; the temperature too is very low, probably approaching that of outward space; this region is then one of dark, cold silence. The fact, however, that meteors sometimes become luminous at the height of a hundred miles and more, shows that there is an atmosphere of some sort at that height, probably hydrogen, helium or kindred unknown gases.

Although distributed about the earth as above stated, we know from the properties of gases that one-half the atmosphere lies below an altitude of three and a half miles; practically all the water vapor and nearly all the dust motes float below this same level. It may be also said with approximate accuracy that all aerial and terrestrial life is confined to a zone of air three and a half miles deep at the Equator and curving to the ground slightly above the Arctic and Antarctic circles.

Observations in the lower atmosphere have long made known the fact that its temperature decreases about one degree Fahrenheit for every three hundred feet of ascent, and decreasing temperature was thought to continue to great heights, but recently it has been discovered that this decrease continues only to a certain level, after which there exists a thick stratum in which the temperature remains nearly constant with ascent. The lower zone or spherical stratum of changing temperature is called the "troposphere", and the unchanging layer is the "stratosphere"; this unchanging stratum extends upward to at least nineteen miles, the greatest heights at which temperatures have been secured. This great height was reached by "pilot" or "registering balloons", carrying recording instruments but not passengers. The greatest height reached by man is 7.7 miles, attained by Lieut. McCreery in an aeroplane at Dayton, Ohio, in 1921. It is an

interesting fact that this same altitude within one mile was reached in 1862 by Glashier, an English meteorologist. The dividing surface between the troposphere and the stratosphere at the Equator is about ten miles above the earth's surface, and descends to about seven at the latitude of 43 and to five in the Arctic. A little consideration of the above stated relations leads us to the unanticipated conclusion that at the height of ten miles in the Equatorial region the temperature is considerably lower than at the same height in the Arctic. A probable but not a certain explanation for the existence of the stratosphere has been advanced, but it is too extended for insertion here. The temperature of the stratosphere is about −65° or −70°, Fahr.

None of our storms extend their action above the protospheric zone: in fact, it is thought that the operating mechanism of nearly all our storms have their origin and run their courses in the lower half of the atmosphere, that is below the three and one-half mile level. If the earth's surface were of homogeneous material and without physical irregularity, the problem of the winds, their causes and action would be far simpler than it is. The complexity of the problem is mainly due to the rotation of the earth combined with the distribution of the land and water, their different specific heats, their different radiating and absorbing powers, the different elevations in continental areas, the height, direction and extent of mountain ranges, and the dry and damp atmospheres of different regions due to the foregoing relations.

The earth's gaseous envelope is an exceedingly mobile fluid and whenever the pressure therein is greater at one place than another, a movement of the air, if not prevented, takes place toward the area of low pressure. The primary and main cause of difference of pressures in the atmosphere is difference of temperatures; the differences of temperature are due directly or indirectly to the unequal effects of sun's heat upon the different parts of the earth's surface and the atmosphere above it. What is usually designated as the planetary circulation or the general winds of the earth is due to the permanent difference of average temperature between the Equatorial and Polar regions. The air of the Tropical regions, being warmer than that over the zones to the

north and south, is expanded, its density decreased, and it is forced upward by the inflow of the denser air from the north and south. This uplifted air of the Equatorial regions, after reaching a certain altitude, outflows to the north and south and descends toward the surface again. There is thus established a perpetual interchange of air between the regions of the earth which receive greater and lesser amounts of the sun's heat.

The interchange of air between the warm and cold regions takes place both through broad zonal sheets, outflowing from high above the Equatorial region at an altitude of five or six miles, and similar sheets inflowing at lower levels toward the Equator, and also by great currents or streams of air flowing toward and from the Equator, constituting counter currents in the two directions, but these counter currents flowing at nearly the same level instead of moving one above the other as do the zonal sheets.

The movement of the air in this general interchange, modified by the earth's rotation, produces the planetary or general winds, trade winds, passage winds, so called, etc., and the general winds modified by the physical features of the earth's surface and the atmospheric conditions resulting therefrom bring about all other winds.

The observations and studies of American meteorologists show that the interchange between the warmer and colder atmospheres over the North American continent is accomplished by the flow of counter currents as above set forth rather than by zonal sheets, these horizontal counter currents in the air, operating below the three and one half mile level, carrying cold air toward and warm from the Equator. For anyone who has observed how universal is the production of eddies, whirls and gyrations of all sorts, both at and below the surface, in all running streams of water, it will be readily conceived that currents of air, which is far more mobile than water, flowing in opposite directions in or near the same level by the interaction along their colliding edges would produce whirls and gyrations; these gyrating masses of air constitute the great storms which sweep across the United States. The gyrations may take place around an area of either high or low pressure; in the first case we have an anti-cyclonic storm, in the latter the cyclonic storm; in the

former, the direction of motion of the winds around the center is clock-wise, the same as the motion of the hands of a watch with the face up; in the cyclone, the motion is always counter clock-wise in the northern hemisphere, that is opposite the motion of the watch hands, face up. The constant gyratory direction of the winds in these storms is due to the rotation of the earth, which, facing in direction of motion, deflects all moving bodies in the northern hemisphere to the *right.* In the anti-cyclone the *vertical* motion of the air in the storm is *downward* and away from the center, while in the cyclone the circulating air *ascends* at the same time that it swerves toward the center of the storm.

For present purposes it is only necessary to consider the cyclonic storm, which is frequently in the public press designated a "low" or "low area" storm. This may, with fair accuracy, be described as a great whirlwind flowing around and in toward an area of low pressure. The volume of air involved in this whirl is in shape an elliptical lens, being often 1500 or 2000 miles in greatest axial diameter and from one and one-half to three and one-half miles in greatest depth. It is the cooling of the ascending air in the cyclone due to expansion and increase of altitude which produces the rain or snow frequently accompanying the storm.

It has long been a difficult problem for meteorologists to account for the energy involved in the rapid rotation of the enormous masses of air which move in the cyclone. In the above view the propelling power is due to pressure gradients in the atmosphere often extending long distances to the north and south from the center of the storm, these gradients resulting from the conditions brought about by the general or planetary circulation. Pressure gradients are both the cause and result of atmospheric motions. In addition to the gradients of pressure it is very probable that the cyclonic action in certain cases is greatly facilitated by the heat energy liberated by the condensation of moisture in the ascending winds of the storm, producing rain or snow. Indeed the "condensation theory" of the cyclone assigned this as the main source of energy, but since many cyclones, and anti-cyclones generally, operate without rain or snow, condensation is evidently not the principal driving force.

Besides the circulating motion of the winds in the cyclone, the cyclone itself moves from one region to another; this progressive motion in this country is generally a little north of east and is due to several causes, but mainly it is thought to the eastward motion of the higher atmosphere with which the gyrating mass has connection. The winds of the cyclone increase in velocity as they are drawn nearer to the center of the storm, and under certain conditions they reach great violence and the cyclone is then often termed a "hurricane". The above described storms passing over the United States or along its eastern coast determine the general weather conditions of the country and to them is essentially due our winter rain and snowfall east of the great plains. When these general factors of weather production are recognized it is easy to comprehend why meteorologists deem it unnecessary to discuss the pretensions of the rain doctor with his small tank of chemicals or a few pounds of explosives. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the Congress of the United States within the last forty years appropriated a considerable sum of money for the artificial production of rain. The latest discovery for dispelling fogs and clouds by spraying with electrified sand is based upon scientific principles, but as to even remotely approaching the operations of nature in supplying the country with the necessary rainfall, it may be dismissed from consideration.

With this brief and general description of our most important weather producing storms, the causes and actions of the tornado are more readily explained and understood. The tornado is the briefest, most violent and destructive of all storms, and we have annually too frequent illustration of its terribly destructive effects, both on life and property. As the population increases and the unoccupied areas grow smaller, the havoc produced by these storms will increase and there is no prospect whatever of preventing them or moderating their effects: the most that can be hoped for is the earlier anticipation of the storm and then to make avail of the best means to save life.

In popular expression there is no universal distinction between tornadoes and cyclones; in meteorology the distinction is very definite. As already stated the cyclone may be compared to a

large, thin, rotating disc, while the tornado in contrast is a tall, slender column or tube with far more rapid rotation, its height being many times its width. The base of the cyclone in contact with the earth is almost infinitely great as compared to that of the tornado, and therefore friction against the surface exerts a far greater retarding effect in the former than in the latter; in the tornado the gyrating velocity of the winds becomes very great except near the ground.

Tornadoes occur most frequently in the warm months; but sometimes during warm spells of cold months; they are most numerous in June, being most frequent between March 15 and June 15. They have occurred in every State east of the Great Plains, but are far more frequent in the States which border on the Mississippi, south of St. Paul, including Kansas; they are most frequent in the States of Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Iowa. The gyrating winds in the tornado, as in the cyclone, are always counter-clock-wise, but this constant direction cannot be attributed to the rotation of the earth as it is in the cyclone, for the width of the tornado is too small for this action to produce the effect. This constant direction in the tornadoes is due to the fact that they occur in regions of cyclonic action and derive their primary whirl from the motion of the air in which they originate. With almost equal uniformity they occur within certain limits with reference to the center of cyclonic motion, which is found to be the southeast quadrant of the cyclone area.

It is usually stated that no tornadoes occur in the Rocky Mountain region, but the rainstorms which occur there, known as "cloud bursts", have several features of the tornado, and are really tornadoes operating under very restricted conditions. The width of the tornado path varies from a few feet to fifteen or eighteen hundred, but usually less than one thousand feet. The length of the path, or the distance traveled, seldom exceeds thirty or forty miles, though they occasionally run much greater distances. The terrific energy of the tornado is its most dreaded effect; to account for this as well as for the times and places of most frequent occurrence there are known several contributing causes. One important factor of tornado action generally, if not always, present is an unstable atmosphere; the cause of which

condition is readily understood from the following considerations.

Normally, we may consider the air as arranged in concentric layers around the earth, the denser and warmer layers below, and under such conditions the decrease of temperature upward, as already stated, is about one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet of elevation. If the lower unconfined air is by any means moved upward, the pressure on it becomes less and it will expand. This expansion cools the air about one degree for 186 feet of ascent and any body of ascending air therefore would be cooler and consequently more dense than the undisturbed air at the same level, and would tend to descend and return to its original level: under such relations the air is in a "stable" condition; in other words, "stability" exists when the rate of cooling caused by expansion, due to diminished pressure with altitude, is greater than the rate due to mere difference of level. Sometimes on still, hot days in warm regions the lower atmosphere becomes very much warmer than that above, so that the decrease of temperature with elevation is much greater than one degree for every 300 feet: whenever this decrease, due to difference of level alone, is greater than that due to the expansion of the air in passing through the same difference of level, the condition of "instability" is brought about. In this case a volume of unconfined air moving upward would be warmer than the undisturbed air at the same level, and its tendency to rise would continue until its temperature was reduced to that of the surrounding atmosphere. In an unstable atmosphere, then, if through any means an upward draft be started, an interchange between upper and lower strata will take place owing to the tendency to reach a stable condition. The violence of any such upward draft will increase with the degree of instability and also with the amount of moisture present in the lower heated strata. The liberated heat from the condensed moisture as the air ascends would greatly increase the draft.

The topographical features of the North American continent exercise great influence in the generation and movement of both cyclones and tornadoes. The great mountain systems of this continent have a general north and south trend, which permits

and facilitates the flow of interchanging counter currents between the warmer and colder regions, these currents, as already stated, flowing below the three and one-half mile level and being mainly instrumental in bringing about our cyclones. The physical features of our country are also seen to be very favourable to the production of tornado conditions. The general trend of our Atlantic Coast and of the broad valley between the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains readily permit the flow and spread of moist winds from the Gulf and the Atlantic over the land. There is also a gradual rise of the land from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern lakes and from the Mississippi Valley to the base of the Rocky Mountains. From these regions of higher latitude and altitude the cooler winds descend to warmer areas. The natural conditions are thus seen to be very favourable for the colder air to overrun the warm moist air advancing from the lower levels of the Gulf and sea and thus to bring about that unstable condition of the atmosphere which is so favourable to tornado action. The tornado region above specified is well located and the tornado season, March to June, is most favourable for the production of this condition.

The total energy involved in the rotation of a great cyclone is far greater than that in a tornado, but in the latter the operating forces are concentrated in whirling a very much smaller mass of air. The phenomenon of a tornado is believed to be brought about by horizontal counter currents, more local but analogous to those which produce a cyclone, the tornado currents also sweeping above and across an unstable atmosphere. When the extreme mobility of the air is considered, it is readily conceivable that such counter currents flowing at nearly the same level, by the interaction along their contiguous edges, would run into rapid gyrations which would be greatly increased by the ascent of the highly heated lower air and the liberated heat of the condensed moisture due to this ascent, for heavy rainfall usually accompanies the tornado; the combined action developing a vortex ærial tube of great rotational velocity.

The centrifugal force of the gyrating air in the tornado, except near the ground, is very great, partly preventing the surrounding air from flowing inward and thereby forming a partially vacuous

column with greatly diminished pressure within and especially at and near the center. The rotary motion of the lower air of the column is, however, slowed up by friction against the earth, its centrifugal force diminished so that it swerves with great velocity toward the center of low pressure and then participates in and increases the violent updraft. These indrawn currents are the most destructive ones and develop almost incredible violence: large trees are twisted into two, heavy iron chains lifted and carried aloft; in one instance a pine tree sixteen inches in diameter and sixty feet long was carried inward and aloft in the ascending column: a wooden scantling two by four inches was driven through an iron sheathing five-eighths of an inch thick. A tornado in Tennessee which struck the house and stables of the writer's brother, unroofed the stables, lifted a horse from his stall and deposited him on the other side of a lane forty feet wide without materially injuring him. The passing tornado has been known to cause all four walls of a house to fall outward, mantels to jump from the walls to which they were attached, and cellar doors to burst outward; such action is of course due to a sudden and near greatly diminished air pressure which causes the air in the buildings to expand with explosive force.

Black clouds, often shaped like a narrow necked funnel, always accompany violent tornadoes, and are due to the condensation of the moisture of the ascending air. The pressure of the air at and near the center of a violent tornado is so low that the condensation and cloud formation are brought down, or nearly so, to the earth's surface. The thunder and lightning are accompaniments but not agents of the tornado. The spraying of the rain drops by the violent currents of air is the cause of the abundant electricity in the storm, such action being now a well recognized source of electricity.

Beside the remarkable display of violent action by the tornado, it is frequently known to leave entirely undisturbed certain objects situated along its destructive line of travel, seemingly leaping over them. This result is brought about when the lower part of the gyrating column is so retarded by friction that it is left behind while the upper part of the column freely swoops forward and again carries the destroying whirls to the ground. This

"jumping" action is more common when the storm travels transversely across elevations and depressions: it is often repeated several times along its travel line. In referring to the travel or motion of translation, of both the cyclone and tornado, it should be understood that it is not the same revolving mass of air continually moving forward, but new masses along the path are successively involved in the gyrations and the storm thus continued.

Owing to their intensely destructive power, it has not been possible to guard whole communities against tornado action, either of life or property, but individual safety can be largely procured by proper and timely provision. The most effective protection is through tornado caves or cellars, especially dug, to which residents may retire upon the approach of the storm. The cellars of dwellings are the safest places to which to resort in homes; in wooden houses the cellar will nearly always afford a safe retreat. When the approach of a tornado is observed while still some distance away and its direction of travel carefully noted by any one caught in the open, safety may generally be secured by fleeing in the proper direction; one should never run parallel to nor try to cross the path of the storm: the direction of flight should be away from the direction of the storm path and making the largest possible angle with it. If too bewildered or too late to attempt flight, lie flat on the ground; all danger is generally passed in less than a minute.

S. E. Tillman.

THE ANSWER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Remember you? . . . There are so many ways
Of memory;—
Sometimes she comes with pictures; then the blaze
Of noon on the hot street
Grows dim, and suddenly
There is the marble coolness and the shade
Of a long colonnade,
And once again our feet
Go down her gracious gallery,—
Past the pure profiles of seraphic days
On gold inlaid,
Past blue madonnas in trim gardens made
So still with little cypress trees,
And little children round their knees,
All blondness, peace and praise,—
Past aureoled innocence and angel's wing,
To stand at last and gaze
Upon the canvas blossoming
With the bright lady who was all our Spring.

Sometimes she comes with lightning and a sword,
Sent from the Lord
To snatch us backward by the hair;
Then from the councils of the heart
The kings depart
And the old ruin is there;
Again the watchman quits the walls,
The chariot wheels jar on the broken gate,
The trembling air
Is darkened, and the altar falls
Where the white image stood inviolate
And every breath was prayer.

Sometimes. . . . But is this memory,—
The whispering tide
That steals through every vein,

As through the trees the summer's alchemy
And through the earth the rain,—
Bringing with hidden touch and still
Its perfect will
To flower again?
Ah wide, more wide
Than any boundaries of sense
Lives on that boundless influence,
Whose terms are infinite, whose sign is set
Where men no more remember or forget. . . .

So when you say "Remember me"—
Think well what that may be!

KEYS OF THE CITY

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

Not my deserts, but the great love I bear
With freedom of the city she rewards,
The keys of her Aladdin wealth accords,
And to her special treasures makes me heir.
Yet seek I not these riches where repair
The merchants and the Midas-fingered lords,
Nor where her palaces, like lifted swords,
Flourish their bravery in the silvern air.

But mine I claim her golden rivers' flow,
Her crystal bowl of winey atmosphere,
Her water-gates wherein the four winds blow
The fragrant argosies from all the world,
The little sparkling gems of hope and tear
With which her glorious garments are empearled.

INDIAN LOVE SONG

BY LEW SARETT

Cold sky and frozen star
That look upon me from afar
  Know my bitter grief.

Hollow night and black butte
Hear my melancholy flute—
  Oh, sound of falling leaf!

Homeless wind and waterfall
Hold a sadness in their call,
  A sorrow I have known.

Shivering wolf and lonely loon
Cry my sorrow to the moon—
  O gone heart, O stone!

WET SILVER

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The Gothic girders of Spider Castle
Are fretted with pulver of rain, harassed with rain-dust glitter;
The Gothic girders of Spider Castle
Sag silver; the fog drips beauty into the sparrow's twitter;
Lustrously dank is the snail's horn, his armour glistens;
Now the hush, soaked silver: and still my heart listens and listens.

COVENTRY PATMORE

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore was born at Woodford, Essex (now a mere suburb of London), on July 23, 1823. The calendar alone is faithful in its mute reminder that a hundred years have passed, for men's affections are not occupied with Patmore's work and it would be foolish to speak of his name in connection with a centenary "celebration". He is celebrated but as a lonely hill in a quiet land, shown on the map but visited only by those to whom the hill air, and its solitude, are a stimulation and a delight. The greatness that his admirers have never ceased to claim for him may have been silently acknowledged, but has never been widely felt; and for most readers he remains a name in a catalogue, an illustration, a cipher, a shade.

Great poets are creatures of their age, even if they show greatness equally in expressing and transcending it. Patmore and Tennyson were both Victorian poets and in the truest sense the voices of their time; and they each, but in different degree, transcended their time. Tennyson was a dominating figure, standing firm amid his generation and only distinguished by his loftiness of thought and grave attitude of a spiritual legislator; but Patmore was isolated alike by his genius and the intense arrogance of his regard of a world surging turbulently beneath him. He expressed his time in *The Angel in the House*, he transcended it in *The Unknown Eros*, standing scornfully or sorrowfully remote in many odes in the latter, consciously and even proudly alien in certain prose essays. Exceptions to these general statements may be noted, but the statements represent the broad facts.

It is not altogether fanciful to read his character in his face. The portraits, especially that by Mr. Sargent by which he is best known, show a mind alert, bold and perverse, a spirit impetuous and unconciliating. The eyes are gemlike but the light in them

is not cold, and it is that quick light that redeems the countenance from hardness. Nor is it fanciful, perhaps, to read his history into his face. The son of Peter G. Patmore who was concerned as second in John Scott's duel with Lockhart's friend, Christie; educated at home and in Paris and thus escaping, I cannot say whether unfortunately, the influence of Oxford and Cambridge in the 'forties; entering the Civil Service (through the British Museum), that great nursery of men of letters; marrying once, twice, thrice, and each time gaining in temporalities and inward happiness; joining the Roman Catholic church at the point of his second marriage; publishing the first part of *The Angel in the House* when he was but thirty-one and tasting briefly the sweets of popularity; staying silent from 1863 to 1877 and finding then scarce any audience; reconciling himself to obscurity, yet a little disdainful of what was denied him; saddening as he looked out upon his time but serene in obedience to silent admonitions; contented meanwhile to publish his wilful, epigrammatic essays of a beautiful prose texture, and at length slipping almost unperceived and almost unhonoured out of life at the age of seventy-three—that all this should be traceable in the portraits is impossible, but there is still a strong harmony of the painter's counterfeit and the image called up by the reader's inward eye. Patmore was the least impersonal of writers, and so his work somewhat easily yields us an image of deep shadows and high lights, to set beside the likeness made in the most personal of mediums —the painter's.

As I have said, he was a very young man when he published *The Angel in the House*, and added his still, domestic voice to the larger utterance of other singers. Tennyson, the Brownings and Arnold were already famous, the eloquence of Ruskin and Carlyle was already familiar, philosophy already knew Mill, and science was shortly to give birth to *The Origin of Species*. Patmore, in fact, rose amid the rich chaos of Victorian literature at its central point. The angel of his title has been commonly held to refer to the lady of the poem, but more reasonably to the remoter Amor of the odes. The poem still provokes the amusement of those who indolently fail to relate it to the rest of Patmore's work and, because it seems so easy to understand, do not think it worth

understanding. The same hasty indolence prevents their reading the later odes, which are not at all easy to understand; and hence the author has been dismissed, even by intelligent people, as too simple altogether, and by others as too obscure altogether. Certain professors of literature, including Mr. Saintsbury himself, have treated him as a minor-minor poet, a chicken clucking between Tennyson's feet, a mote dancing in Ruskin's ray. The courtship of a dean's daughter, the marriage, the honeymoon journey, the unadventurous adventure of merely faithful wedlock—who will not smile at the tameness of a domestic epic? Habitual readers of verse are fondest of lyrical and dramatic poetry; the social recitals of Cowper and Crabbe no longer delight and are the mild pleasure of lax moods only. And again, the common attitude to marriage being no longer quite inflexible, the Oriental view of woman being equally immoral and outworn, it is no wonder if the central idea of the narrative is itself a count against this poem. Patmore wrote it while he was still a Protestant, but the inward rigidity which it discloses, and which I cannot deny nor diminish, suggests that he was already prepared for the conversion that followed it.

It is by a miracle, then, that the poem remains not only readable but even delightful, tinctured but faintly with dogma but quite blessedly with humour. It sailed, somewhat slowly, into popular favour, but with the rise of Swinburne and the passionate lyricism of *Poems and Ballads* Patmore's note was contemned or merely unheard. His song was like a robin or, in his own phrase, a heavenly-minded thrush; and the exuberant clamour of a new and earthly music, the audacity of that heady, intemperate beauty, drew away the attention of critical readers until, at length, popularity too waned and neglect followed. Forty years ago his very name, says Mr. Gosse, was ridiculed; the wonderful odes had been published only a few years before, but they shared in the neglect or the contumely cast upon the earlier poems.

The Angel in the House is the simplest of things, and its depths are as lucid as the mental atmosphere in which it was conceived. Patmore's temper was vehement, his temper so strongly marked and, in later years, so independent of opinion that it seems hardly

possible that his early work should have been so smoothly acceptable as it proved. He was made up of contradictions. He could not easily bear restraint, yet invoked it in his essays; he was proud, but exalted humility; his mind was critical but capricious; he had a great deal of ability in the practical affairs of life yet despised science; he was faithful in his affections and steady in his persuasions, yet forsook his native creed when he had reached mature years, without avowing an adequate reason; and after that change, though still inwardly defiant, he was so subdued to authority that he burnt some hundreds of copies of *The Angel in the House* lest they should offend—singular misgiving! Long after, as we shall note, he destroyed for a similar reason the manuscript of an unpublished essay. His intellectual apprehensions were swift, but his passions were gusty, and he was at the mercy of both. There was a war in his members.

His early poem, however, does not reflect this war but rather a glittering peace. It is the expression of a mind at home in a world of its own, not wholly our common world and not wholly an alien world, but his own intersecting our common world. He takes the best of both worlds for the characters of his poem. The privileges of cultivated life, the ardours of virgin love, the sunny obscurities of poetic vision and mystic religion—these compose the twin-featured subject of his muse. In form, the verse deludes with its ease, an ease that never degenerates into carelessness or slides into vacancy; there is, on the contrary, a token of patience in the neat development of the story, with cantos and prologues, preludes, epigrams; narrative and comment advancing cunningly together. Perfect quatrains fall as thick as apples in autumn:

> One of those lovely things she was
> In whose least action there can be
> Nothing so transient but it has
> An air of immortality.

It is characteristic of Patmore that in his idealization of love he yet speaks of sleeping "undisturbed" by love, and there is a touch of wisdom in his lines:

> Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
> They lift their heavy lids, and look;

And, lo, what one sweet page can teach,
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

There is, again, an aspect with which this idealization seems not to be quite incongruous, the innocence with which eight lines are used to tell the "first expense for this sweet Stranger, now my three days' wife"—the purchase of sand shoes. "I'm ready, Felix, will you pay?" It was such a passage as this, and such an impression as several parts of the poem convey, that urged Swinburne to his parody, *The Person of the House*, one of the happiest inventions of the *Heptalogia:*

The sickly airs had died of damp;
Through huddling leaves the holy chime
Flagged; I, expecting Mrs. Gamp,
Thought—"Will the woman come in time?"

And Dr. Garnett, too, must have been smiling over such phrases, when he said that Patmore had no perception of the sublime in other men's writings (a hard piece of justice, perhaps) or of the ridiculous in his own.

The Angel in the House revealed Patmore's vision of life in its most blessedly human relation. The later odes, and much of his prose work, were meant to express his vision of life in its rarer relation to the divine, but before approaching these there is *The Victories of Love* to note; firstly to say that the metrical form is slightly different and shows a maturer ease, and secondly that there is heard a new note, now recognized as most purely Patmorean, the note of poignance, sounded more sharply in the odes, but already clear enough. *The Angel in the House* told joyously of a union of happiness; its successor, of a union in which "less than highest is good and may be high". Love's not time's fool, says Shakespeare, and Patmore here bends all his serious sweetness upon the singing of love as the stealthy sly master of time and fate. There is so much simple beauty and sincerity in the poem that it is not hard to endure the singular essence of Victorian convention which, other-

wise, might bring opprobrium upon it in 1923, when other manners disguise conventions a little more pliable. But Patmore cared nothing for convention as convention; he did not esteem marriage as a remedy against sin but as a sacrament, and all the vivid arts of his verse were subordinated to that passionate idea. He was as deeply concerned with questions of sex as any modern novelist, and he brought to them a keen, cold and radiant psychology. Indeed, in all his earlier work there is, besides the fluent narrative interest, this far profounder interest of a psychology beyond the touch of any older poet of his time, and which only Meredith, of his immediate successors, was able to approach; while the continuous narrative itself formed a constant, firm background for psychological development, which was inevitably wanting in the discontinuous form of the odes.

The odes contained in *The Unknown Eros* of 1877 form a body of metaphysical poetry which, although sufficiently distinct from the earlier verse, is yet plainly nursed by the mind that produced *The Victories of Love*. The human foreshadowing the divine, the divine completing itself in the human—this is not an innovation of the odes but a full flowering of what was already budding in the narratives. Loosely it might be said that in his two chief books Patmore did not write two poems but one poem; more precisely, the sexual idea, and the distinction of masculine and feminine, pervades all he writes, whether creative or critical, verse or prose, and whether his immediate subject is the character of Keats or the contemplation of God. He was born to mysticism, and it was probably with a secret satisfaction, foreseen when his first wife said, "When I am gone *they* will get you," that his thoughts turned towards the church of the spiritual Doctors he loved. Those mystical writers had for him the authority of the great poets, and the great poets themselves he held in no higher honour than the mystics.

His second marriage redeemed his widowed years from a loneliness that might have proved tragic, and his conversion at the same time coincides also, as Mr. Gosse points out, with the appearance of an unmistakable gesture—that of a man who, having tasted popularity, contemns it; having been recognized by his peers, disdains them; and having come in contact with those

who alone possessed the "distinction" he prized, slowly disengages himself from them and grosser contacts alike. His native aristocracy of mind was sharpened by a derogation of the great coarse world, which he came at length to descry as swimming remotely in its own fog. Dyspathetic is the one word which describes Patmore's attitude to his country and his time. Yet by the side of this stiff and confident disparagement a candid humility was preserved; his intense personality was sunken in an "heroic good"; life became pure spirit, materiality thinned and faded, and the relations of men and women were etherealized into an ever bolder prefiguration of a divine order. Perhaps there is something odd, at first sight, in a mystic who accepts as easily as Patmore did the amenities of the external world; for while we allow that a beggar may be indifferent to things beyond his reach, we fail, rather illogically, to recognize the same indifference in a man who possesses what most covet. Yet the sincerity of Patmore's vision may not be doubted; like all originals he became more and more surely that which he essentially was.

Yet unlike many of those who use symbols, he did not despise his symbols; the body that figured his parable was nobly honoured as—

> Creation's and Creator's crowning good.

Never was there a saner and healthier mind than Patmore's, and he used the most daring images without the least hint of self-consciousness or morbid inhibition. Something of Donne had always lurked in his temperament, and now something of Donne was expressed in his imaginations; and happily for those that read him for his poetry alone and not for his idea, this something includes the intensity which leaves Donne and Patmore almost isolated among the English poets.

The odes, then, make a double appeal, although it is wrong to attempt to distinguish the parts. They appeal to the spiritual core of every uncorrupted heart, and also to the æsthetic mind that lives by the apprehension of beauty. Patmore himself would not welcome even the convenience of such a distinction, but it is inevitable. Many of the odes are political, the first of them provoking new laments that so fine a poet should write so ill of his country; yet even here he ends with a frankly smiling phrase:

Grant that I remain
Content to ask unlikely gifts in vain.

Almost every one is a metaphysical ode, and a particular idea is repeated time after time, as if to show how naturally the poet plunged into contemplation of the little that exceeds the great:

'Tis but in such captivity
The unbounded Heavens know what they be!

Who can express, he asks elsewhere—

How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God,
How narrow is He?

To see things thus subtly is to see them simply, for a true metaphysical view does not complicate but shapes and orders the disarray of thought, as a magnet orders the confusion of metal fragments. Patmore relates the seen to the unseen, the shadow to the substance, and beholds all in the radiance of a sudden extraordinary light.

Although the subtilizing of sex is a chief purpose of his writing, it is not the only gift in his giving; more easily received, more conspicuously precious, is the tenderness, the poignance already noted in *The Victories of Love*, which makes *The Azalea*, *Tristitia*, *Departure* and some others almost unbearable in their fingering of the sensitive mind. "It is not true that love will do no wrong," and "Tears of recognition never dry", are lines better known in this way than any others of Patmore's; and I will not add to them here. But it would be wrong to say nothing at this point on the supreme merit of these odes, the merit of style. Consider it in the notation of natural phenomena:

In nook of pale or crevice of crude bark,
Thou canst not miss,
If close thou spy, to mark
The ghostly chrysalis,
That, if thou touch it, stirs in its dream dark.

Patmore objected to a preoccupation with small detail and thought that a poet should refrain from microscopic art; and so it is right that against this faithful minuteness should be set *Wind and Wave*, with its hint of the unfathomable and im-

mense, or even better the opening of the ode, *To the Unknown Eros:*

> What rumour'd heavens are these
> Which not a poet sings,
> O, Unknown Eros? What this breeze
> Of sudden wings
> Speeding at far returns of time from interstellar space
> To fan my very face,
> And gone as fleet,
> Through delicatest ether feathering soft their solitary beat?

The irregular ode is a perfect medium for Patmore's oracular mood. It was not his invention but he used it uniquely and it is the best example of his theory of verse as a sequence of inflections of the normal. As a recent critic suggests, it represents the liberation of the strict form of the narratives, and achieves perfect beauty in its equal reliance upon law and liberty. It is the most delicately rhythmic of all verse forms, the resilience of the line being subtly increased by alliteration, commonly subdued though essential, and yet scarcely losing its power when confessed:

> And minatory murmurs, answering, mar
> The Night, both near and far.

All his technical excellence, and larger excellences as well, will be found in *Amelia*, one of the longest and tenderest of the odes. It is only a little less homely than *The Angel in the House*, starting with the soberest of phrases, "Whene'er mine eyes do my Amelia greet," and yet it is one of the noblest of love poems since Spenser's. Style makes it great, though I hasten to add that it was conceived in a great mood and could not have been conceived greatly at all in another mood; and it is, ultimately, style, expressed in the complete harmony of the rational with the intuitive faculty, that makes Patmore a great English poet.

"I think the odes," said one of his children, "are very like Holy Scripture in being so simple that anyone might imagine they understood all there is, and so profound that few will really do so. They are also like Scripture in the way Shakespeare is, viz., in being intensely human, and in not saying the words allowed to express the thing, but the *thing* itself."

The author himself in a moment of unusual exhilaration cried,

"I have hit upon *the* finest metre that ever was invented, and on *the* finest mine of wholly unworked material that ever fell to the lot of an English poet!"

Yet he knew himself unregarded, and was proudly content. "No plaint be mine of listeners none!" he muses, and at another time answers a reproach that he does unwisely in speaking plain truths, which should be cloaked in a dead language, "Alas, and is not mine a language dead?" It is the line with which *The Unknown Eros* concludes. He lived nearly twenty years after publishing the odes, but wrote no more verse; and if before his mortal voice was stilled he reflected again upon his dead language of verse, he may have smiled to remember that the dead languages have never died.

He forsook verse but remained a poet in his prose. In one lost essay, the fruit of ten years' meditation, he pursued the familiar sex symbol, and Mr. Gosse has told of the lamentable destruction of *Sponsa Dei*, the entire manuscript being burned as the result of the author's conversation with Father Gerard Hopkins; for Hopkins, himself a poet of incalculable because unintelligible genius, had said "That's telling secrets" when he read the essay and saw how it developed Patmore's central theme. Ready as the author was to fulfil the highest office of a poet by telling secrets that were lawful, the peril of telling secrets that his church might think it unlawful to tell was too great; and thus the most uncontrollable of men sacrificed at a word what might have been, for all we know now, a work as original in thought as, Mr. Gosse assures us, it was rare in style.

Of Patmore's prose there are, however, abundant specimens available. The volumes of essays and sentences on literary and other matters are witnesses to his remarkable expressiveness, for the whole man, save that rarest part which verse alone could reveal, is here frankly discovered: wise and tender, proud and petulant, hard to please and lavishing praise; readier to repulse than to welcome, to offend than to satisfy; narrow and aspiring, a man of extremes. I cannot pretend that his character seems wholly amiable in its attraction, for his independence was shown in asperity, and his sense of right and wrong, both in spiritual and æsthetic matters, perceived no ambiguities. Cold yet

flamelike, and suggesting to Mr. Sargent a drawing of his head as Ezekiel (an odd tribute, perhaps), he reflects a white intense light from his own personality upon many of his subjects, while upon others he is merely freakish and perverse. Blake, in his view, driveled, Herrick was a gilded insect, Emerson apparently a millwheel clacking in vacancy, Shelley a beautiful, effeminate, feebleminded boy; the subordination of women to men was a privilege, for woman is the last and lowest of all spiritual creatures; and perhaps the only real use of natural science was to supply similes for poets. So might we pick out with indulgence or amusement the things we would not care to say even to ourselves. But the essays nevertheless gleam with wisdom, with those starry refractions which excite as well as bewilder us, and which it is hard to refrain from quoting here.

Yet a doubt emerges after reading many of them, I mean in particular the essays dealing with other than literary matters. These strictly irrational utterances and remote speculations, the prompting, indeed, of aery monitors, are more proper for verse than prose, and in fact are already contained, explicit or implicit, in the odes. It is easy to accept the incomprehensible when the noblest rhythm of verse awakens and sustains the attention and gives thought the speed of wings; but the idea expressed as a sudden revelation in an ode may seem a mere paradox in the curt prose of *Religio Poetæ*. True the prose is brilliant and hard as a jewel, but it provokes dissent and resistance as the verse never does. But for these essays we should not have seen so clearly Patmore's limitations, we should not have known that in aspiring towards an unapprehended world, of which the highest of earthly things are but symbols, he was contracted more and more narrowly into himself until, in his last years, his thought was but a thin rod of light springing from the nether to the upper darkness.

Nevertheless, he was a whole and consistent being. He is rightly called a mystic, and is in no sense a merely intellectual writer of mystical sympathies. He is no more an English Maeterlinck than Maeterlinck is a Belgian Shakespeare, and it would be preposterous to confuse him with writers who are willing to give mysticism a trial, as if it were a second-hand coat that could be cut down to fit, or stretched to disguise the gross protuberance

of age. Mr. Burdett attributes to him a system of thought, but the intellectual coherence which that implies was not within Patmore's reach. His constancy was emotional and founded in character, and he was incapable of rationalizing the impulses of his heart.

It is not easy to forbear a question as to his position as an English poet, now that a hundred years have passed since his birth and nearly thirty since his death. In 1886 he wrote:

> I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

In the case of his great contemporaries, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, much of their prolific work can be disregarded and enough will yet remain to compare with Patmore's entire production. They dealt with varied subjects, their sympathies were diffused over the colonies and outliers of the intellectual empire; but Patmore's virtue is shown in concentration. He is the peer of the greatest of them in his utterance of ecstasy and the nobility of his style. He alone is a metaphysical poet and is not properly comparable with them at all, but with Meredith. Being metaphysicals, Patmore and Meredith perceived the world, both intellectually and spiritually, as other than it seemed; to the one it was less real, to the other more real than its appearance. Patmore saw man in the visible world as the beloved of God, his soul as the bride of God; Meredith saw him as a brave or fretful being, "come out of brutishness" indeed but still subject to "the sacred reality"—inscrutable Earth. Each poet at length was absorbed in his theme, but while Patmore's music became aërial and fine and so died away, Meredith's became perplexed until its obscurity matched perfectly the obscurity of his faith. . . . But all these comparisons are foolish, for genius is unique and therefore incomparable, and the final impression of Coventry Patmore's poetry is an impression of pure genius. It fulfils Swinburne's strict test by eluding all tests and outsoaring criticism.

JOHN FREEMAN.

NEW INTENTIONS IN THE NOVEL

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Mr. Sherwood Anderson was ill-advised in choosing for his recent novel the title *Many Marriages*. It is chiefly in the title that he forgets that he is an artist and seems to make a bid for acceptance as a teacher. And surely anyone with a teaching like this would be much wiser not to assume the didactic tone, but to rest his case on the truth, or still better the artistic intention, of his work. For it is hard to believe that the author of *The Triumph of the Egg*, the disciple of Chekov and Andreyeff, is not primarily moved by an artistic intention. The title of *Many Marriages* is simply a hold-over from the period of problem novels, the period in English fiction sufficiently suggested by Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place* and Mrs. Canfield's *The Squirrel Cage*. And it is Mr. Anderson's own fault if the critics have taken him at his word and given their estimate of the doctrine instead of the art of his performance.

The time has come, in the art of fiction, for new terms, new definitions, to keep pace with the many new inventions. Literary history, in England and America, like political history, is always far behind the times. In France it is the other way round. History in Paris is prophecy: terms are invented and movements heralded and described before they ever materialize; and you will sometimes read the history of a school of art which never comes into being. English literature has not been so lacking in invention as the silence of criticism would imply. It has been as active as its sister arts. Years ago Mr. George Moore, writing of an earlier "revolution", the crusade in which he was himself a notable champion, referred to the way in which the several arts were keeping abreast. The movement, says one of his characters, "accomplishes nothing in music that it does not do in literature; nothing in literature that it does not do in painting." It was a question, then, of an art based, like modern thought, on

logic, the art of an age of science. Such was the "new æstheticism" of which they talk in *A Modern Lover*. But has not the scientific spirit in art—the spirit of George Eliot and Zola, the spirit of Brahms, of Manet and Renoir—largely given way in our times to another spirit, the spirit of sheer æsthetic intention? This is a protean spirit, expressing itself in many ways, and changing its form even as we undertake to fix it with a phrase. But there are several aspects roughly distinguishable in the bewildering throng of forms in which it shows itself.

I

The new spirit expresses itself, for one thing, in the sheer love of design. We see this in poetry in Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg, as we see it in most post-impressionist painting, which is interested not so much in realistic imitation as in the arrangement of colours and planes of light in decorative patterns. Even in the novel there are signs of a languishing interest in realism and romance, the old categories, and a disposition to treat the stuff of life with some of the constructive freedom of a Gauguin or a Matisse.

Mr. Swinnerton is a story-teller given to free experimentation in subject and method, and he has written at least one book that appeals before all else to the love of design. The effectiveness of *Nocturne* is not in the truth of its psychology or of the study of dingy London life;—there is just truth enough for plausibility and illusion;—it is in the way Jenny Blanchard's romance shines forth upon the background of the Blanchard menage, centering in the dreary senile Pa Blanchard, the way in which her chance nocturnal venture is set in contrast to the safe and commonplace romance of Alf and Emmy. The drawing is vigorous; the points of etched brightness stand out strange and wistful from the rich surrounding darkness. It is a good picture—who wants to put any irrelevant question as to its realism? This is work obviously not done on the principles of Flaubert and the Goncourts; still less congenial is it to the ideal of Stevenson. What could the genius of Stevenson have to say to Pa Blanchard and his beer, or to Emmy and her unromantic betrayal of her sister?

A more conscious and consistent practitioner of this art is one of our own house. Mr. Hergesheimer seems to have been aware from the beginning of his talent for decoration. And his short stories are as obviously designed in this spirit as his novels. But the most stunning of Mr. Hergesheimer's arrangements are to be found in his novels *Java Head* and *The Three Black Pennys*—especially in the former. In *The Three Black Pennys* he has a fine inspiration, and he displays his usual scholarship and gusto in setting in a row the three periods and the three stages of culture, and woven through them the mystic thread of heredity. Never outside the films of D. H. Griffith has American historical fiction given us such shivers of delight in costume and domestic setting, in the styles and æsthetic passions of bygone times. What can be more delicious than the memories of Howat Penny dreaming over his album of opera programmes of '83 and '84: Adelina Patti drawn in triumph to her hotel with men in evening dress between the shafts for horses? One part is linked to another, in this epic of iron, by the beating hammer of Myrtle Forge and the lurid fires of Shadrach Furnace and Harrisburg. And one generation of Pennys is bound to another by the mysterious associations of ancestral homes and of peculiar tastes and sensations cropping out in times far apart. Mariana Jannan is vaguely irritated by James Polder's taste for orange juice and brandy, as Jasper Penny had been by the similar taste of Essie Schofield. The last Howat when he is dying sees the same "pattern of flying geese" wavering across the tranquil evening sky that the first Howat saw on the day of the raccoon hunt with which the history begins. Such is for this weaver of tales the fascination of recurring themes: he must put before us on the last page the same symbolic pattern which he had drawn upon the first.

Unfortunately Mr. Hergesheimer makes the mistake of trying to have his fine artistic theme of the black Pennys serve also as a scientific thesis, suggesting some confused theory of degeneration through abuse of strength. There is no such confusion in design and no such scientific pretentiousness to spoil the beauty of Mr. Hergesheimer's invention in *Java Head*. So far is he here from pretending to sound the deeps of psychology that he gives

no more than two chapters to the consciousness of the leading man of the story, and not more than a single chapter to any other character. This same method rules out the possibility of a strongly dramatic effect. The greatest potentialities of drama center about Taou Yuen, the gorgeous Manchu lady so amazingly set down among the staid parochial notabilities of Salem. But this situation is picturesque rather than strictly dramatic. The dramatic implications are but slightly developed: Taou Yuen's personal problem comes up and is settled within a single chapter; and most of this is interior drama, involving, too, a psychology and philosophy so unfamiliar to us as to generate little intensity of feeling. In the last chapter the author deliberately turns away from drama by centering attention upon Roger Brevard, a slight character in what may be called the under-plot. But the very things that preclude drama are what is called for in this kind of picture, or decorative arrangement in colours. Taou Yuen is the central feature, or high light, of the composition, about which are ranged Gerrit, the honest seaman, Edward Dunsack, the Occidental man turned yellow by contagion of the Orient, and a perfect prism of pure Salem types. It is a design in which many distinct bits of graded or contrasting colour are set close together with the boldness of some Cubist study. The great technical feature of this book is the presentation from the points of view of nine different persons, who succeed one another in successive chapters as the changing mirrors in which the action is reflected. These characters are not all of the first importance to the story, and they are of all different sorts: from the girlish innocence of Laurel, proud of being too grown-up for pantalettes but all absorbed in childish things, to Edward Dunsack, treacherous and corrupt and crazed with opium; not to mention the intenser colours of Gerrit, Quixotic man of the sea, and Taou Yuen, lonely and superior, dressed out in high Confucian wisdom as in stiff satins and embroideries. Each one of these characters, major and minor, gives the dominant note of colour to his chapter; and the whole is like a gorgeous and exquisite fan with many-coloured leaves spread wide.

The devotees of romance may complain of the lack of story, or rather the way in which the author turns his back upon the story.

The solemn votaries of realism may grumble over the sketchiness of the psychology, its mythical fantasticality. But all such criticism is beside the mark if Mr. Hergesheimer has done something "different" enough to escape altogether the old tiresome categories. It may turn out that he has invented a new genre, congenial to the spirit of his day, the Novel as Decoration.

II

In calling any work of art a decoration one does suggest, perhaps, a certain want of depth, of high seriousness in conception. And Mr. Hergesheimer seems himself to have realised that his work might be open to the imputation of being pretty or charming rather than deep and significant. And he has undertaken, in the later work of *Cytherea* and *The Bright Shawl*, to supply that element of profundity. He has supplied it by a choice of themes suggestive of the idealistic romance of Mr. Conrad. The later work of Mr. Hergesheimer suggests particularly *The Arrow of Gold* by the ideal representative character of the motives, call them sentiments or passions, that animate the leading persons of the story.

The Arrow of Gold is the most clearly defined case of a type of romance of which Conrad is a great master if not the inventor, and which it is an amusing task to try to define. The traditional genres of English fiction are realism, a study of society in its diurnal and daylight phases, and romance, a story of adventure in times and places suitable to heroism and fine words. Psychological analysis we associate with the daylight studiousness of science, and we attribute it to the realists. But when we find it pursued with a kind of holy passion to the exclusion of incident, manners, and what ordinarily passes for character, as in the later work of Henry James, we are puzzled to know what school to refer it to. And when the method of James is applied in *Lord Jim* to the commander of the Patna and the beneficent ruler of Patusan, or to the romantic heroes of *Victory* and *Rescue*, we realise that the exploration of the soul may be as congenial to romance as to the most anxious and responsible of realism.

Romance in Conrad has undergone a sea change into some-

thing akin to poetry. Ordinary romance is after all, in the novel, a prosy matter. The business of the ironclad knight was, we may suppose, the winning of battles and ladies. But in this transcendental romance we are concerned not with the practical business of chivalrous heroes so much as with the pursuit of some abstract romantic ideal suitable to the poets of the Renaissance or of the "Romantic Movement"—something to remind us of *Alastor* and *Epipsychidion*. Monsieur George, in *The Arrow of Gold*, had no business with the Legitimist revolt of Don Carlos; and still less did he have any business mooning over Doña Rita. And his love for Doña Rita was anything but the ordinary love of the heroes of prose romance—that practical determination to possess himself of a princess in a tower. It was a Platonic vision of abstract beauty, a Shelleyan nympholepsy. She was no woman but Woman. She was not even Woman in the abstract as conceived by classic poets. "She was That which is to be Contemplated to all Infinity." And the realization of her infinite nature induced in the hero a most unheroic mood of contemplative quietude. "I had never tasted such perfect quietness before. It was not of this earth. I had gone far beyond. (Like Shelley following Keats into "the Abode where the Eternal are".) It was as if I had reached the ultimate wisdom beyond all dreams and all passion." She was for him an object of poetic contemplation, a symbolic representation of abstract beauty. "I cared for nothing but that sublimely æsthetic impression. It summed up all life, all joy, all poetry." She was even, he feared, a creation of his own mind, a purely ideal creature. "Since I came into this room you have done nothing to destroy my conviction of your unreality apart from myself."

It is thus that Mr. Conrad has introduced a vein of romantic poetry into the novel, and has produced a genre quite distinct from the romance of Scott and Dumas and Stevenson. It goes without saying that he makes no effort to picture the time of love-making of Doña Rita and Monsieur George; that is not within any imaginable reach of prose writing, but must be left to the untrammeled imagination of the poet, as in *Epipsychidion*. And the inevitable conclusion of that love is wholly uncongenial

to the spirit of what we may call practical romance. "You know," says the wise Mills to his friend George, "that this is not a world for lovers, not even for such lovers as you two who have nothing to do with the world as it is. No, a world of lovers would be impossible. It would be a mere ruin of lives which seem to be meant for something else." This, you may say, is the wisdom of the Realist; and it is true that Conrad is much more of a Realist than Scott and Dumas and Stevenson by virtue of the more searching truth of his psychology. But it is also the wisdom of poetry; the sad wisdom of romantic poetry protesting against the reality of life.

Whether or not Mr. Hergesheimer has taken his inspiration from *The Arrow of Gold*, he has turned the novel in *Cytherea* to the same purposes of poetry, of a disillusioned Platonism. Lee Randon was, like Monsieur George, possessed with a phantom love, symbolized by his doll Cytherea and embodied in his mistress Savina. This phantom love, for which he gave up decency, family, and social position, he conceives in the end as the creation of the dreams of civilized man trying in vain to free himself from the order of nature, which is concerned only with the species. "At the enigmatic smile of Cytherea," he realises, "men desert utility for visions." "That's her secret, what she's forever smiling at—her power, through men's vanity, to conquer the earth. She's the reward of all our fineness and visions and pleasure, the idol of our supreme accomplishment; the privilege of escaping from slavery into impotence. . . . We made her out of our longing and discontent, an idol of silk and gilt and perverse fingers, and put her above the other, above everything. She rewarded us, oh, yes—with promises of her loveliness. Why shouldn't she be lovely eternally in the dreams of men?" The death of Savina is the answer of reality to the question of the poet.

Cytherea has not been liked so well as the earlier novels of Mr. Hergesheimer. He is not so good as Mr. Conrad at combining the poetic intention with the novelistic, nor so good at the transcendental use of the novel as at the decorative. He has tried for depth; and the reader is conscious of thinness. This is still more the case with *The Bright Shawl*. There Mr. Her-

gesheimer is not content with the Platonism of love, where after all it is a question of personal happiness and a woman. And he turns to an even more abstract ideal—the ideal of freedom; not one's own freedom, nor even that of one's own country, but that of a foreign country deliberately adopted for the purpose. No woman is allowed, as in *The Arrow of Gold*, to motivate the hero's devotion to the foreign cause. No success or hope of success is allowed to support this enthusiasm in a vacuum. And there is no fighting; no blows are struck till the blow on the head of the hero that puts an end to his ideal pursuit. The outward trappings of the story are more gorgeous than ever; the Cuban setting is enough to melt in your mouth. But we are still more impressed with the sense that this lover of Platonic beauty has little or nothing to do with the world as it is. There is perhaps in the later work of Hergesheimer too great a discrepancy between the realism of setting and the poetry of characterization.

Probably the method of Mr. Cabell is after all the best for an idealism that will have nothing to do with the world as it is. Patusan or the island of Baron Heyst are a very good stage for the pursuit of such visionary ideals as Mr. Conrad deals in. But nothing short of Poitesme or that Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon in which Jurgen moves will serve the purposes of Jurgen or Count Manuel. One must speak of Mr. Cabell either briefly or at great length. All we can do here is to remind ourselves of the extraordinary originality with which he has invented a world in which he is at liberty to range at will—locally and morally—and put the human soul through all its paces without let or hindrance from our notions of the world as it is. No one has shown such technical inventiveness in the art of story-telling as Mr. Conrad, nor has anyone in our day so enriched the novel with new materials drawn from the strange actualities of our habitable globe. But nothing shows so well the untried possibilities of the novel for discoveries in the history of the soul as Mr. Cabell's creation out of whole cloth of a dream-world for himself. We know from his own *Beyond Life* and from Mr. Burton Rascoe's introduction to *Chivalry* how devoted he is to life on a purely romantic, a purely ideal, plane—any manner of life which conforms to Pater's prescription of burning with a

hard, gem-like flame. This poetic conception may be embodied, as Mr. Conrad has shown, in actual men moving among actualities. But Mr. Cabell has chosen to show it forth in purely representative figures moving through a purely representative country among types and symbols of life and circumstance. That is our present day exhibition of the search for the blue flower, or the Holy Grail.

III

We have seen how much of the ideology of poetry may be insinuated into the novel "without our special wonder", and how Mr. Cabell has used romance as a vehicle for the history of purely mythical characters typifying this or that phase of human idealism, thus reviving in prose and in duly modern idiom the allegory of *The Faerie Queene*. But the true lyrical intention is to be found in novels dealing with much less exotic matters than those of *Victory* or *The Bright Shawl* or *Figures of Earth*. It is matters of common experience that call for the interpretation of poetic faith and insight. It is again matters of common experience that call for a particularly intimate treatment to convert us. It is really the undistinguished people whose deeds and circumstances look so much like our own that demand a sympathetic subjectivism of treatment if we are to recognize them as the sisters of our dreams.

We have had quite recently some notable attempts to give such an intimate, sympathetic treatment of common experience in terms suggesting those of lyric poetry in its present-day phase. They have not met with any popular success, with no such success as the work of Mr. Conrad or Mr. Hergesheimer or even perhaps Mr. Cabell. The public have not known what to make of them—a public much less hospitable to radical innovations in the novel than in poetry itself. The most remarkable of these attempts, and much too successful to be called an attempt, is the series of novels of Miss Dorothy Richardson going under the general title of *Pilgrimage*. The guiding principle of her work is directness of presentation. In using the word directness one runs the risk of complete misunderstanding. For the method of Miss Richardson is the exact opposite of what many readers

might mean by direct. The author presents nothing; the author is non-existent. There is no narrative of event, no description, no characterisation, no psychological analysis, no philosophising. There is nothing but the sensations of Miriam, the girl whose experience is the subject of the books. In short there is none of that explanation which makes up so large a part of the ordinary story; and the reader used to explanatory hints and guide-posts gasps in bewilderment until he can get his bearings in this strange new world. For the sensations of Miriam are as inconsecutive, her ideas as liable to follow queer underground channels of association, as those of other people. What we derive is a large impression of the feel of life under certain conditions. It is something coherent and significant, but very elusive to the faculty of articulate statement. Many detached impressions are grouped together in sections and chapters by some indefinable instinct for composition.

The drawbacks of this system will be evident to any one who reads these lines. The great merit is in the extraordinary reality of the impressions conveyed. Man is not primarily a rational being, and plenty of us go through life, and especially through youth, without much sharper definition of issues than this young English woman. As with Miriam, life is not an affair of plot, with its definite pattern of cross-purposes, its Aristotelian beginning-middle-and-end. Miriam's life is a flowing stream of consciousness; her own movements are but tentacular extensions of her sensibility as she feels her way through the obscurities of a life but half conscious. It has heretofore been the convention of story telling, in the interest of story, drama, or instruction, to simplify and sharpen outlines by setting the characters to work with great directness at certain ends. Here is a new order of truth: life as unclassified dream-stuff. And having so high a degree of verisimilitude, representing so well our own experience, it strikes us as being truth such as we have never met with in fiction. And above all, if we have a bit of mysticism in our natures—and in whose nature is there not a bit of mysticism?—we are impressed, not merely with what may be called the surface truth of the sensations, but with the inner, or poetic, truth. It is here that Miss Richardson is so much superior to Mr. James

Joyce, whose *Ulysses* has been so widely hailed as the masterpiece in this manner. The method of Miss Richardson in prose is in general strikingly like that of some of the Imagist poets. But, strangely enough, she in her prose narrative more often gives the mystical sense of reality, which is the essence of poetry, than do the Imagists in their verse. This is indeed the one clue in this labyrinth of sensations—the conception of life as a mystical search for reality, for that elusive but recurrent sense of direct contact with the spiritual essence itself. The nearest analogy in poetry is Walt Whitman. The mystic exaltation which is Miriam's goal is the constant possession of the poet of Brooklyn. And it is Whitman who has familiarized us with that complete identification of the subject with experience which determines the technique of Dorothy Richardson's narrative.

Mr. Waldo Frank is still more clearly a mystic and a poet, though I don't undertake to say how good a one; and his *Rahab*, for example, is of the kindred of *Leaves of Grass*, though I don't know whether *Leaves of Grass* would have acknowledged the kinship. He has a vivid imagination, whether for reproducing the externals of physical experience or for striking through the externals to some purely symbolic imagery standing for facts of the spirit. The method of Dorothy Richardson he has carried even further, and has added certain technical devices which are at least interesting, which are perhaps better than that, and which may, in any case, still prove highly effective in the hands of real genius. One of these is the representation in the manner of spoken words of the mute dialogue of thoughts unvoiced—an ingenious and highly poetic way of dramatizing the eloquence of the inner life. Another novelty is the occasional introduction of passages of free verse, representing the moments of lyrical feeling, of mystical exaltation, of the several characters. I fancy that most readers would find this rather bizarre, especially in connection with the somewhat queer notions expressed in this manner. If Mr. Frank proves to be a less important figure than Miss Richardson, it will probably be because of a certain straining for effect which is felt even by readers disposed to welcome his experiments. But I do not wish to approach him here in a judicial, or even in a critical, spirit. I wish merely to bring him

into relation to the general movement for enlarging the scope of the novel. He should be appraised, when he comes to be appraised, not by any Philistine standard of literal truth. The truth that he has undertaken to represent in his fiction is not the surface truth of dialect and local color, not the truth of Mr. Tarkington or even Mr. Hergesheimer, but the inner, or poetic, truth to human nature in its strange unexplored world of things unspoken, and even things unthought. So that when the reader comes to the passage in a New York brothel in which are presented in the form of verse the soul states of several prostitutes, a judge, and a gambling-house proprietor, he is not to ask whether these people were trained to poetic composition, or even knew that they had poetry in their souls, but whether they had souls and whether these verses duly present them to us in significant terms.

It is for the want of such a warning that so many readers have fallen foul of Mr. Anderson's recent novel, which is likewise a work of essentially lyric intention. Sherwood Anderson is also of the progeny of Walt Whitman; the mystical conception of life and love is his; and the central situation of *Many Marriages*, which many readers find so distasteful and so unnatural, is a dramatization of a favorite theme of Whitman, the sacredness of the flesh. People say this is an impossible scene, that it violates all the canons of probability, of realism. About realism we need not worry. Probability is a more important matter, providing that we do not take probability in a literal and unimaginative way. The question is not whether the average maker of washing machines in a Wisconsin town would set up a statue of the Virgin and light candles and parade before it in the manner recounted in this book. It is not a matter of statistical probability—whether such a performance would be compatible with sanity in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That might be a consideration in a novel of Howells or Galsworthy, of George Eliot or Edith Wharton. It would not be a consideration in a novel of Hawthorne or of Conrad. What we are here concerned with is poetical probability, the probability demanded by Aristotle. Is the thing well motivated? Does it represent something fundamental in human nature, normal human nature,

however unlikely to be enacted in literal fact? And the answer is: it is well motivated by the man's wish to save his daughter from the muddle in which his own love has been lost, to open his daughter's eyes as his wife's eyes had never been opened. And if it does not represent something fundamental in human nature, then we must deny the importance of Whitman and Lucretius and half the poets, ancient and modern. Many readers do not see the point of dragging in the sacred statue and the candles. But that again is something that might have strongly appealed to Whitman. It is not the particular holy symbol, except as a type of purity, nor the particular cult associated with Her, that Mr. Anderson wished to "feature"; and of course the last thing in his mind was a display of irreverence. It was simply that he wanted to bring the conception of love, of natural love, into the range of associations, associations poetic and religious, æsthetic and mystical, to which the Virgin and the candles belong, and for which no other symbols could be found in the Wisconsin town where the story is placed.

This is a composition, an arrangement, as the placing of Taou Yuen in the Unitarian Church in Salem is an arrangement in *Java Head.* Only it is a simpler arrangement, less prettily decorative, less theatrical, less suggestive of a magazine cover. It is more "naif", more "primitive", more Continental, more direct. It goes with the simplicity of style that gives Sherwood Anderson so much distinction in a time of foppery and scented phrase—with the simple recurrent imagery, of the covered well, for example, and the tearing down of walls. And it is this deliberate self-denying plainness of Sherwood Anderson as much as anything else that reminds us that he is producing a work of essentially Lyrical Intention. That is simply a phrase like another, like the Novel of Decoration or Transcendental Romance. But phrases are often helpful in determining our approach to work of an unfamiliar order. And Mr. Anderson is more in need of such a service than any of those of our time who are enriching the novel with new devices, new intentions.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

THE WOODEN INDIAN AND THE IRON DEER

BY ALLEN TUCKER

A SHORT time ago I stayed in a delightful house, and on the lawn in front was an iron deer. I had not seen an iron deer for a long time, and he started me thinking of other things that I had forgotten.

One forgets things, as in cities one forgets people, only realizing their absence when one sees them again at the end of that absence. And so I thought of other things that had been familar to my boyhood; pictures on the omnibuses, wooden Indians in front of the cigar stores, and the figureheads of sailing ships. All these things were either art or in the direction of art, and in a comparatively short time they had all disappeared. The street cars now bear numbers instead of pictures, the wooden Indians have been crowded out by rotating barbers' poles, the iron deer have gone, maybe swallowed by Italian stone lions, and the figureheads have, together with the romance and mystery of high piled sailing ships, vanished. The mystery of the sea remains, will always remain, but few will dispute that the wonder of the sailing ship has found no modern substitute.

Wooden Indians the town had been full of; iron deer were everywhere through the country; the pictorial busses passed every little while. Figureheads I was not so familar with, remembering only the long row of bowsprits sticking their graceful ends across South Street when I was taken by my father on board one of his own ships, for in those days merchants were apt to do a part at least of their own carrying. Now all this was in the so-called bad period after the Rebellion. The fact that I still speak of that happening as the Rebellion and not as the Civil War places me and places the time with sufficient accuracy.

So the iron deer reminded me of certain things that all indicated a desire for art, indicated that the people wanted art,

cared for art, tried for art, and did in many cases produce art, for the pictures on the omnibuses were pretty good landscapes, the wooden Indians were in many cases first rate sculpture, the last instance of the survival of colored sculpture, the last stand of the natural instinct of man for color, against the Puritan whitewash or the imitation of the dug up bleached antiques that with all the glory of their gold and color molded away our sculptors have been so delightedly copying.

The cast iron objects of which my friend the iron deer is a survivor were in many cases of great quality. You'll agree with me, if you remember the graceful fountain in Gramercy Park that only yesterday was torn down and its place taken by a lump of darkness that in some way is supposed to perpetuate the brilliant spirit of Edwin Booth. Sometimes one is not so sure that progress always progresses. The figureheads of course everyone knows the value of as pure spontaneous art. All these things came out of the people themselves; art was near, was a part of their lives, was not removed, taken away by the exclusive professional.

For it was about this time that the professional appeared, that Hunt and Richardson returning from Paris brought with them ART. Both these men were artists having creative capacity of high order and filled with enthusiasm for their work; but the hand of the past was on them, archæology had touched them, and so they each in his own way sought to uplift the barbarous American, sought to take him away from his own things and turn him from his own direction. Each man by the force of his personality set a fashion of an antique style, designed buildings whose principal virtue lay in the reproduction of that style, and this country, anxious to learn, underconfident in itself, learned, copied everywhere, first one style then another, forgot its own past, its own tradition out of which its own art should have come, and covered the country with imitation French chateaux and spurious Romanesque buildings, all without life or meaning in this land, or, for that matter, without life or meaning anywhere except at the time and in the place where they originally were made.

These men have been succeeded by others taught in the same way, and over the country have gone waves of archæological

reproductions. Now these same trained men have done a great deal of good; the movement in this country during the past years has been real; taste everywhere I think has been improved, and largely by the teachings of these men, for in them was a creative instinct that could not be destroyed even by the large doses of archæology they had been made to swallow.

In two cases the architects were forced to design for themselves. One was the country house. This type of house was peculiar to this country, its problems to a great extent its own. There were no copies, at least no complete and total copies, that could be made, so that a great deal of good design has been done and many live and fine buildings are the result. The other happy accident was steel construction. This forced upon men sizes and shapes never before seen and consequently forced into use the creative faculty, and out of this effort through attempts, through mistakes, have come real buildings expressive of the power and aspiration of this American world. We have Mr. Corbett's Bush Terminal Building, the Singer Tower by Mr. Flagg, and the Woolworth Building by Mr. Gilbert, to mention only three of what seem to me to be great successes.

But meanwhile much damage had been done. The people had been taken away from trying to make the objects about them, the objects of their daily lives, into art, and had been instead put to copying things that were dead and gone; had been taught that a thing was good because it resembled something else; had had the creative faculty largely killed and the imitative faculty largely developed; had had authority substituted for taste; had been deprived by knowledge and fact of the use of their creative instincts, so that they no longer thought toward line and color and mass, through which instinctive thoughts alone does art appear. By knowledge I mean knowledge about the external fact as opposed to wisdom about the internal substance. They had had conscious copying substituted for unconscious production, had been taught that manly creation was wrong and that simian reproduction was right.

These men from Paris ignored the wooden Indian; they did not take into account the necessities of construction; they did not take the objects of daily use and turn them into art; they did not

do what the men of old time whom they so greatly reverenced really did. They just copied the things those men had left behind, and then told the people that that was art. And we had the "period room", often in one house several different "period rooms", and horrors of dead inappropriateness like the Herald Building.

Why the men and women of today are allowed by the decorators to enter these period places is strange, for instantly on the arrival of people in twentieth century garb, the whole foolish fabric falls to pieces. The people who inhabit these places should be compelled to dress like the late Louis or Charles or Roland, the copy of whose house they inhabit.

Archæology! Copying! Archæologists are really the undertakers of art; are only concerned with the corpse of art. Art is a living force here and now, and the objects of the past are useful, necessary to us, to inspire us with art, to fill our souls with the glory of art, with the splendour the men of old created. Past art is to inspire us to make art for ourselves, not to enfeeble our hands till they are no better than copying machines. For know well that art cannot be copied. Creation is the essence; without that there is no such thing as art.

And so this revival, for in spite of all it is a revival, has left us with the radiator, the station stove, plumbing fixtures, mail boxes, nearly all the objects of modern use, objects still untouched by design, when if the ways of the worshiped men of the Gothic or later times had been imitated instead of the objects they had left behind, we should have had by this time kitchen stoves fit for places in our museums alongside of the armor and other iron work we so much admire. So in spite of the fact that a great deal of creative work is being done we still have the reproductive stuff produced in quantity and being admired, for if it resembles something old and good all trouble of decision is saved. The old is good; the new is like the old; no thought nor taste needed, the new must be good. Q.E.D.

At Princeton is a much admired outbreak of what is nothing but stone scenery for a play called College Life. Because the students of the Middle Ages had houses of such a kind, the twentieth century collegians of New Jersey must have like-

wise, and while in the new buildings much care and knowledge has been used, the two buildings in Princeton that today carry the breath of life are Nassau Hall, standing so serenely among its foreign neighbors, and the Palmer Stadium, with its fine row of concrete arches.

Yale, not to be outdone by her everlasting rival, is building all kinds of Gothic imitation, the theory being, I believe, to connect the modern boy with his long and honorable past, perhaps to make up for dropping classical learning from the imposed studies. If this theory were carried on, why not tear down the three churches on the Green and put up a replica of Stonehenge which would connect the boys with an even more remote heritage of learning and religion? Copying is still carried so far that ornament is copied all the time instead of being created, and I am told that in offices the draughtsman must show his original for everything he does. Out of such a system artists do not come.

The same external copying or copying the external goes on in painting and sculpture, copying especially the English school, that school that sold its birthright for the favor of the great. Those men only flattered the looks of their sitters; the modern by copying the flattery and copying Reynolds at the same time not only makes his sitter as flaccid and saccharine as she may wish but also makes her look like a Reynolds, and as Reynolds painted duchesses why she too looks like a duchess; and the heart of the climbing democrat can of course desire no more. Sculptors copy antique models with care and receive praise for their subservience.

It is generally Europe that is copied. I know we came from Europe, are Europeans, but we have ourselves by now, an accomplishment of our own, and until recently, when there is a rather senseless copying of the external of colonial stuff, we never cast our eyes on our own things. The buildings of value we had we have been careless of. Think of dumping that Post-office where it ruins the appearance of our lovely City Hall! Think of the savage and senseless destruction of St. John's Chapel of Trinity Parish, with its unrivaled spire!

We copy the old things. We do not seek to develop the artistic

spirit that made those things, the spirit that all over this country for years made nearly everything it touched a thing of delight and beauty. I think it was Mr. Lay who first pointed out what so few realize, that the New England town is the only town anywhere originally built on a plan, the only town made with a design, the only town with a feeling for form instinct in its very bones.

We rave about Italian villages and never see the quality of our native towns. I don't believe in the American eagle screaming, but there is no reason why he should spend his time sitting on foreign eggs in the attempt to hatch out what are always foreign birds, while so often the eggs have proved to be nothing but china somewhat devoid of life.

See the French modern country houses, see the Salon or the Royal Academy, and you won't, if you are honest and have any taste whatever, be led to worship an entire civilization because of those sights.

Walk through the rooms at Fontainebleau and note from Francis First to Napoleon the same crowding, the same lack of scale, the lack of unity, the lack of austerity, the tendency to theatricalness, and then suddenly think of Mount Vernon and wonder if our young men were sent there to study if maybe on the whole their artistic development would not be better.

France has produced great things, a long line of great men, and especially in the last seventy-five years a succession of painters who worked in individual ways, whose total contribution to art has been great indeed. But let us keep things clear. For the greater part of these men were opposed by the Academies, by the State authorities; they had to fight with no help and often fierce opposition. The French or Italians as a whole are no more nor less artistic than other peoples, but they have learned over a long series of years that art is important, that art is a ruling force in the world, and that art adds to the greatness of a nation. Most of them don't know art when they see it, but they do value art in the abstract.

Here at home this is exactly what we have not learned. It is one of the things we must teach ourselves in the near future, for if the mass of the people value art it is certainly easier for

the people of talent to get their chance to produce and be of their proper value to their country and to the world, instead of as often at present being submerged by the sea of materialism and ignorance.

One of the important things in a country is that the spiritual forces should be encouraged and fostered, and this is what I complain of in many of the foreign trained men. Instead of encouraging and developing the native leanings toward art, they simply said: "You know nothing. Art is made in Europe. We have been there and learned about it. Whatever you do that is not directly inspired by something in Europe is useless." The people here were frightened and discouraged, and that attitude of the learned is largely responsible for making art an extraneous thing, a thing to be bought by the rich, instead of a thing that is only to be had for the trying; so that art and jewels—those sure marks of the survival of savagery—are in the public mind put in the same class.

Without going into the question of nationality in art, I do think we know enough from psychology at present to believe that man produces out of his subconscious mind, that that subconscious mind is the well wherein all the early impressions are stored, and that it is probable that those early impressions are the ones that influence our minds most deeply. So it seems that men will be most apt to produce permanent and valuable things when they move along their own natural lines. Learn from other people all you can, but attach that knowledge to those natural lines. It is not wise to go off on an entirely new line.

We are living in a renaissance, a time of great spiritual activity. In the future we will be envied for having lived during one of the great periods. That activity in this country has undoubtedly been increased by contact with the wonders of Europe, but let us be sure to use those things to increase our own creative activity; to use them neither merely to collect nor to copy. In the Italian Renaissance this is what happened: The old things showed what man had done, and the Italians said, "We too are men such as these, we too can create;" and the world was suddenly filled with the glory of their achievements. And then

knowledge increased and the creative flame burned more feebly, and the power of the objects of the antique world became greater than the power of the soul of the antique world; the shadow was taken for the substance. See Santa Maria dei Miracoli in Venice, and see there the Renaissance alive with creative beauty, making something never before made in just that way; the spirit speaking again through vivid line and form. Then after long years, when man stopped dreaming and had waked up knowing facts and forgetting fancy, see the hopeless pile of stone in Paris called the Madeleine.

All through this country today, for the most part unknown to the mass of the people, art is being produced, architecture, painting, sculpture, and decorative art. How good it is you and I cannot tell; we are too close to it; but it is everywhere, East and West, this flaming forth of the human soul that is called Art.

Uncrushed by the weight of dreary knowledge, lifted by the breath of art blowing down the centuries, the Wooden Indian still looks out over the plains of the imagination, the Iron Deer still roams the lawns of happy fancy, and it behooves all of us to foster and encourage with all our might this effort, so that each one may get a chance to give of his best, that this country may produce that without which it can hardly be called a country, a permanent addition to the stream of art that has been flowing for the last twenty thousand years.

ALLEN TUCKER.

STENDHAL—A CRITICAL VENTURE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

"I SHALL dine late," said Walter Savage Landor, "but the dining room will be well-lighted, the guests few and select." How comforting to be so sure that while his contemporaries persisted in ignoring him, somewhere in the future a discriminating band of readers would forever burn incense at his shrine! Contempt for popularity may be only the gesture of a poseur or it may be, as it was with Landor, an essential part of a man's philosophy. The early nineteenth century was a great age for heroics. Cambronne's laconic remark at Waterloo, so lovingly commemorated by Victor Hugo, Byron's hurling down the gauntlet to the embattled Mrs. Grundys of the world, these are after all only more picturesque phases of Landor's quiet appeal to posterity. Nor was he alone among men of letters in his philosophic resignation. Charles Lamb's resolution to write for antiquity is only a more whimsical expression of the same spirit, but a more startling parallel may be found in the words of that most enigmatic of Frenchmen, Henri Beyle: "*Je n'écris que pour une vingtaine de personnes que je n'ai jamais vues, mais qui me comprennent.*"

Landor's eclectic dinner is perhaps still to be served, but there is no question that Beyle, or Stendhal as he preferred to call himself, has come into his own. Mr. Lytton Strachey has pointed out in an illuminating essay the extraordinary diversity of Stendhal's appeal. Taine hails him as a great psychologist, Zola recognized in him the founder of naturalistic fiction, while in more recent times M. Maurice Barrès has gathered Stendhal to his heart as the very incarnation of honour. Now the interesting note in this great chorus of eulogy is that every man who has had occasion to speak of him catches in Stendhal the reflection of his own peculiar virtue. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he symbolizes the one constant trait in the infinite

variety of French letters. If Taine advocated a scientific study of history or literature, it was because the scientific approach seemed to him the most logical. For the same reason Maurice Barrès deplores the modern tendency in France to gravitate towards Paris. It is more than stupid, it is criminally illogical for the young Frenchman to forego the ancient and honorable *vie de province.* This passion for logic, for which her neighbors across the Channel think France is sometimes willing to pay an exorbitant price, is the characteristic above all others that endears Stendhal to his countrymen. We may not think of logic as an endearing quality, but let us look at it for a moment through French eyes. Strip off its academic or philosophic trappings and it appears in the more attractive guise of sincerity. Here at last we have a touchstone whose virtue no one will deny. Once we can prove that Stendhal is sincere in all his vagaries, in his carefully deliberate profanity, in his contempt for his family and his country, we shall eventually find our way into the inner sanctum of the "*chapelle Beyliste*".

Stendhal was only six years old when the terrifying news reached Grenoble that the Bastille had been stormed. It was an early age to form an opinion, but he tells us in his autobiography that he immediately threw in his lot with the people. From then on, partly perhaps to spite his father, for whom he always entertained a resolute contempt, Stendhal liked to think of himself as an ardent republican. His political theories remind us somewhat of the well-meaning curé of the *ancien régime* who habitually addressed his congregation as "*canaille chrétienne.*" Stendhal was too honest to hide his hatred of the mob, though he stoutly maintained that under the name of "*le peuple*" he passionately desired their welfare. Politics, however, never seriously arrested his attention. An early devotion to mathematics left him with an "*amour fou pour les bonnes définitions*", a love which was more easily gratified by philosophy and logic than by any attempt to grapple with problems of government.

When he arrived in Paris in 1799 Stendhal had already formulated his ambitions. Lack of money combined with the influence of his cousin, Pierre Daru, Napoleon's chief commissary, drove him into the army, but lack of money could never make him a

"*beau sabreur*". Thirty years later, when the Napoleonic legend was at its height, Stendhal's military reminiscences were extraordinarily vivid, but his actual soldiering was limited to little more than a year in a regiment of dragoons. Sainte-Beuve apparently thinks that he took some part in the Battle of Marengo. To use his own delightful phrase, "*il assista en amateur à la bataille de Marengo*," but of this Stendhal himself makes no mention. As a non-combatant he toured Europe in the wake of Napoleonic victories, rising from the rank of adjutant in the commissary department to the more or less exalted post of Intendant of Brunswick. It was while he held this position that he won the Emperor's approval by raising an extra two million francs for the Imperial coffers beyond the authorized levy.

Force of circumstances had made Stendhal first a cavalry officer and then a glorified quartermaster, but during all those tremendous years of the First Empire his mind was busy revolving the more permanent questions of literature and philosophy. The letters to his sister Pauline, the only member of his family for whom he had any affection since the death of his mother, contain practically no references to his campaigns. Occasionally he writes with engaging frankness about his amorous adventures, but for the most part he busies himself about her education. She must read English poetry, the recognized French classics of the eighteenth century, and above all, his pet philosopher, Destutt de Tracy. "I am in despair at not being able to bring you a new bonnet," he writes just before going on leave, "but I have Tracy and *Gil Blas* for you instead."

Tracy is certainly not a name to conjure with in our day, but his *Elements of Ideology* is better reading than many a bald textbook on philosophy that affects to ignore it. He was a distinguished man, Monsieur Destutt, Comte de Tracy, Member of the Institute of France and of the Philosophic Society of Philadelphia, as he proudly styles himself on the title page. Jefferson, who had known him in Paris, was proud to undertake the translation of his commentary on Montesquieu. Napoleon invited him to accompany the expedition to Egypt and never forgave him for refusing the offer. Altogether, he was a man of some importance in his own generation, whose name was as well known among the

literati of America as it was in France. But to Stendhal he was infinitely more than a man of some importance; he was the originator of the science of ideas. While Locke was the first man to attempt an explanation of the human understanding, as one might explain the properties of a plant or a mineral, Tracy pursued the analysis one step further. His system of philosophy undertakes to explain the process of thinking. Building on the foundations laid by Locke and Condillac, Tracy arrived at the conclusion that thinking and feeling were practically synonymous. It seemed to him, in other words, that thought was the invariable product of sensation, and that once we had analyzed our sensations accurately, nothing could prevent our thinking clearly. Tracy's theory of sensationalism was eagerly taken up by Pierre Cabanis, a doctor and freethinker, who had first come into notice as the intimate friend and physician of Mirabeau. His *Rapports du physique et du moral de l'homme*, one of the most materialistic philosophies ever penned, was Stendhal's Bible. Together with Tracy's Ideology it constitutes the quarry from which he hewed his inspiration.

We refer, of course, not to the plot or to the characters of either of the two great novels, but to his method of telling a story. "*Romans toujours manqués*," says Sainte-Beuve, and at the end of the first hundred pages the newcomer to Stendhal will be more than willing to agree. And yet there is no lack of action in his novels. Lovers climbing ladders to their mistresses' windows, prison towers where heroes languish until the jailer's daughter contrives incredible escapes, poet revolutionaries plotting battle, murder and sudden death—Stendhal's novels are positively cumbered with the paraphernalia of romance. Why, then, do the uninitiated find them such heavy going? Because Stendhal insists on developing his story in accordance with the dictates of his favorite philosophy. The dramatic scenes are invariably scamped to make room for an analysis of the emotions that made them possible. "*M'exercer*," he says in his journal, "*à me rappeler mes sentiments naturels, viola l'étude qui peut ne donner le talent de Shakespeare.*" If we sometimes catch ourselves nodding over *Rouge et Noir*, and *La Chartreuse de Parme*, it is because the two heroes, Julien Sorel

and Fabrice del Dongo, have inherited a craving for natural sentiments from their creator. When Stendhal is most anxious for his characters to act naturally, the story breaks down. In *Rouge et Noir*, when Julien is bent on reconciling his two mistresses, one of whom he has tried to assassinate, he becomes utterly unconvincing. Instead of acting passionately or instinctively, he is suddenly struck with the importance of comporting himself in a logical manner. What Stendhal failed to grasp was that in certain crises no one, however rational, deliberately plans to act reasonably. Certainly it was neither logical nor natural that Julien's mistresses should drive off together in the same carriage after his execution.

Assuming for the moment that Stendhal's philosophy leads him astray whenever he allows it to supply the motive force of his novels, it is invariably effective in illuminating isolated episodes. Perhaps the Waterloo scene from *La Chartreuse de Parme* is too familiar to justify any further comment. Every critic of French literature has pointed out how in this description for the first time a battlefield made its way into a novel in plain clothes. Victor Hugo gave us Waterloo in a full-bottomed wig; Erckmann-Chatrian painted a charnel-house; but Stendhal, through the medium of Fabrice, showed us a battle as it really is, in all its bewildering complexity and inconsequence. His horse is stolen from him, he blunders into a group of staff officers and gets carried away in the full tide of retreat, without ever knowing whether he had been in a battle at all. Here at any rate Stendhal is completely successful. For once, the logical and the natural march side by side.

In all his novels, including the unfinished sketches published posthumously, Stendhal never varies his type of hero. Octave de Malivert, in *Armance*, and Lucien Leuwen, are chiselled from the same block that provided Julien and Fabrice. Bourgeois or aristocrat, they are all detestably selfish. Stendhal had had to make his own way in life, and though he was of the eighteenth century in his love of reason, he was emphatically of the new order in his worship of energy. In the romantic novel of Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant a curious blight had fallen upon heroes. Those lackadaisical young men who found the

world a miserable vale of tears reappear in Stendhal fortified with a dash of Napoleonic extract. Not for nothing had he followed the Emperor from Milan to Moscow. The crash came just too soon for him to win the coveted prefecture and the title that would have gone with it, but fifteen years' service as soldier and functionary under Napoleon had taught him that a man can make his own career. Stendhal's heroes are at the same time hardheaded and romantic. Periodic fits of melancholy never blur their vision of the main chance.

Hero worship, however misguided it may be, is always an attractive quality, and Stendhal's passion for Napoleon is one of his most human characteristics. If Napoleon had done nothing but open the door to Italy, he would have been eternally grateful to him. Instead of which Napoleon had rescued him from a pettifogging life at Grenoble and started him on the lifelong "*chasse au bonheur*". Like the older sister who delights in tormenting the younger members of the family, but resents the slightest familiarity from an outsider, Stendhal can be caustic enough about his hero in the intimacy of his journal. After all, he is too intelligent to swallow the whole Napoleonic legend himself, though he is perfectly willing to administer it to the characters in his novels. It is refreshing, for instance, to come across his comment on propaganda, which we sometimes wrongly imagine to have been one of the noxious inventions of our own times. "*Les Bulletins,*" he says, referring to the Emperor's communiquès, "*étaient des machines de guerre et non des pièces historiques.*" When he sees Napoleon's official smile he recognizes it as "*le sourire de theâtre où l'on montre les dents mais les yeux ne sourient pas.*" These details, however, only serve to throw into higher relief the essential greatness of the man. Quite apart from the fact that he had remade the morale of the French people, Stendhal idolized Napoleon as the embodiment of energy. In his hatred of the mediocre, of anything even approaching "the divine average", Stendhal was a thoroughgoing romantic. He was pleased to style himself a republican, but his republicanism was eternally wedded to strong arm methods, and founded on nothing more substantial than contempt for an effete monarchy.

It was inevitable that Stendhal's admiration for Napoleon should occasionally interfere with his literary judgments. With his characteristic love of analysis he lays bare his emotions on meeting Lord Byron. For the author of *Lara* and *Childe Harold* he had the most profound respect, but how could he shake hands with a countryman of Sir Hudson Lowe? Luckily the meeting took place in an opera box, and before Stendhal had had time to examine his feelings Byron was adroitly drawing him out on his experiences during the retreat from Moscow. The acquaintance begun under such favorable conditions continued until Byron left Milan. Stendhal could not resist his magnetism, but he is struck by the same quality that baffled Voltaire when he met Congreve. Like Congreve, Byron set more store on being born a gentleman than on becoming a distinguished poet. If Stendhal had been better versed in aristocratic weaknesses he would have humoured him by pretending to share the poet's own belief that he wrote his verses with the careless ease of a man of quality. As it was, his estimate of Byron brings out the same combination of charm and insolence observed by so many of his contemporaries. The aura of genius was unmistakable, his talk was the best in the world, but at any moment he would become "*tellement Anglais et lord*", to use Stendhal's own expression, that he could never bring himself to accept his invitations to dinner.

Stendhal's observations on England and English poetry were inaccurate but very often acute. He was, as far as we know, the first Frenchman to appreciate Shelley. Whether he ever met him or not is doubtful, but he expressed a desire to be buried next to "Monsieur Bishe-Shelley" in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. In the letters to Pauline he continually bursts into bad English, exhorting her to read his favorite authors. Like every one else in France, he passed through a tremendous phase of Sir Walter Scott, whose imitators he estimated at two hundred, but as he grew older he discarded him for the same reason that he had discarded Victor Hugo. Neither of them penetrated or even attempted to penetrate the outer skin. They were both adepts at describing a breastplate or a buff jerkin, a talent for which Stendhal grew to have increasingly less respect. Though

never a realist, his active, ranging mind demanded more than the romantic novels could ever give. Scott had the further disadvantage of being a Tory and, of course, his *Life of Napoleon* was anathema to any Frenchman except a Bourbon.

The real source of Stendhal's affection for England, and it was a genuine affection as long as St. Helena was not uppermost in his mind, was Shakespeare. In the year 1822 an English company attempting to produce *Macbeth* in Paris met with the most disastrous reception. Shouts of "*à bas Shakespeare, l'adjutant de Wellington!*" indicated that the failure was not entirely due to artistic shortcomings. Stendhal promptly set to work to pave the way for a more intelligent understanding of Elizabethan drama. His *Racine et Shakespeare*, published in the following year, was one of the first skirmishes in the Romantic campaign. Without pretending to be a carefully reasoned brief for Shakespeare, its pungent epigrammatic style cut through the national prejudice against anything English, so that when Kean and Macready appeared in Paris a few years later they played before respectful houses. The victory, as we all know, was never decisive. *Othello*, in Alfred de Vigny's translation, was condemned for its substitution of the plebeian pillow as an instrument of murder in place of the time-honored dagger. Even in our own day Anatole France has unequivocally maintained Racine's greater truth to nature, but Stendhal at least opened the question. His conception of Shakespeare's genius was thoroughly typical. Shakespeare was great because he knew nothing and because he surrendered himself to his sensations—in other words, because he could be fitted into Stendhal's theory "*qu'il faut sentir et non savoir.*"

It may be bad policy to look a gift horse in the mouth, but we can not help feeling that his admiration for Shakespeare was marked more by enthusiasm than by intelligence. For once, Stendhal happened upon the truth unconsciously. In his own novels, however passionate the scene, he always subordinated the emotions to the intellect. Apparently in his criticism of the drama he reversed the process. Shakespeare, the wild untutored genius, was the necessary antithesis to Racine, the shallow rhetorician. If there was one quality that Stendhal disliked

above all others it was rhetoric. The Alexandrine line, the very corner stone of classical drama, was for him nothing but a "*cache-sottises*". Judging from his *Racine et Shakespeare* Stendhal was a thoroughgoing disciple of Victor Hugo, but he parted company with the Romantics on this same question of rhetoric. He prided himself indeed on caring nothing for the beauties of expression. Whatever was factitious, or even ornamental, in literature, infuriated him. In the famous letter to Balzac containing the prophecy that he might be read in 1880, he admitted patterning his style on the *Code Civil*. For a man who is preeminent in fiction for his treatment of passion, he is curiously lacking in purple patches. Deliberately immoral he may be, but never erotic.

The treatise on Love, one of the works most cherished by the professional Beyliste, is almost impregnable to the uninitiated. It was a subject on which Stendhal's knowledge was beyond question, and "if people like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing people will like". A much greater book, though no less analytical, is his *Vie de Henri Brulard*. Thanks to Monsieur Debraye, the librarian of Grenoble, the entire manuscript has at last been completely deciphered. An abridged, inaccurate edition was published some thirty years ago, but until M. Debraye came into the field Stendhal's handwriting may be said to have defied all comers. Now that the authoritative text is before us we venture to predict that the *Vie de Henri Brulard* will take its place along side of *Rouge et Noir* and the *Chartreuse de Parme*, far above the rest of Stendhal's miscellaneous writings. This autobiography, for Henri Brulard is no one but Henri Beyle, was composed during the last years of his life, while he was serving his country as consul at Civita Vecchia.

If we would understand the meaning of that mysterious quality, Beylisme, Henri Brulard is the best point of departure. It is of course only a point of departure, for the true Beyliste can identify the sovereign essence in the most unexpected places. He can extract Beylisme with equal facility from the *Life of Mozart*, the *Walks about Rome* or the *History of Painting*. The word was coined, characteristically enough, not by his admirers but by Beyle himself. It stands primarily for two things—the

worship of intellectual energy, and a passion for sincerity that becomes at times almost ferocious. Stendhal's own literary activity could hardly have been more diversified. He was at the same time a novelist, a musical and dramatic critic, and author of a history of painting and a number of glorified guide books. Everything he wrote glows with energy and sincerity. His heroes persist in battering down prejudice and when, as in *Rouge et Noir*, they end on the scaffold, they meet death still scoffing at the hypocritical decencies of society. Stendhal would have scorned the modern conception of history as a series of trends and movements. History in his eyes was a succession of great men bending destiny to their will. The Girondins failed because in a time of crisis they relied on intelligence rather than force of character. Such was Stendhal's philosophy of history, and so far as the cult of energy goes it was neither very original nor very interesting. The fascination of the man lies in the other half of his character.

We have already referred to his love of sincerity, a quality which he raised to the status of religion. It remains to be shown that Stendhal's definition of sincerity was considerably more comprehensive than ours. When his mother died during his childhood he was offered the perfunctory consolation that "God had taken her". From that moment he conceived a dislike for God, and for religion in general, that lasted until his death. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church appealed to his sense of power, but its doctrines always antagonized him. Patriotism was another quality that excited his contempt. Dr. Johnson no doubt was joking when he described patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, but Stendhal would have lept at his definition as the very truth. His reverence for Napoleon was not actuated by any love of country. Patriotism, even when it did not involve intellectual dishonesty, was far too bourgeois a virtue to excite his admiration. Like Byron, he never tired of reiterating his preference for Italy. Of all countries in the world, Italy was the only one that understood art or respected literature.

It would be a mistake to lay too much emphasis on Stendhal's derogatory remarks about his own country. Possibly he demobilized his intellect after the Napoleonic wars sooner than

most Frenchmen, but that was because his knowledge of foreign literature and foreign points of view was more extensive. Compare his *Memoirs d'un Touriste* with any other contemporary book of travel, and Stendhal's greater cosmopolitanism is at once apparent. He can discuss Andrew Jackson, *The Edinburgh Review*, and Gothic architecture, with equal gusto. With the best will in the world, intellectual curiosity can not be kept within national limits. Stendhal was born with a passion for analysis. The fortunes of a certain lieutenant of artillery created within him an abnormal appetite for knowledge and sensation. If he was ruthless in satisfying these cravings, he was at least ruthlessly honest in recording the fact to himself and to posterity. He will never be as popular abroad as he is at home, because the Frenchman thrills to what is *net* and to what is *clair* to a degree that no foreigner can understand. We envy his intellect and we respect his sincerity; but for all that, we pass by on the other side.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

A MUSICAL TRAMP ABROAD

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

London, June, 1923.

ALL American concert-goers and critics should make an annual journey of observation to England—unless they choose to go to France. But as England is nearer to Carnegie Hall and the Philadelphia Academy of Music than Paris is, they had better aim at London. There they will, in some important respects, be put to shame, if they still have left the capacity for that salutary reaction. For in England, the public that goes to orchestral concerts displays none of that disinclination to listen to new works, modern or ultra-modern, which is so marked and so disheartening a trait of our American concert audiences. We all know that there is nothing but discouragement and opposition in America for the conductor who chooses to offer contemporary works, especially of an "advanced" character, to his audiences. The subscribers do not want them, the critics (with one or two nonconformist exceptions) do not want them, and the box office registers disapproval if the conductor persists. Barring the recurrent ululations of a few malcontents like Deems Taylor, Pitts Sanborn, and the present scribe, the reviewers do not repine over the neglect of contemporary novelties; and the public, far from inviting the exhibition of new scores, bitterly resents being asked to listen to them. It is of course everyone's privilege to dislike a Stravinsky or Casella or Schönberg work after he has heard it; but in New York most of us are unwilling even to hear such works, and would be perfectly content with an orchestral repertoire made up of standard pieces, classic and modern.

In England (and also, as I shall later remark, in France) the situation is entirely different. London concert-goers display no advance antipathy to an ultra-modern score. They may and often do dislike it after they have heard it,—which is their privi-

lege, of course,—but they do not object to hearing it and giving the composer a run for his money. Consequently, Sir Henry Wood and Coates and Goossens feel free to keep their English audiences abreast of the times in the creative field, and their programmes exhibit a stimulating condition of aliveness and variety; whereas Mengelberg or Stokowski or Monteux or Hertz cannot perform a typical contemporaneous work in our halcyon republic without the certainty of provoking complaint among their subscribers and hostility in the press. Coates and Wood and Goossens can count at least upon interest and receptiveness, if not upon an approving attitude toward the music itself—which is of course another matter altogether.

I reached London after the close of the regular orchestral season; but I heard the London Symphony Orchestra play under Weingartner in a special series of concerts, and I also heard Goossens direct his orchestra in a concert given by Murray Lambert, who is what is known in England as a "lady violinist".

The London orchestras operate under grave difficulties. They are, for the most part, unassisted. The Government provides no help for them; and such magnificent private subsidies by music-loving and public spirited millionaires as our American orchestras enjoy are unknown in England. One of the orchestras is to some extent backed by a certain prosperous music firm; but this is rather a disadvantage than otherwise, as it is said to predispose that orchestra's choice of programmes in favor of the firm's publications, so far as new works are concerned. Generally speaking, the educated and prosperous classes in England, from whom support of the orchestras would normally come, are unmusical. It is not "smart" to be musical in London—chiefly, they will tell you here, because those at the Top are not musical. There is a very small minority of cultivated people who center about the activities of the Younger School of British composers and writers—music-makers like Goossens, Arnold Bax, Lord Berners and Lady Dean Paul, and critics and expounders like Edwin Evans and Leigh Henry. But this minority is better known outside of England than in London itself—the average upper-class London dowager has never heard of Bax or Goossens; she is still devoted to Clara Butt, remembers with regret the old

days of Italian opera at Covent Garden, has a secret passion for sentimental ballads, and thinks Elgar very "modern". It is a significant fact that the British National Opera Company, now producing opera in English at Covent Garden, drew its most fashionable and crowded audience on the night that Melba appeared in a polyglot performance of *La Bohème*, Nellie singing Mimi in Italian, and the other members of the cast warbling in the speech of the British Isles.

One of the results of this situation is that the English orchestras, being unsubsidized, are always badly off for funds, and are unable to pay for adequate rehearsals. Naturally, the performances suffer in quality. There are good players, for instance, in the London Symphony Orchestra and in Goossens's Orchestra (which is a picked body of men, made up of the best elements in the other organizations). But the London Symphony Orchestra, playing under even so experienced a drill master as Weingartner, lacked precision and balance, and gave a performance of Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* which Mr. Stock or Mr. Mengelberg or Mr. Sokoloff would have regarded as merely a good beginning for the first day's rehearsal.

A word here concerning Mr. Weingartner: He appeared in London after many years' absence, and was greeted with fervid enthusiasm, not only by the public, which cheered him lustily, but by the press, which praised him without a dissenting voice. I confess that I was unable to share in this enthusiasm. Mr. Weingartner played the *Allegro* of the Schubert *Unfinished* as an *Andante*, and the *Andante* as an *Allegro;* but this eccentricity might have been pardoned him if he had not read through Schubert's symphony—and, later, Beethoven's *Seventh*—in a rigid, wooden, metronomic style that ignored innumerable subtleties of pace and accent. Most of his conducting was mere time-beating, stiff and insensitive. I have heard far less illustrious conductors than Mr. Weingartner give finer performances of the *Unfinished* than he achieved; and Weingartner's reading of the *Seventh* was not to be mentioned in the same breath with even Monteux's.

But Englishmen's standards of orchestral performance are not ours, and their ears appear to be insensitive. They have heard

in London innumerable great conductors as guests; but they have not heard fine conducting as continuously as we have, nor are they accustomed to superlative orchestral playing. Their resident conductors—Wood, Coates, Landon Ronald—are second-rate.

I must except from this generalization, however, Eugene Goossens. I heard him conduct only the *Magic Flute* Overture, the accompaniment of the Elgar violin concerto, and Holst's opera, *The Perfect Fool.* What he would make of a Brahms or a Beethoven symphony I do not know. But he is undoubtedly a conductor of uncommon ability. He has technical skill, authority, a sure control of the orchestra; and he is vivid, vital, and expressive in his handling of rhythms and dynamics. Whether he is as deep as a well or as wide as a church door I cannot say.

It is perhaps germane to these observations to say that English musicians betray an astounding lack of awareness concerning music in America. I met some of the leaders of musical thought and activity in England. In talking with these men I found a startling and grotesque ignorance of musical activities west of the Atlantic, and a condescending and indifferent attitude toward the subject. A certain writer, for example, thought that the Philharmonic was "Mr. Damrosch's orchestra"; another did not know who Mr. Stokowski was. One becomes aware of an ill-concealed attitude of contempt toward our musical doings. They seem to have no knowledge of the fact that our orchestras and conductors are incomparably superior to theirs; and they are evidently averse to believing the testimony of their own ears: for one of them spoke slightingly of the unsurpassable New York Symphony Orchestra, which he had heard in London. The English are far ahead of us in their development of a vigorous native school of composers. We have no such group of creative musicians as Bliss, Bax, Goossens, Holst, Berners, Ireland, Vaughan-Williams, and the rest of the "Younger British" school. English music, which languished unaccountably for two centuries after the great days of Byrd and Purcell, is now experiencing a genuine renaissance. But on the interpretative side they are leagues behind us—and don't know it (also, they would never believe it).

The situation in France, or, rather, in Paris, is roughly what it is in England: poorly paid and poorly trained orchestras, indifferently conducted, but playing a refreshingly varied, progressive, and stimulating repertoire. I heard in Paris the Colonne Orchestra, the Pasdeloup, Koussevitzky's, and the composite one conducted by Walter Straram; besides the orchestras of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. Among the conductors I heard Pierné, Rhené-Baton, Koussevitzky, and Straram. The Lamoureux and Conservatoire Orchestras had ended their seasons before I arrived.

The orchestral picture in Paris is strikingly different from the one we are familiar with in America. Instead of hearing Brahms and Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss *ad nauseam*, one never hears them at all; instead of hearing few ultra-modern works, one hears them constantly. Furthermore, the programmes are curiously put together, and are very long. Here, for instance, are three of Koussevitzky's, conducted by him in his series at the Opera House; the concerts began at 9 P.M., and lasted almost until midnight:

1. Berlioz.....Overture, *Carnaval Romain*
2. Schubert.....Unfinished Symphony
3. Riegel.....Symphony in D major
4. Mozart.....Aria from *The Magic Flute*
5. Mozart.....“Adam” Variations

(Ada Sari)

6. Honegger.....Tone-Poem, *Chant de joie*
7. Delage.....Two Songs with Orchestra
8. Stravinsky.....Aria from *Le Rossignol*

(Ada Sari)

9. Moussorgsky.....Tableaux d'un Exposition

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1. Bach.....B minor Suite
2. Bach.....Italian Concerto for harpsichord

(Wanda Landowska)

3. Mozart.....B-flat major piano concerto

(Landowska)

4. Debussy.....Sarabande and Danse

(Orchestrated by Ravel)

5. Stravinsky.....Symphonic Poem, *Chant du Rossignol*
6. Prokofieff.....Symphonie Classique

1. Bax.....Tone-Poem, *The Garden of Fand*
2. Reed.....Scherzo
3. Tansman.....Scherzo Symphonique
4. Prokofieff..... Scythian Suite
5. Liszt.....E-flat piano Concerto
(Robert Casadesus)
6. Beethoven.....Seventh Symphony

Koussevitzky's concerts are by far the most interesting in Paris. He conducts an orchestra made up of men from the Colonne, Conservatoire, and other orchestras, and some of them are accomplished players. The strings are good, the woodwind is excellent; the brass is harsh in tone, though some of the solo men are exceptional—Koussevitzky's tuba played superbly a solo in Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exposition.* Koussevitzky himself is a remarkable personality—dramatic, expressive in his gestures (perhaps too gracefully so), full of fire and vitality, a little spectacular, possibly somewhat self-conscious. In music like Stravinsky's *Nightingale* or Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite* or Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exposition* he is at his best. His Beethoven (*Seventh Symphony*) was unconventional in conception and treatment, but undeniably effective. His Schubert was equally untraditional, but less effective, and showed some defects of judgment in balance of tone and adjustment of sonorities—melodies were understressed and accompaniments overstressed. The Bach Suite he played admirably, with true eighteenth century elegance and grace. He is very much alive, and is never commonplace. He seems, however, to be essentially a modernist. His performance of the classics would outrage the Old Guard, but they would certainly interest the younger generation, and would probably nourish the box-office.

The other conductors whom I heard in Paris are mediocrities. Pierné (Colonne Orchestra) is soporific, with limited technique, though a good musician; he is deadly dull. Rhené-Baton (Pasdeloup Orchestra) is hopelessly insensitive. Walter Straram is curiously ineffectual (he is a protégé of Ganna Walska, and is the miscreant who taught her to sing). Caplet, Gaubert, and Chevillard (the latter has just died) I was unable to observe, as they had ended their season's work.

I heard in Paris a number of orchestral novelties by important composers—Honegger's *Song of Joy* and Prelude to *The Tempest;* a *Sarabande* and *Danse* by Debussy (two piano pieces beautifully orchestrated by Ravel); a *Scherzo* by the Englishman W. W. Reed, and another *Scherzo* by Alexander Tansman, the Polish "futurist"; a *Passacaglia* by Anton Webern, the Viennese ultra-modern; a suite (Op. 12) by Bartok; some ballet music by Pierné; two songs with orchestra by Jacques Pillois. None of these works has been heard in America. The most consequential of them are Honegger's *Song of Joy,* an attractive and exhilarating work; Webern's *Passacaglia;* Bartok's suite, and the two Debussy-Ravel pieces.

I heard also a number of other modern works, not novelties in Europe, but unknown in New York. These were Stravinsky's *Song of the Nightingale* (a symphonic poem derived from his famous opera-ballet); Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite;* and the Moussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures from an Exposition.* It is a pity that none of these is known in New York, for they are all works of great interest. Stravinsky's, indeed, is already a modern classic, and it is difficult to explain to European musicians why New York has never heard it. The music would doubtless bruise a good many ears, but it has pages of such engaging wit, fantasy, and poetic beauty, that it would be welcomed by receptive hearers. I heard Mlle. Ada Sari sing the dialogue of the Fisherman and the Nightingale from the operatic version of *The Nightingale,* the music of which is not included in the symphonic poem. This part of the score is much more easily apprehended (it was written at an earlier date) and is music of captivating charm. It would be delightful to hear some especially qualified singer like Eva Gautier sing this piece with one of our orchestras, if the symphonic poem is forever banned.

Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite* has been played in Chicago, but never in New York or Philadelphia. It is a strikingly powerful and original work, but harmonically drastic; the last number of the suite—an evocation of a Pagan solar rite—contains one of the most remarkable and exciting climaxes I have ever heard; but it would doubtless be heartily disliked by our New York audiences and critics.

The Moussorgsky-Ravel suite, *Pictures from an Exposition*, would unquestionably be popular in New York, as it is perfectly simple and comprehensible (it was composed in 1874). The original work is a suite for piano, never scored by Moussorgsky.[1] The version that I heard was scored, most brilliantly and effectively, by Ravel. Mr. Koussevitzky informed me that Ravel's orchestration was made especially for him, was dedicated to him, and is his personal property (the music is unpublished). He told me that he "hoped to conduct it in America himself in the near future"—whatever that may mean. There is another orchestral version of Moussorgsky's work, made by an obscure composer whose name I have forgotten. It has been played in Chicago by Stock; but I have not seen that version, and cannot vouch for its effectiveness.

The guileless stay-at-home concert-goer is not to conclude from all this that his French or English brother is more musical than himself. He isn't. The Parisian or the Londoner will applaud performers and performances that would ruin a manager's reputation in New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago and cause the offending "artist" to be shot at sunrise by popular edict. He does not, apparently, know the difference between good singing, good violin or piano-playing, and bad; nor is an orchestral performance for him a thing that is listened to with shrewd discrimination and an appraising ear and mind. But what he has, and has magnificently, to his endless honour, is æsthetic curiosity. He may not know how to estimate sensitively what he hears; but the point is that *he wants to hear*—or at least is willing to hear. And that is the beginning of wisdom.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

[1] The piano version has of course been heard in New York.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Good may come out of evil if the unseemly controversy over vinous beverages on foreign ships in American ports shall lead to definitive action on two questions which for generations have been a source of friction and sometimes of war between nations, which are conspicuously suited to settlement by adjudication or by what we may call international legislation, and yet which have repeatedly and persistently been shelved by the very governments most interested in them. One, to which I referred last month as then at issue between Great Britain and Soviet Russia, is the width of the coastal waters over which a country may claim jurisdiction; the other, the degree of jurisdiction which a government may exercise over a private alien ship within its territorial waters. Concerning neither has there ever been general agreement. As to the first, Bynkershoek, Vattel and Lampredi held that cannon shot, in their day three marine miles, was the proper width; in which case, should we now adopt the range of the "Big Bertha"? Rayneval thought that the horizon should be the limit of proprietorship; though a perplexing mathematical question might arise as to just where the horizon is. And Azuni wanted the matter settled by special treaties among nations; a plan which might lead to a nation's extent of marine jurisdiction varying in the same waters, according to its varying relations with other Powers. As to the second question, disagreement over it has been still more marked, and the policy of individual nations has not always been consistent. Thus we now claim complete jurisdiction over foreign merchant ships in our ports, even to the extent of breaking seals and confiscating beverages in transit and not intended for consumption within our boundaries. Yet Webster, as Secretary of State, said that in the American view of the case a merchant ship in alien waters retained to a very considerable extent the jurisdiction and authority of the laws of

her own country. Thus, he argued, slaves on board an American vessel in English waters did not fall under the operation of English law. Obviously there has been a pretty complete reversal of our policy in these eighty years; or else we must regard wine drinking as a more heinous crime than human slavery. There seems to be urgent need that the nations shall agree upon some definite code covering both these matters. If they cannot do that, in a time of profound peace, what hope is there of their ever agreeing upon such far more difficult matters as reduction and limitation of armaments and abstention from war?

A striking illustration of the contrast in attention paid to the unusual and to the commonplace, even when the latter is the more formidable, was provided by the eruption of Ætna. It was, doubtless, an appalling calamity, properly arousing worldwide horror and sympathy. Yet at the very same time a spell of hot weather in the United States was destroying more lives and incomparably more property, and was causing a thousandfold more suffering and distress. Both were, of course, far beyond the power of man to check or to have prevented; leaving nothing that could be done save to relieve distress and repair losses so far as either was possible.

One of the most lamentable incidents of this generation in the educational world was the enforced retirement of Alexander Meiklejohn from the Presidency of Amherst College. I shall venture to describe it as the doing of a necessary thing in an unnecessary way. Dr. Meiklejohn had shown himself one of the few real educational geniuses of his time. But unfortunately he had also shown himself to be a poor business man and administrator; and—still more unfortunately—it was, as it very generally is, required of a college President that he should be the principal business man and administrator as well as the chief educator of the institution. On the ground of his lack of capacity as an executive the trustees were right in wishing him to retire from the business leadership of Amherst. What is not merely regrettable but really unforgivable is that they did not several years ago perceive the drift of affairs and take effective steps so to reor-

ganize the college corporation as to make it possible to retain Dr. Meiklejohn for the work which he was doing superlatively well and in which it was almost an intellectual crime to interrupt him, and at the same time to place in other hands those other duties for which he was constitutionally unfitted. If Dr. Meiklejohn made an error in his Commencement Day remarks it was in saying that the college of the future would have no trustees. It will have trustees really much more than the college of today; but they will be trustees who not merely passively hold but also actively administer their trust by so providing for the material management of the institution that the President and faculty will have nothing to do but to look after its intellectual welfare. The tragedy of Amherst—for it was nothing less—should hasten the coming of such a system.

It was given to Pierre Loti—as it has been to very few—to read his own obituary and to learn the posthumous judgment of the world upon him and his works. Nearly a year before his actual death he was, by some unexplained mischance, reported dead, and elaborate critical obituaries of him were published in both America and Europe. Happily not one of them, so far as I observed, contained anything which he would have wished not to be said of him. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine any rational person saying anything to the discredit or in disparagement of one of the most exquisite literary artists of the age. It was an interesting coincidence that he died at the very time when another great sailor author, Joseph Conrad, was marking perhaps the zenith of his career by making a visit to this country in which he was received with seldom rivalled honours. How much were they both influenced and inspired by "the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea"? Add to that influence Loti's profoundly spiritual nature, and his complete absorption of himself with the literature, the imagery and the *ipsissima verba* of the Bible, and we need go no further for the explanation of such works as *Rarahu* and *Pêcheur d'islande*.

Maurice Hewlett, like Loti, did his best work many years ago; but, also as in Loti's case, when those many are multiplied many

times, his writings will not be withered by age or staled by custom. They have the authentic impress of a genius that is perennial in its appeal to human interest. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of his work was its spontaneity, its freedom from even the slightest odor of the lamp, although of all writers of his time he was one of the most studious and painstaking. His *Forest Lovers* has all the meticulous perfection of a lapidary's most elaborate masterpiece, yet it has the freshness and natural freedom of a wildflower. The same supreme quality appears no less strikingly —perhaps even more strikingly because of the comparison which is inevitably made—in his *Richard Yea-and-Nay.* Compare, I say, that work with *The Talisman.* There can be no doubt that it presents a picture of the Lion Heart technically far more accurate than that drawn on Scott's splendidly glowing pages; nor can there be any that it is also superior in its *vraisemblance*—perhaps I should say in its actual revivification of Plantagenet times.

Alaska's very practical vindication of Seward's vision has long been the veriest commonplace of comment. But it may pardonably be repeated, with a still longer excursion into the past, on the occasion of the first visit of a President of the United States to that vast and opulent region which has been property of the United States for more than half a century. In fact our vital interest in and a measure of our influence over Alaska date back exactly a hundred years. It was in the summer of 1823 that John Quincy Adams thwarted Russian designs of conquest and of empire by bluntly informing Baron Tuyl that we should contest Russia's title to any establishment whatever upon this continent. The significance of that prelude to the Monroe Doctrine lay in the circumstance that Russia was at that time actually making military and naval preparations to seize the whole Oregon and California coast down to the Mexican or former Spanish line, and then to restore to Spain the sovereignty of Mexico and all regions south. That would have divided the entire western coasts of these continents between Russia and Spain and would have barred the United States completely away from the Pacific. Against that threatened barrier Adams hurled a foursquare block of New England granite, smashing it to smith-

ereens. From that day Russia lost interest in her American province north of Fifty-four Forty, and from that day our ultimate acquisition of Alaska was assured. Exactly a century later a President of the United States makes a progress through our Territory of Alaska, and in doing so reminds us that on the "Ocean of the Future" as Seward called it, from which Russia sought to exclude us altogether, we have a greater frontage than any other country in the world.

After forty years a monument of manly heroism and high achievement has been erected at the point which for a number of years was the "furthest north". At Cape Sabine the Greely Expedition, the American member of the international circumpolar chain of observers, struggled, suffered and—most of its members—died; but triumphed. Seldom was there a more splendid boast than that which the almost lifeless lips of Greely stammered out to his rescuers: "Here we are—all that is left of us—dying like men—did what we came for—beat the best record!" Happily, General Greely himself survives, to have seen the tablet of bronze which amid the eternal ice of the Arctic is to display to the cold gleam of the Northern Lights the story of "what long-enduring hearts could do".

It has been reserved most fittingly for France, having more nearly than any other modern nation approximated the culture of the Greeks, to advance in one respect beyond the standard of Hellenic civilization by making the Olympic Games an intellectual and artistic as well as a physical competition. The French committee which has next year's games in charge makes the interesting announcement that there will be a five-fold competition in literature and art, of equal rank and dignity with the athletic contests. The five competitions are to be in Literature, Architecture, Music, Painting, and Sculpture. All the works entered are, of course, required to be created expressly for the occasion, and also to have some form of athletic achievement for their themes. The winners will receive medals of equal value with those given to the athletes, similarly bestowed by the President of the French Republic himself. That is, apparently, a step beyond

the Greek custom. For while authors, orators, poets, musicians and artists used to take advantage of the enormous gatherings of the best citizens of the Greek States at Olympia to make public exhibition of their works, there is no record of their ever having been received as competitors in the games. The novel experiment will be justified or discredited by the event. There is a general feeling that intellectual works of the highest merit cannot be produced to order, or as the result of a competition; and it is true, I believe, that most poems, musical pieces and other literary or artistic productions in competitions in our own day have been commonplace. Yet some of the noblest poems and musical compositions have been written "on occasion" and literally to order; so have still more of the best paintings and works of sculpture; and so have practically all architectural achievements. It will be interesting, indeed, to see what works of genius, if any, this Olympiad brings forth.

Not even the sternest anti-feminist should object to the latest demand of the women of England for equality of legal rights with men. That is, equality in the divorce court. It has ever been one of the most extraordinary and most discreditable anomalies of English jurisprudence that women should be denied divorce for the one supreme reason which is almost everywhere regarded as sufficient cause and by many is held to be the only really valid cause; and that, incidentally, physical cruelty should be deemed—by implication—a greater wrong than adultery. A husband has of course always been able, since the Reformation, to get a divorce from his wife on the ground of even a single act of infidelity to her marriage vows of chastity. But no such right has been enjoyed by women. A man could have as many mistresses as he pleased, and consort with them as openly as he pleased; he could even introduce them into his own house, in the presence of his outraged wife; but the wife could not for that reason get a divorce. To enable her to do that, he must treat her with physical cruelty. A slap in the face would do more for setting her free from him than all the mere adulteries in the world. The righting of that astounding discrimination must be reckoned a real triumph for common sense and common decency.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LITERATURE. By Joseph Collins. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The best qualities of Dr. Collins's essays as criticism are precisely those most apt to arouse opposition; namely, their fearlessness and freedom from conventionality. These, coupled with acute and trained intelligence, are almost enough to assure that a book shall be refreshing and worthily interesting. Whether the result can be called criticism in the full sense of the word, is another question. Great critics have generally possessed something of the creative power; they have done almost as much to promote right thinking and to intensify the spiritual life of their readers as have the authors whose works they have discussed. Neither Dr. Collins's method nor the writers he has chosen for comment lend themselves to such effects.

That the essays are really critical in their main intent—critical rather than diagnostic—should, however, be made perfectly plain. It is with books as books that the author is primarily concerned; he is only secondarily concerned with the writers as psychic phenomena or as moral characters. Far from attributing to genius the defects of insanity, after the fashion of Nordau, he is perhaps rather too ready to accord to exceptional abnormality the title of genius. Criticism, somewhat wavering in point of view (as will be pointed out) and not always strictly sequential, is what the Doctor has written.

The view expressed in an early chapter regarding the relation of psychology to literature is broad and suggestive. "Fiction writers," Dr. Collins says, "should not attempt to carry over the results of psychological inquiries as the warp and woof of their work. They should study psychology to sharpen and discipline their wits, but after that the sooner they forget it the better." This is a sound piece of advice and a really philosophical saying. Fiction is bigger than psychology. Both deal with life; but to limit the novelist to the point of view of the psychologist is to obliterate the distinction between science and art. The writer of fiction will best further the understanding of human nature if he will cultivate the whole of his field and not merely the scientifically mapped-out part of it. But what about the statement which immediately follows this illuminating remark in Dr. Collins's essay? "The best thing that fiction writers can do is to depict the problematic in life in all its intensity and perplexity and to put it up to the psychologists as a challenge." Here is a claim for pathological realism that is in itself a challenge.

After this, it is only fair to point out that Dr. Collins does repeatedly emphasize the right of man's higher interests, as well as his instincts, to be represented in literature. "Without cant or piety," he writes, "it may be

said that there is such a thing as higher life, spiritual life, and readers of psycho-analytic novels must keep in mind the fact that the Freudian psychology denies the reality of any such higher life, accounting for the evidences of it which are unescapable in terms of 'sublimations' such as 'taboos'." But what follows this acknowledgment is mainly an exposition of the way in which partially submerged instincts conflict with "interests" and complicate life. Here, then, it would seem, lies the principal use of fiction. Something like this is what one means by saying that the Doctor is not always strictly sequential. A problem is raised—the relation of literature to life—and the author is not nearly so clear about it as he is about the relation of literature to psychology. For the most part he does not meet the question squarely but appears to waver between two points of view. These two viewpoints, curiously enough, correspond very closely to the point of view of the physician and that of the patient!

Without intentional offence to the members of the medical profession, it may be said that many physicians appear to have two philosophies. As scientists, they think of life biologically; "higher interests" are merely a part of the general scheme of cause and effect. Religious belief, for example, is merely a cause that does or does not in a given case make for mental stability and health; it may be a symptom of approaching insanity or a preventive of suicide! But as a member of society and particularly as a reliever of human suffering the doctor is the most human of beings. He usually appears not so anxious to convert the layman to his point of view as to assume the point of view of the layman. Something of this division between the scientific and the humanistic state of mind appears to be observable in Dr. Collins's criticism.

The truth is that his interest in the characters of fiction is behaviouristic rather than humanistic, so far as his analysis goes; yet he appears to shy away occasionally from this purely professional view, and to make observations or express implications that do not follow closely from his first principles. To James Joyce, Dr. Collins unhesitatingly ascribes genius. But why? "Mr. Joyce has made a contribution to the science of psychology, and he has done it quite unbeknownst to himself, a fellow-countryman might say. He has shown us the process of the transmuting of thought to words . . . Mental hygiene takes on a deeper significance to one who succeeds in reading *Ulysses*, and psychology has a larger ceinture." Psychology, not life! Feodor Dostoievsky appears truly to the Doctor to have been a great genius. "Not only has he depicted the different types of mental alienation, but by an intuition peculiar to his genius, by a species of artistic divination, he has understood and portrayed their display, their causation, their onset—so often difficult to determine even for the expert—and finally the full onset of the disease. Indeed, he forestalled the description of the alienists. . . His legacy to mankind is the record of his unconscious mind revealed in his novels." Here again the professed interest of the critic is purely objective and scientific.

He does, indeed, seem to take the humanistic view when he tells us with much eloquence that Dostoievsky is one of the most consolatory of all writers. But what are Dostoievsky's consolations worth? The Doctor does not say. It appears to be enough for him that they are soothing in the same sense that the climate of Colorado is said to be good for tuberculosis. Really the only attempt in the essay to estimate the human worth of Dostoievsky's writings is found in the rather strange and apparently inconsequential statement: "Many thoughtful minds believe that Dostoievsky has shown us the only salvation in the great crisis of the European conscience."

In discussing Dorothy Richardson, Dr. Collins quite frankly and refreshingly takes the point of view of his readers: "The question which everyone must decide for himself is: when such revelations of the conscious and the unconscious are spread before him in words and sentences, does the result constitute gibberish or genius; is it slush or sanity; is it the sort of thing one would try to experience; or should one struggle and pray to be spared? Has anyone identified himself with Miriam Henderson and added to his or her stature?" In his essay upon Marcel Proust, however, he is again mainly objective. He cannot withhold his admiration from this author, who has succeeded in writing with eloquence, with tact, nay, with something like poetic beauty, about one of the most unmentionable of vices. From a literary point of view, of course, the achievement is merely a "stunt". The real interest is pathological. In his essay on W. N. T. Barbellion, Dr. Collins says quite inspiringly and therefore quite unscientifically: "There is a certain degree of greatness from which, when a man reaches it, he can always look over the top of his wall of egotism. Barbellion never reached it." William James himself is hardly kinder than this to our moral prepossessions. The Doctor positively denies that Amiel was the victim of an obscure psychosis and, like any man of common sense, attributes the self-confessed failure of that celebrated diarist to his "personality." Yet a few pages further on, he declares that "Amiel's tragedy was that he outraged nature's unique law and nature exacted the penalty. If the world had a few thousand Amiels and they got the whip hand, it might cease to exist." We are back on the Freudian basis again. In his criticism of Georges Duhamel, the pacifist, the author is again the out-and-out biological philosopher, declaring that "you might just as well ask a man who is drowning not to struggle as to ask a man to return good for evil—that is, unless he is doing it as a stunt, an artifact, or in redemption of the promise to be saved." But while, like Mark Twain, he raises the question whether the joyful maniac is not the happiest of human beings, he appears to take for granted the moral solution of the problem: happiness, considered as the ultimate end of life, cannot be a mere feeling. Still in his humanistic mood, the Doctor points out that Mr. D. H. Lawrence is really clamouring for and trying to create a world without ideals, "but most people, I fancy, will continue to believe that his world will not be a fit place to live in should he be able to finish his task. Meanwhile he is doing much to make

the world less livable." But the really crushing criticism of Lawrence's *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* is that it "contains more misinformation in a small space than almost any recent book save the *Cruise of the Kawa*."

After so much quotation and summary, it is doubtless the reviewer's duty to sum up. One's final impression is that the psychological and biological way of thinking does not afford a sufficient background for criticism. Its best result is that it makes criticism fearless and unconventional, while it operates like any other body of personal convictions, or any other warp of mind, in securing the unification that makes for interest and in giving to the comment a certain sting and zest. To learn from Dr. Collins what each of the writers he discusses is consciously or unconsciously up to is, moreover, highly instructive. This critic, however, appears to lack the faculty possessed in a singular degree by William James, of reconciling opposed attitudes of mind. He makes no adequate synthesis of the bizarre and abnormal with the natural and human. On the whole, instead of finding "human interest" in the aberrant types he finds psychological interest in the normal types, and, in the case of Dorothy Richardson, he laments that it is not possible for so gifted a writer as she to treat normal human life by the method that is instinctive and necessary for the egoist writing of egoism. He lauds Dostoievsky and Marcel Proust almost equally as great psychologists; that is, virtually as behaviourists, as describers of human reactions. His genius-gibberish paradox seems to imply a radical confusion; for it omits the very element which in a humanistic view is decisive for criticism. With all due respect for biology, it is precisely the element of personality, the perhaps unreal but instinctively assumed *quale*, that makes persons different, and with its assertions of responsibility and inviolability—it is precisely with this that literature as distinct from psychology ought to deal. In the group of writers of whom Dr. Collins treats, Dostoievsky is certainly the one undoubted genius—primarily because he had what one recognizes as a great personality, and only secondarily because he was a great psychologist. The tendency of such criticism is to set upon the same level literary manifestations of the most diverse motives and values, assimilating them through a scientific abstraction that is false to literature.

DAMAGED SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The proper study of mankind is man;" but certain modern thinkers have altered this text to read, "The proper study of mankind is the unconscious self." Literature has its proper province, its own standard of values, and from Shakespeare to Henry James it has mainly adhered to them. The great successes have been humanistic successes. In either fiction or biography any marked departure from the fundamental literary aim must ever seem bizarre, excursive, and questionable.

It is because Mr. Bradford understands so clearly the limitations of his province, as well as the splendid opportunity that it offers for the profound and humanly useful interpretations of common sense in the study of human conduct, that his accounts of certain remarkable personalities have a depth and an interest next to that produced by genius.

Penetration, sympathy, justice, these three are necessary to the biographer, but of these justice is the most indispensable. Justice implies not merely impartiality but judgment and balance and exactness. In criticism, in business, and in human affairs generally, it is the practical equivalent of profundity. The profound thinker is not generally the person who has access to super-normal sources of information, but rather he who has not only considered but weighed all the alternatives. The poets are perhaps exceptions to this rule, but the poets, excluding Horace and a few others, have not shone as critics of actual living character.

Nowhere is the quality of justice more needed than in an attempt to estimate souls so extreme and divergent as those of John Brown, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, P. T. Barnum, Benedict Arnold, Benjamin Butler, and John Randolph. Mr. Bradford, however, is felicitously equal to the demand. The governing point of view is that of a well-informed, well-poised mind, adequately skeptical, adequately appreciative of all things human. Speculation stops short just at the literary limit; the fourth dimension of character is just suggested, and the picture is in no case spoiled by attempts to diagram mental processes.

Biography should be scientific in its regard for truth but humanistic—humanistic and not sentimental—in its spirit. A narrative of human conduct written without feeling, without implied judgment of value, without thought of worth, is not a biography but a report, valueless except in relation to some unstated special purpose. But the very essence of the art of writing in the classical sense has always been to draw the line exactly between sane sympathy and sentiment, between sober skepticism and human faith. Not only does Mr. Bradford hold to this mean accurately and eloquently as he proceeds from sentence to sentence of his narratives, but his verdicts are in the classical vein and temper. To write moderately, wisely, and above all agreeably, of Benedict Arnold is surely no easy task. Even George Washington in referring to this traitor seems to have spoken inconsiderately. But Mr. Bradford succeeds in his difficult task, and his final paragraph is worthy of Solon:

"The legend ran in the British army that Arnold offered to give himself up for André, but was prevented by Clinton. If so, it was a cruel bit of kindness. To have given his life for André's would have averted those bitter years, would have gone far to redeem his name from infamy, would have saved him from having to change the proud motto of his earlier day, *gloria sursum*, glory above all things, to the sad legend which he adopted at last, *nil desperandum*, only too aptly mistranslated: nothing but despair."

As between this opinion and the biological-determinist view of human con-

duct, the literary mind at least will always be upon the side of the angels; yet how difficult it is to keep the path of sanity between such recognition of the soul's indefeasable worth and the excesses of romantic hero-worship!

Whatever lesson or effect of edification one may receive from Mr. Bradford's work is purely the legitimate result of his portraiture. By means of this art, however, he has managed to say something that could not be convincingly expressed in any other way—and this is the justification of art. We are all, or most of us, in some degree damaged souls! Science may tell us that we all have primitive, unconscious minds, but art tells us this—and as usual art is nearer to life than is science.

De Senectute. By Frederic Harrison. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

It is perhaps regrettable that a great man's last words are not necessarily either his best or the most truly representative of him. It is not meant to imply that any darkness had fallen upon the mind of Frederic Harrison in his last years. On the contrary, a very potent appeal of this latest book of his is the mental vigor which it displays in despite of the recognition of old age, its sorrows and its limitations. This quality, by the way, is least manifest in the title essay, a dialogue in which Mr. Harrison did not succeed in being so consolatory, so sprightly, or even so original as Cicero. But the passage of time in the course of a life of ninety-two years inevitably places a different emphasis upon different phases of a man's habitual thinking and feeling. What all seemed equally strong and good as originally thought, and what truly was so judged historically and by its influence, does not all today seem equally relevant.

The various papers collected in *De Senectute* have for the reader of today very different values. Nothing could be more interesting and authoritative than Mr. Harrison's Victorian memories—his moderate defence of the era in which he lived as by no means given up to banality and ugliness, his illuminating account of it as not even a very coherent period but a period of progress and change having no very fixed character or physiognomy. Nothing could be more acute and trustworthy than his valuation of Strachey's portrait of Victoria herself—whatever one may think of the characteristic remark, "To my mind it proves the danger of entrusting high political functions to a woman, and the wisdom of the people who invented the Salic law." The one historical essay, that on the City of Constantinople, combines imagination with intellectual enforcement of historic truth in a manner quite characteristic of the author. Personal conviction and taste join with scholarly lucidity to make the essay on Greek and Elizabethan tragedy something more than a comparison of obvious characteristics—though it is not very much more, and though, as in nearly all such discussions, a part depends upon the definition of the

word *tragedy* and a part upon inexplicable personal preference. It cannot be said that in his essay upon translation Mr. Harrison succeeded in expressing much that is really original or suggestive, and the defence of positivism in the essay entitled *A Philosophic Synthesis*, while it most effectively stresses the frequently ignored need of every one for a philosophy, a synthesis, of some sort, seems to proceed largely on grounds that have been abandoned by philosophers and most other thinkers to-day.

On the whole, it is for its Victorian memories that this book of last sayings will be oftenest referred to.

THIRTEEN WORTHIES. By Llewelyn Powys. New York: American Library Service.

Mr. Powys is a writer much praised by certain sensitive and more or less competent critics, yet one who, though ingenious and apprehensive almost to the degree of creativeness, seems always incomplete. His particular gift seems to be for the representation of nature human and inanimate, and such representation, sometimes enforced, sometimes warped, by the influence of a very active temperament and by an exceptional experience in South Africa, is what he has so far given us.

Just as in *Ebony and Ivory* he made the African scene stand out, so in *Thirteen Worthies* he has reproduced the very atmosphere of certain personalities from Chaucer and Montaigne to William Barnes and Thomas Hardy. No true reader of the products of these thirteen strong, vital, and racy minds can deny that Mr. Powys has caught the very flavor of their characters.

Only here and there does this writer show that almost perverse perspicacity and that unexpected emphasis which is generally characteristic of his brother, John Cowper Powys, and which is sometimes revelatory in addition to being almost invariably entertaining. He shows it perhaps in his reference to the inherent skepticism of Chaucer's mind, in support of which he quotes the lines—

> A thousand tymes have I herd men telle
> That ther is joy in heven and peyne in helle;
> And I accorde wel that hit is so;
> But ñatherless, yit wot I well also,
> That ther is noon dwelling in this countree
> That either hath in heven or helle y-be.

But on the whole there are in these essays few apt or memorable sayings; there is little criticism. The writer's art consists in enhancing and once again recommending what has been already perceived and appreciated. In artful recombination of familiar elements and delicate emphasis upon them he excels.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"FRANCE AND THE FACTS"

SIR:

In THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of March, 1923, appeared an article by Mr. Laurence Adler on *France and the Facts*. The article states that "in 1913, when the franc was in the ratio of five to the dollar, France spent on her army $531,814,947 and America $316,432,952."

The amount spent on our army in 1913 was $96,059,616.24, divided as follows:

Army	$90,958,712.98
Forts and Fortifications	4,036,235.00
West Point	1,064,668.26
	$96,059,616.24

In 1914 the amount spent was $100,574,030.38, of which sum $94,266,145.51 was for the army and the balance for the forts, etc., and West Point.

It states: "In 1922, with the dollar at eleven francs or over, France was spending on her army $491,000,000, and America $868,000,000." The total disbursements for the fiscal year (1922) by the War Department were $454,730,-718, for all purposes; this included rivers, harbors, and all work carried on under the said department.

It is stated: "It is a matter of common knowledge that the Allied Commissions in Germany are frequently stumbling upon hidden stores of arms." Mr. Clemenceau made the same statement when in this country and it was promptly and flatly denied by the Allied Commission.

Up to January, 1922, it is stated, "3,985,913 of the population had returned to the devastated area." Premier Briand stated on April 7, 1921, that "the pre-war population of the devastated region was 4,700,000, and it had 1,900,000 at the Armistice. At present it is 4,100,000." On July 30, 1921, the Minister of the Liberated Region reported to President Poincaré that "the population on June 1, 1921, was 4,165,253." If Mr. Adler's figures of returned population are correct, then this region had a population of 5,885,913, or over a million more than M. Briand stated the pre-war population was.

"Roads in need of repair 53,830 kilometers," or 32,082 miles. "Roads repaired 31,965 kilometers" or 19,875 miles up to January 1, 1922. The Minister of Liberated Regions reported on July 30, 1921, that "28,885 miles had been repaired" up to June 1, 1921.

"Navigable routes destroyed, 4,084 kilometers. Navigable routes repaired, 3,986 kilometers," as of January 1, 1922.

On September 20, M. Claveille, Minister of Public Works and Transportation, reports to President Poincaré, that "navigation is almost normal once more along the Aire, Deule, Sensee, St. Quentin and Somme canals." The above shows the canals were repaired over two years in advance of Mr. Adler's statement.

Mr. Adler states: "The value of the capital in this region of France (devastated) amounted to 9,082,986,155 francs. On this labor of reconstruction the French Government has thus far spent 93,000,000,000 francs, and the work of restoration is far from finished." A little later in the article Mr. Adler states: "It is calculated that 130,000,000,000 francs will be needed to complete the work of reconstruction." If Mr. Adler is correct it will take over 13 francs to restore one pre-war franc or 1200 per cent increase. This does not appear possible, when for work in this country, the most expensive place in the world to carry on construction, the increase over pre-war costs does not exceed 100 per cent.

Mr. Adler states that ninety-three billion francs had been spent down to January 1, 1922. If this is so, then the French Government spent nearly seventy-two billion francs in the last seven months of 1921, as against a trifle over twenty-one billion francs from the Armistice down to June 1, 1921, a period of nearly 31 months. It does not appear possible that seventy-two billion francs could have been spent in the seven months or that it will take a total of 130,000,000,000 francs to replace property destroyed by the war, when it is noted that for reconstruction the Minister states about eleven and one-half billion had been spent down to June 1, 1921, for general reconstruction purposes; and when this is taken into account with the work completed, as stated by the other Ministers and this compared with Mr. Adler's figures of property destroyed and capital invested, it looks to the average person as if Mr. Adler's facts and figures were propaganda of the kind of which the country has had its fill.

CHARLES H. LEDLIE.

St. Louis, Missouri.

SIR:

In answer to the question raised about the expenses of American armament in 1913 and 1922, pages ten and eleven of the official report given me by the French Government give exact duplicates of the figures given in my article.

As to the statement that it is a matter of common knowledge that the Allied Commissions in Germany are frequently stumbling upon stores of hidden arms, this information was given me also by one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office.

As to the question raised about my figure 3,985,913 for the population

returned to the devastated area up to January, 1922, the exact figure is given in another report to me by the French Government. If the French Government does not have authoritative figures on this subject (in spite of all Premier Briand may have said on April 7, 1921), I do not know where correct figures may be obtained.

Roads in need of repair, 53,830 kilometres. I refer the writer to the report on the "Reconstruction of the Devastated Regions of France." He will note that my quotation is correct. He will also note that somewhat later in his questions he quotes me for navigable routes destroyed, 4,084 kilometres. If he will look at my article more carefully, he will find on page 338 of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March the figure given under the item of Navigable Routes Destroyed as 1,112 kilometres. It would seem to me well that, if the figures of an article are to be criticized, those that are questioned should at least be correctly quoted. I cannot take such criticism as seriously as I might if there were not such errors in quoting.

As to the paragraph "Mr. Adler states the value of the capital in this region of France (devastated) amounted to 9,082,986,155 francs. On this labor of reconstruction the French Government has thus far spent 93,000,000 francs and the work of restoration is far from finished. Then a little later in the article Mr. Adler states that 130,000,000,000 francs will be needed to complete the work of reconstruction," the writer in his criticism has decidedly misinterpreted my statement. What was meant was that the total sum spent by the French Government to complete the work of restoration will be 130,000,000,000 francs.

As to the final paragraph, in which the writer questions my figures of 93,000,000,000 francs, he will note on page 338 of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March that my exact words were as follows: "On this labor of reconstruction the French Government has *thus far* spent 93,000,000,000 francs, and the work of restoration is far from finished." He has again misinterpreted my words in that he seems to think that the monetary figures given were applied to the limit of January 1, 1922. If he will take the trouble to re-read this section of my article, he will find that he was again mistaken.

In these paragraphs I have answered the writer's questions as fully as possible. One or two figures which he challenged I cannot at the moment go into, as I have not that particular bit of the documentary evidence here in Montana, but I know he will find from reading the official French reports that the figures are correct, and I think also that upon reflection he will be reassured that the French Government could not afford to give in official reports figures that were not absolutely correct. His own figures may be misquotations or taken from newspaper reports, which cannot always be relied upon.

LAURENCE ADLER.

State University, Missoula, Montana.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1923

RUM RUNNING AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

BY FREDERIC R. COUDERT

CODFISH, lobsters, seals and rum may, and indeed, probably do, have a far wider influence upon the creation and formulation of rules of international law than have the lucubrations of publicists and the discussions of learned academies. Rules about which only the professor or the occasional lawyer concerns himself may over night become the subject of wide and agitated popular discussion. The doctrines of continuous voyage, of ultimate destination, of visitation and search, became the commonplaces of street controversy during the Great War.

Today the "three mile limit rule," so called, has attained a similar place and usually finds ardent championship or abusive condemnation, not in proportion to the learning of the critic, but rather in proportion to the personal viewpoint which he may entertain toward the toxic or hygienic effects of beverage alcohol. In these circumstances, the discussion is not always as enlightening as it might be, and the results reached are neither conclusive nor useful. As the controversy, however, is one which is appealing to popular imagination, it is highly necessary that its legal aspects should be calmly considered and dissociated, as far as possible, from the brain inflaming material concerning which it originated.

Nor are the divisions of opinion confined to those whose reasonings are affected by the emotional elements involved in the prohibition question. Learned publicists have gone so far as to

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claim that the three mile rule is not in reality a rule at all, but rather a working hypothesis not definitely crystallized into law. Some of these gentlemen further claim that the spectacle of large fleets of rum runners congregated just outside of our three mile limit, daily successfully violating American law, is one which we are not bound by international law longer to tolerate.

I shall try, therefore, in simple fashion and without technical phrase, to state the situation as it appears today from the standpoint of international law.

It must be admitted that international law, like municipal law, is the result of historic causes and is ever more or less in process of modification or change. The doctrine of the "freedom of the seas" is of comparatively recent date. Spain and Portugal claimed to divide jurisdiction over them through the famous bull of Pope Alexander Sixth. Venice claimed the Adriatic and Holland made large claims in the Indies. It was, therefore, something of a novelty when Grotius, the father of international law, announced that "The boundless and rolling sea was as common to all people as the air," and that "No prince could challenge further into the sea than he could command with a cannon." The doctrine, however, comported well with the rise of the great nations in Europe in the seventeenth century in its negation of the claim that one nation might exercise lordship over the seas. Thus gradually, and after many wars and much controversy between the great maritime powers, it became finally generally recognized that the limit of control of a nation over its adjacent waters was the ancient limit of the cannon range; to wit, three miles.

This result was not reached without difficulty or discussion among writers and lawyers. Many publicists and statesmen claimed a wider exercise of jurisdiction. It was admitted that cannon range was rapidly increasing and it was claimed that the rule should expand with the growing power of explosives. This, however, did not meet with the assent of the nations, without which there can be no real rule of international law.

The United States early adopted the view that the three mile limit was a settled definite rule of law which had ceased to possess the elastic qualities of a rubber band. In the recent decision of the Supreme Court as to the right of foreign vessels to bring

alcoholic liquors into our territorial waters, the court states the proposition unequivocally as follows:

> It now is settled in the United States and recognized elsewhere that the territory subject to its jurisdiction includes the land areas under its dominion and control, the ports, harbors, bays and other inclosed arms of the sea along its coast, and a marginal belt of the sea extending from the coast line outward a marine league, or three geographic miles. (*Cunard Steamship Co. v. Mellon.*)

In the controversy with Spain regarding the exercise of Spanish jurisdiction beyond the three mile limit in waters surrounding Cuba, Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, declared that there were two principles universally admitted—

> Namely, first, that the sea is open to all nations; and, secondly, that there is a portion of the sea adjacent to every nation over which the sovereignty of that nation extends to the exclusion of every other political authority;

and again, in reference to a similar controversy, Secretary of State Seward asserted that no sovereign could widen his jurisdiction at his own will, and that—

> His right to a jurisdiction of three miles is derived not from his own decree but from the law of nations, and exists even though he may never have proclaimed or asserted it by any decree or declaration whatsoever;

and he adds:

> He cannot, by a mere decree, extend the limit and fix it at six miles, because, if he could, he could in the same manner, and upon motives of interest, ambition, or even upon caprice, fix it at ten, or twenty, or fifty miles, without the consent or acquiescence of other powers which have a common right with himself in the freedom of all the oceans.

The question was a vital issue in the famous Bering Sea controversy between Great Britain and the United States, happily disposed of by arbitration in 1893. The United States had claimed, among other rights, that of seizing British vessels killing seals outside United States territorial waters upon the ground that this was an interference with a valuable property or industry belonging to the United States, and that the measures were justified under the right of so-called "self-preservation". Various instances were cited of fisheries over which foreign nations had claimed exclusive right beyond the territorial waters, or of ancient revenue laws extending the right of seizure far beyond the three mile limit. This point of view was argued with

maximum ability by the ablest legal talent the United States possessed, but the Tribunal rendered an adverse decision on all of these arguments and held that the seal might be taken as any fish in the open ocean, and that the United States was not justified in interfering with the foreign sealing vessels beyond the three mile limit. In the course of the argument, it was shown that the many instances adduced by counsel for the United States were either due to special prescriptive rights or had been mere assertions of dominion not acquiesced in by the nations, and in some instances wholly withdrawn.

It seems clear to me that those who question the definiteness of the three mile limit are confusing the question of territorial waters with certain instances of national action undertaken in pursuance of some claim of self-preservation. As an instance of the exercise of such right are cited certain revenue and quarantine laws purporting to extend national action beyond the three mile limit. For instance, an ancient revenue law of the United States (1797) provides that—

> If a vessel bound to a port in the United States, shall, except from necessity, unload cargo within four leagues from the coast, and before coming to the proper port for entry and unloading, and receiving permission to do so, the cargo is forfeit, and the master incurs a penalty.

Great Britain had a similar law of ancient date, which has within recent times been modified specifically so as to apply only to British nationals. As to this law of the United States, it may be said that it was passed in the infancy of this Government and that there is no known instance of any complaint on the part of a foreign Government of the trespass by the commander of a revenue cutter on the rights of its flag under the law of nations. The statute itself gives no authority to arrest foreign vessels and seems to have been enacted to facilitate the work of the customs officials. Authority is at most given to board vessels of the United States and to remain upon them until they arrive at their port of destination. I can only say of such laws intended to confer authority upon national officials outside of territorial waters, that they are not part of the law of nations but are a mere survival from an earlier age in which the conception of territorial waters had not been definitely fixed. As far as international

law goes either they are now obsolete or their operation must be construed to extend only to the nationals of the State having such statutes. They cannot be maintained on any "self-defense" doctrine.

It is, I think, a mistake to assume that the so-called "right of self-preservation" is anything in the nature of law at all. It is obvious that where a nation is threatened in its national security or vital interests by the action of foreigners along the limits of its territorial waters it may resort to force to eliminate the threatened danger. It may well be that the nation whose flag is thereby involved will acquiesce in the attempt to restrain its nationals who may be endeavoring to violate the territory or safety of a friendly nation; but I believe there is no real precedent establishing in international law any such "self-defense" as a legal right. It would largely negative the doctrine of the freedom of the seas and could lead only to indefinite confusion and conflict.

When, in 1842, Canadian nationals crossed the border and burned the American ship "Caroline", believed to be aiding certain insurgents, Mr. Webster in protesting against the action, which had been defended on the ground of self-preservation, declared that this right was confined to cases in which the "necessity of self-defense is instant, overwhelming, and leaving no choice of means, and no moment for deliberation." Although this act occurred during an insurrection in Canada, the British Government apologized for the invasion of United States territory, and Lord Ashburton, adverting to the doctrine of national self-defense, admirably summarized the difficulties inherent in such a doctrine as follows:

> There are possible cases in the relations of nations, as of individuals, where necessity, which controls all other laws, may be pleaded; but it is neither easy nor safe to attempt to define the rights or limits properly assignable to such a plea. This must always be a subject of much delicacy, and should be considered by friendly nations with great candour and forbearance. The intentions of the parties must mainly be looked to; and can it for a moment be supposed that Great Britain would intentionally and wantonly provoke a great and powerful neighbour? (Moore, *International Law Digest*, Vol. II. pp. 411, 412).

A franker statement of the so-called right was that of the German Chancellor who defended the invasion of Belgium on the

ground "that necessity knows no law". It is evident that in cases of extreme urgency a nation may violate the territory of another nation or its rights on the high seas in order to ward off an imminent peril, but it does so at its own risk. This cannot, however, affect, modify or change the rule as to the limit of territorial waters.

It is true that three miles is an arbitary limit, but without such arbitrary limit the rule would be of little value. It is necessary that some control be maintained by each nation over its marginal waters for the protection of its neutrality, its independence, and its revenue or health laws. If no precise limit existed, it would be necessary to create one by international agreement. If three miles be insufficient, then must the nations by such agreement extend the limit; but until such extension takes place the general rule exists and those who violate it must bear the consequences. It has been steadily maintained by the Department of State of the United States, and, whatever its origin, the rule has, in my view, become established law which cannot be changed without general agreement among the nations.

It is of course obvious that if a nation were threatened with attack by nationals of a foreign country operating beyond the three mile limit, it would be morally justified in averting such attack by any necessary means. In so doing it might risk war, but this would be a necessary and foreseen consequence of its action.

The difficulty in the present situation is not one involving international law at all, although affecting international relations. There will doubtless be borderline questions as to how far vessels remaining themselves outside the limit may be considered by reason of the use of their own boats or boats under their control to operate within that limit. The application of the three mile limit itself to irregular portions of our coast, to bays and headlands, has always furnished material for discussion of the application of the rule, but such discussion does not affect the existence or validity of the rule itself.

The rule being clear, what is the situation as to those rum running vessels that do not infringe it? I know of no rule of international law which would justify the Government of the United States in violating the "freedom of the seas" and seizing such

vessels, whether they be four miles or forty miles from the coast. I do not think that their presence endangers the safety or independence of the United States or would justify their suppression as an act of self-defense, the necessity of which, in the language of Mr. Webster, must be "instant, overwhelming, and leaving no choice of means, and no moment for deliberation." Forcible suppression might facilitate the execution of the anti-liquor laws of the United States and the operations of revenue or other officials charged with that duty; yet that it could be justified on the very vague and extra-legal doctrine of national "self-preservation" cannot be seriously maintained.

The prohibition of alcoholic stimulant is a social experiment of high interest in which the United States is deeply concerned, but it is not yet one of these admitted evils which like piracy are condemned by all nations.

On the other hand, there are in the situation elements of danger tending to disturb especially Anglo-American relations, which should be frankly faced by the governments and peoples on both sides of the Atlantic. The presence of large fleets of vessels just outside the territorial waters intent upon violating American law is a cause of constant irritation to a numerous body of the American people and may well appear to be an indignity toward a great and proud nation. Assuming that large fleets of craft containing tobacco hovered about the English coasts intent upon landing that delicious weed without regard to the very strict English revenue laws, it is not difficult to imagine that a considerable amount of emotion would be stirred up in Great Britain and that the Government of the United States might be politely requested to use its good offices to prevent this organized attempt to flout British law. On the other hand, a certain amount of not unnatural indignation is felt in Europe at the attempt of America to impose what is looked upon as a social experiment of doubtful validity upon vessels under foreign flags entering its ports. The extension of the Volstead Act to all vessels entering territorial waters is, indeed, wholly inconsistent with long settled international practice, even though not directly contravening international law. It would be hard to persuade the gallant French nation that schooners laden with the luscious

wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy were really menaces to the security of the United States.

This divergence in point of view as to the wisdom and morality of prohibition as well as the extreme enforcement of the literal terms of the Volstead Act to foreign vessels is rapidly creating a serious international difficulty. The United States is within its strict rights in prohibiting the entry into its port of all liquor-laden vessels and the nationals of other nations are violating no law in hovering outside of the marginal waters of the United States seeking possible American purchasers for their wares.

It is thus not a situation which can be remedied by the application of existing law. The causes of irritation must be removed by mutual forebearance lest the controversy may give rise to even more dangerous proportions than those which heretofore raged over lobsters or seals.

I do not think that foreign nations should be called upon to surrender their rights upon the high seas. Such a precedent would be retrograde, dangerous and a bartering away of a great and beneficent principle. On the other hand, I think means should be found by international agreement to discourage the wholesale and organized attempts to aid in the violation of a law of the United States, which, however unreasonable it may seem to those abroad, and to many at home, yet appears to be sustained by a considerable majority of the American people.

With the good will now existing on both sides of the water, some agreement can surely be reached which, while maintaining intact the doctrine of the freedom of the seas and leaving unquestioned the limit of territorial waters as heretofore fixed, may yet reduce the rum running industry to minimum proportions. Foreign nations should find means of discouraging a practice which, even though strictly not contrary to the law of nations, is actually so inimical to international relations. On the other hand, the United States should modify its laws as to foreign vessels so as to conform to the heretofore ancient and settled international practice. These are matters not for the lawyer, but for the statesman.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

COAL CONTROL AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK

We have all talked a great deal about coal in recent days—coal prices and coal shortage, strikers and profiteers, and of means of deliverance of the ultimate consumer from his sore distress. Coal is so much an essential in present-day life that it seems imperative to find a way to mend conditions as they now exist. But before we make up our minds as to what we want to do, it is worth while to make sure what we can do—what remedies can be applied by State and Federal Governments.

The Constitution forbids States to deprive persons of life, liberty or property without due process of law, and also forbids the impairment of the obligation of contracts by the States. It is well established that the interference with the free acquisition and use of property, or the curtailment of complete liberty of action, including the making of contracts, is a deprivation of both liberty and property. But it is equally well established that if this is done under the police power it is done with due process, and so is constitutional. In this connection the police power was first interpreted as including the protection of health, safety, morals and good order. Latterly, however, the conception of that term has been given great breadth and elasticity by being declared to include the protection of "the public welfare."

The section of the Constitution which forbids States to impair the obligation of contracts is quite unqualified. It in terms makes no exceptions. But the Supreme Court has now made it quite clear that all contracts are made subject to the police power of the States, and that legislation under the police power does not unconstitutionally impair the obligation of contracts, though it may interfere with the fulfilment of their terms. And in this field, also, in recent years the police power has been interpreted broadly to cover legislation for the protection of the general welfare.

In a very real sense the police power is the constitutional safety

valve for the States. Its liberal interpretation gives scope for considerable experimentation in the field of social legislation, as changing circumstances arouse the public to make new demands for protection against social dangers or economic hardships.

There seems no doubt that it is constitutional for the States to fix a reasonable price for the output of coal mines. That the owners of coal mines are dealing with a commodity of such great importance as to bring it within the police power of price regulation would seem to be clearly proved by the number of persons dependent upon the commodity, and the vital importance which coal has for them all. Nor would the regulation by the States of the price of coal at the mine effect an unconstitutional regulation of interstate commerce, since until delivered to the carrier for shipment coal does not become a part of interstate commerce, as was declared by the Supreme Court of the United States in upholding a Pennsylvania tax on coal at the mine, although such a tax would clearly increase the price which users in other States would have to pay.

It is certain that the hours of labour in mines may be fixed by the States. This the Supreme Court declared even at a time when general regulation of hours of labour was still held to be mere officious intermeddling with people's private affairs—a time before Mr. (now Justice) Brandeis had developed a form of brief calculated to instruct the court as to the social and economic situation intended to be met by such legislation.

Before the ninth day of April of this year it would probably have been asserted with reasonable confidence that the States have some right to fix and require a living wage in industry. In 1917 a case went to the Supreme Court of the United States involving the constitutionality of an Oregon minimum wage law for women, which had been upheld by the highest court of the State. The judgment of the State court was affirmed by an evenly divided court, and without opinion, Justice Brandeis not taking part in the decision, having been of counsel. But in view of the latter's known support of such legislation this was fairly considered, in effect, a five to four decision in favour of constitutionality. Now we have a Congressional minimum wage for women, enacted under a police power over the District of

Columbia which is as broad as the police power of the States within their borders, held unconstitutional by a vote of five to three, Justice Brandeis not participating—in effect a five to four decision denying the constitutionality of such a law.

One feels, in examining the prevailing opinion of Justice Sutherland and the dissenting opinions of the Chief Justice and of Justice Holmes, that he is in contact with two very different attitudes of mind towards the constitutional question presented to the court. Justice Sutherland has formed his own opinion that the public welfare does not demand such limitation of the free power to contract as is contained in the minimum wage legislation, and that women no longer require special protection in industry, and, therefore, declares the act of Congress invalid. The dissenting Justices, on the other hand, stress the point that the question is not whether judges think that the principle of political science behind minimum wage legislation is sound or unsound, but whether there is any basis for the view of the legislature that the public welfare will be served by such legislation—leaving to the legislature the question of *policy*, and only countenancing an annulment, on the ground of unconstitutionality, of legislation passed as an exercise of the police power, when it is purely arbitrary and bears no relation to the public welfare.

That much can be said in favour of minimum wage legislation, and particularly minimum wage legislation for women, is clear. The receipt of less than a living wage adversely affects the health of any wage-earner, but is also especially injurious to future generations when the wage-earners affected are women; tends to increase crime, and to increase among women commercialized immorality; and casts upon the community the burden of making up through private or public charity the difference between the wage received and a living wage if the foregoing dangers are to be warded off. It does not seem unreasonable to demand that the industry to which one devotes his time and strength shall in return give a wage upon which life may be maintained. As the Chief Justice points out, the limitation of the freedom of contract in respect to wages to be paid can hardly be viewed as essentially more drastic than the limitation of the freedom of contract in the matter of hours which shall constitute a working day. While the

Supreme Court in its recent decision only passed upon the power of Congress to enact a minimum wage law for women under its police power over the District of Columbia, this decision would seem to show that the minimum wage laws, passed by a dozen of our States under their police power, are equally a deprivation of liberty without due process. Many groups of our citizens are finding this conclusion very disquieting. It seems, however, that, for the present at least, and until the Constitution is amended, or public opinion can be brought to bear effectively upon the judicial mind, the States cannot legislate on the subject of wages for the protection of the wage-earner.

Under the Industrial Relations Act of Kansas of 1920 it was attempted to provide for the fixing of wages in "the public utilities" and in businesses engaged in the supplying of food, fuel, clothing and transportation, and to forbid employees to strike against wages so fixed. The Supreme Court of the United States in June of this year held that, as applied to the meat packing industry, this part of the Industrial Relations Act was unconstitutional, being an unreasonable exercise of the police power. The Court does not deny that there may be cases in which threatened discontinuance of the supply of necessary service as the result of industrial disputes might justify the fixing of wages to protect the consuming public, but indicates great reluctance to support such exercise of the police power by the States. That the wages of coal miners may be fixed by the States in the interest of the consuming public seems, therefore, very doubtful.

It has often been judicially declared that the common law made illegal all combinations of labourers to bring pressure upon their employers by strikes or threats to strike—these were illegal conspiracies to upset the law of supply and demand. Though State legislatures have by statute recognized the right of collective bargaining on the part of labour and have legalized the peaceful strike, it is reasonably clear that they may withdraw this sanction and make a combination to quit work, where this will be injurious to the public at large, again a criminal offense. If hours of labour may be determined by legislative fiat, it follows that disputes on this question may be required to be submitted

to arbitration or to the determination of impartial tribunals, and that strikes pending such determination may be forbidden. This is in part the purpose of the Kansas Industrial Relations Act, which, however, also deals with wage disputes. The act was held constitutional by the highest court of that State. It has up to the present time been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States only in its relation to the power to fix wages.

If it be asked, may the individual miner be forbidden to quit work when he pleases, if in quitting he breaks a contract of employment, the answer is not entirely clear. The Constitution forbids involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime of which one has been duly convicted, and this means that an individual ordinarily cannot be forced to work, and cannot be enjoined by a court from breaking his contract of service, or punished criminally for such breach. Still, there are implied exceptions. Military service may be enforced, and it is constitutional to compel jury service, and work on highways. These are all included in the duty owed by the citizen to the State. But also a sailor may be forcibly returned to his ship if he deserts before the termination of his contract of service, though his ship be a merchantman and not a public vessel. This being so there may be other situations in which arguments of policy may be so strong for the protection of the public as to induce the recognition of other exceptions to the general rule that the breach of a contract of service cannot be prevented or punished. The Supreme Court of the United States has thrown out the suggestion that "it may be—but upon that point we express no opinion—that, in the case of a labour contract between an employer engaged in interstate commerce and his employee, Congress could make it a crime for either party, without sufficient or just excuse or notice, to disregard the terms of such contract or to refuse to perform it." (*Adair v. United States*, 208 U. S. 161.) This suggestion is certainly as applicable to the States under the police power as to the Federal Government under the power over commerce.

If, then, the production and consumption of coal were a wholly intrastate matter, the police power of the States might be reasonably adequate to meet the situation except in the matter of wages

—a matter, however, which is usually at the root of coal troubles. But of course we all know that this is not the case. Most of the product of the large coal mining States goes to consumers outside of their borders. The consuming States may by price regulation prevent exorbitant profits being made by coal dealers within their jurisdictions, but they have no control over production, and the influence in producing States of the coal interests may be so strong as to prevent regulation there in the interest of the consumer. Certainly there is no assurance of uniformity in state action. Besides, neither the producing nor the consuming States can control interstate transportation—that right they gave up to the National Government. The problem is really bigger than the individual States, and can only be partially met by them.

There is no doubt of the constitutional power of the National Government to deal with one phase of the coal situation—that which has to do with actual interstate transportation. That Government regulates the rates in such transportation, and the practices with regard to car distribution and commodity movements. It forbids preferences and discrimination, requires publicity as to rates, and denies to the railroads the right to carry commodities owned by them in competition with their patrons. Congress has sought within the last year to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to use its control over car distribution for the purpose not only of effecting a proper apportionment of coal, but also for the purpose of preventing the sale of coal at unreasonably high prices. But how far outside of actual transportation may it go? Under the Sherman Act and its amendments and the Federal Trade Commission Act it strives to prevent monopolies, combinations in restraint of trade, and unfair practices on the part of those actually engaged in interstate commerce.

But it may go further than this, for it may actually forbid the entrance of certain objects into the channels of interstate commerce, such as liquor (before it was entirely outlawed by the Eighteenth Amendment), lottery tickets, impure drugs and food, and women taken from one State to another for immoral purposes. And what it may forbid completely it may permit conditionally, as the Supreme Court held with regard to liquor before the Pro-

hibition Amendment was adopted. May Congress, then, regulate the relationship of capital and labour in the coal mining industry, and the price of coal at the mine by means of its power to exclude commodities from interstate commerce or to admit them to such commerce conditionally?

Let us remember that the National Government has only those powers which are granted it in the Constitution; that no general police power for the country at large is therein contained, and that Congress may not, therefore, *directly* fix rates and wages and hours of labour for intrastate businesses. When Congress acts it must justify its action under one of the grants of power made to it in the Constitution. Leaving aside the war powers, which are not applicable at the present time, the power to levy an excise—that is, a privilege or occupation tax—and the power to regulate interstate commerce alone could possibly be used for purposes of indirect regulation of intrastate business. And it seems pretty clear from the second Child Labor case that the taxing power may not be resorted to when the clear purpose of the statute is to regulate the internal affairs of the States and not to raise revenue. An attempt to levy a federal tax upon coal mines because of their failure to conform to named standards as to price, wages and working conditions, would probably be declared invalid.

In the first Child Labor case, the Supreme Court by a vote of five to four held a Congressional statute unconstitutional which withheld the privileges of interstate commerce from goods produced in factories or mines in which children under specified ages had been employed. The majority of the court said that the statute was a mere attempt to impose police regulations upon the States by indirection, when this could not be done directly, and so was a usurpation of the States' police power and not a regulation of commerce. As to earlier cases referred to, the court declared that "in each of these instances the use of interstate transportation was necessary to the accomplishment of harmful results", while under the Child Labor Act the goods shipped were harmless in themselves, and the work upon them was finished. But drugs, food, liquor and lottery tickets, which have been excluded with the approval of the court, are bad only

in that they will be injurious to the inhabitants of the States of destination—their carriage is not dangerous. The fact is that the statutes which have been upheld have forbidden the transportation of goods in interstate commerce to protect the inhabitants of the States of destination. Why should not Congress have the same power for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants of the States of origin? In fact it would seem that part of the purpose of the Mann White Slave Act, which has been declared constitutional, is to protect women and girls from being induced to leave the States, in which transportation would begin, to their injury. Why, then, should not a statute for the protection of children in the State of origin, which prohibits the transportation of the product of their labor, be held valid? Besides, the Child Labor Act was passed also to protect the inhabitants of the States of destination from the danger of being forced to lower their standard as to child labor in order to meet the competition of less enlightened States.

The whole conception of the majority of the court in the first Child Labor case as to the control of interstate commerce is narrow. Before the adoption of the Constitution each State possessed the absolute power to exclude any or all goods coming from the other States. All of the States have completely divested themselves of control over interstate commerce and have vested that control in Congress. Why is it not most reasonable to assume, then, that Congress has as complete a power to exclude goods from interstate commerce as the States originally had? It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court may see its error in the first Child Labor case, and recognize a broader basis of the power of Congress over interstate commerce. A statute denying to coal the privileges of interstate commerce unless produced and sold under conditions set forth in the federal act would give an excellent opportunity for the reopening of this question, and would present a case in which the protection afforded to the inhabitants of the States of destination would be more strongly apparent than in the first Child Labor Act. It would, however, be certainly unsafe to predict that such legislation would be upheld by the Supreme Court, however strong one's feeling may be that that should be the result. Moreover, it is not clear that such legislation would

constitute an effective remedy for the present situation. What is needed is to get coal to the consumer in sufficient quantity and at a reasonable price. The conditional grant of the privileges of interstate commerce might result, at least for a period, in the conditions going unfulfilled and coal not being moved.

What we apparently need, if federal action is desirable and is to be made effective, is direct federal regulation of coal production, or federal ownership of coal mines. Probably direct regulation would require a constitutional amendment, for production is not part of interstate commerce. To be sure the Supreme Court is committed to the proposition that intrastate railroad carriage, though it is not interstate commerce, may be regulated under the interstate commerce clause when lack of such federal regulation adversely affects interstate carriage, and it held in supporting the Adamson Law that Congress could legislate to settle a railroad labour dispute in order to keep interstate trains moving. Both of these extensions of the commerce power, though justifying regulation affecting intrastate activities, are recognized for the protection of interstate transportation. Their underlying principle might conceivably be carried a step further to justify the temporary assumption of control of coal mines if necessary to supply fuel for the running of interstate trains. Probably the war power even in peace times would justify similar action if actually necessary to assure an adequate supply of coal to our navy, and for the transportation of troops by land. Direct regulation of intrastate production for the benefit of the ultimate consumer, simply because the subject matter of that commerce will pass through interstate channels on its way to the consumer, would not be supported by the same reasoning, and its constitutionality would seem difficult to support, in the absence of a Federal amendment, in the light of our Federal theory of a National Government with strictly limited and enumerated powers.

Let us consider for a moment the problems involved in the purchase and administration of the coal mines by the National Government. The wisdom of such a course is a question quite aside from our present discussion. The right of the National Government to acquire vast tracts of territory from other coun-

tries by conquest or purchase, and to hold them in trust for the public, has been conceded since the days of Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase. That it may purchase land within the States by negotiation or by eminent domain (that is, without the consent of the owner) for post offices, forts, arsenals and the like is also established. If a voluntary sale of coal mines were arranged by the mine owners and the National Government, it might be considered that the object of such purchase, being to assure the steady supply of coal at a reasonable price to consumers throughout the country, would justify the payment of the purchase price through the taxing power, under the constitutional provision which gives Congress the power to levy taxes to provide for the "general welfare." But the acquisition of the mines would not be sufficient—the National Government would have to administer them. The Constitution only gives Congress power to legislate for "*places purchased by the consent of the legislatures of the States in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock yards, and other needful buildings.*" (Art. I, sec. 8, par. 17.) If the mines were nationally owned, much could be done to control the situation by administrative orders, but legislation would also undoubtedly be found necessary.

The forced transfer of the coal property to the Federal Government under the power of eminent domain, if the mine owners objected to parting with title, could probably not be accomplished without a constitutional amendment. It is not certain that such an exercise of eminent domain would be considered constitutional on the part of the individual States, though they possess all of the great body of sovereign powers not surrendered under the Constitution. The power of eminent domain inheres in the Federal Government as an attribute of sovereignty, but only as incident to those governmental powers granted to it by the Constitution. So the Federal Government may condemn property for a post office or an arsenal as incident to its power over the post and to its war power. It may be fair to assume that it could take over the interstate railroads of the country by condemnation under its power over interstate commerce. Perhaps it could condemn mining property if necessary in order to obtain a supply of coal with which to run nationalized railroads, but could it exercise the

power of eminent domain in order to acquire mines so that coal, which at the mine is not part of interstate commerce, might move in interstate commerce at such prices and with such regularity as to meet the needs of the general public? It would be presumptuous to state what a majority of the Supreme Court would answer to that question, but the constitutionality of such an exercise of the power of eminent domain is at least extremely doubtful. Furthermore, we have seen that if Congress were to legislate for such property the consent of the interested States would be necessary, and even then it is doubtful if the present wording of the Constitution would support Congressional legislation as to property acquired for mining purposes.

Of course, if the National Government should by constitutional means acquire the coal mines there would be no further impediment to its fixing the price of coal. Being then the employer it would also deal directly with the miners. If it had the power to legislate for such property, as incident to its power to conduct such a public service as the supplying of so necessary a commodity as coal, it could then probably forbid strikes, and require the arbitration of disputes. It might even have the power to make it an offense for coal miners to leave their work individually during the terms of their employment contracts.

A Federal Coal Commission was created by Act of Congress in September, 1922, to investigate thoroughly the whole coal situation, and to report. It made a report with recommendations, which was made public on July 8 of this year. This report, as a careful statement of the elements which go to make up the ultimate cost of coal to the consumer, and of working conditions in the coal industry, is immensely useful. Its recommendation that, through a system of reports from coal operators, continual publicity be given to conditions in the coal industry, if followed, may be expected to prove of real value. The Commission suggests that the freight charges for the transportation of coal be reinvestigated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, believing that they are disproportionately high. The Commission does not approve of government ownership, but believes that the coal mines should be left in private hands. Its only radical recommendation with regard to the control of the

situation at the mines is that Congress give to the President authority, in the event of cessation of operation, to declare an emergency, to take charge of the mines, to fix wages and the compensation to the owners, subject to review by the courts, and to distribute the products of the mines as he deems wise and just.

The constitutionality of this proposed emergency legislation is at least open to grave doubt. Congress can only act in the fields set apart to it by the Federal Constitution. As has been suggested, Congress might control the operation of coal mines under the war power for military purposes, and might perhaps even take control of their operation temporarily to keep interstate traffic moving. As has been pointed out, Congress can also bring indirect but effective pressure to bear upon the coal operators through its power over interstate commerce, and could do so even more effectively if the first Child Labor decision were repudiated, or by some mental legerdemain were held not to apply to the product of coal mines. But it does not appear how, under the present terms of our Constitution, it could take over the management of intrastate industries in order to assure a supply of their products to the private consumer, simply because those products must reach the consumer through the channels of interstate commerce.

On the whole it is doubtful if the National Government, under its present limited constitutional powers, can fully cope with the coal situation, granted that it is desirable to have uniform and centralized control. By constitutional amendment, however, it may be given power completely and exclusively to regulate the coal industry from the point of original production to that of final distribution. As an alternative, it may by the same means be given power to purchase and operate the coal mines. Either course means greater centralization of power at the expense of the States, and to this, under the second alternative, are added the risks of government ownership.

CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK.

POINCARÉ: MAN AND POLICY

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

No man in the course of the current century has been so active or has acquired so large a place in the chronicles of his time as M. Poincaré. Two other statesmen there are who share with him widespread renown, with affinities common to all three. Mussolini, different as he is, pursues a policy representing cognate tendencies with which the civilized world has now to reckon; and Lenin, again so different from both but at bottom swayed apparently by the same revolt against the political sobriety of the nineteenth century, are statesmen who cannot be left out of a generalization of twentieth century tendencies. In this article, however, I confine myself to M. Poincaré.

As M. Poincaré holds the first place in the problems at present agitating this quarter of the globe, and his policy is more or less a personal one, it may be well before dealing with it to say something of the man. He belongs to a family of hard headed, capable Lorrainers, and is quite unlike the familiar Gallic Frenchman. In the first place, he listens to what you say and expects you to pay the same attention to what he says. His manner is business-like, and he has the firmness of mouth which should warn those who converse with him that any futile "palaver" will be unwelcome. And yet, along with these characteristics, he is really, I believe, timid from conscientious doubt of himself. I have heard men complain that his acts are not always what his words foreshadow. I know him well enough to guess why. He argues with himself. And a man who examines his own resolutions and hesitates to uphold them against the opinion of others he regards as equally capable of arriving at right conclusions, may do things which are not solely the outcome of his own reasoning. He published article after article before he accepted the Premiership to see the comments and hear the views of others, and once he thought he knew the general trend of public

opinion, he acted. So far in fact from being deaf to views different from his own, I doubt whether, if he had followed his own reasoning exclusively, he would have embarked on the policy with which his name is now identified.

The diffidence about his own views I am ascribing to M. Poincaré would lead him to a corresponding, perhaps undue, respect for expert opinion, the opinion of men who have devoted a life-long study to a subject where he had only the experience of an amateur. I will not labour the point, but I suspect that the present policy of France is largely due to deference to the views of certain military experts.

A man so conscientious as M. Poincaré can never be unamenable to reason, but in all matters he exacts chapter and verse. In common with his countrymen, from whom in other respects he is so different, he also demands clear situations, security for the future, sure returns, small though they may be, in preference to vague possibilities, however much greater they may seem.

M. Poincaré, by profession an advocate, when I first knew him was frequently retained to argue patent and trade mark cases and, although he did not confine himself to them, he was classed among the specialists for such matters. The precise, mathematical mind of the Poincarés would account for this liking for the technical subtleties which the comparison of rival specifications involves. And I cannot help thinking that much of M. Poincaré's close dialectic is due to an intellectual habit acquired in the search for faults, oversights and weaknesses in the specifications he had to demolish and for ambiguities of language in those he had to uphold.

In stature M. Poincaré is short but well proportioned, and his "barbaric" health and endurance, in spite of his sixty-four years, are proverbial. He has a facile pen, trusts as little as possible to improvisation, and the crisp, distinct, small character of his penmanship reminds one always of the penman himself.

As President of the Republic he was a model of self-effacement. He did what the Constitution required of him, and with his usual conscientious devotion to the "written word", the letter of the law, not finding in it any encouragement to interfere with the action of those directly responsible to Parliament, he left to his

Prime Ministers all possible discretion. His successor, M. Millerand, has probably learnt the wisdom of this course, seeing that he has not insisted on taking the share of responsibility he stipulated he should be empowered to do as a condition of his acceptance of the Chief Magistracy.

It is usual to ascribe the war largely to M. Poincaré's action in Russia at the time of its outbreak. The Russian Black Book gives a certain credit to this idea owing to Iswolsky's statements in his letters to Petrograd, but those who knew Iswolsky attach little faith to anything he said in these letters and whoever reads the correspondence carefully will soon see for what he was scheming. I do not accuse Iswolsky of unrighteous motives. He sought to save Russia from revolution but his methods belonged to a diplomacy devoid of any conscientious scruples. It may be that when the French diplomatic archives are published, as have been those of Russia and Germany, we may learn many unsuspected things. Meanwhile, for the best of reasons, I can attest that, when M. Poincaré was Foreign Minister before he became President, no statesman was more desirous than he for a *rapprochement* with Germany.

It is also usual to suppose that M. Poincaré is merely carrying out M. Clemenceau's policy of ruining Germany for generations to come. This is not my impression of his object, whatever its apparent consequences may be. On the different occasions after returning from Germany on which I have given M. Poincaré my impressions, he has always insisted on one point. He knows that in the ordinary life of States it is on the middle-class that the public treasury depends for the bulk of the revenue. He knows the state of physical distress in which the German middle-class is now living. The cause of the misery he holds, however, to be the influence of the powerful capitalists who disguise their fortunes, deliberately depreciate the currency in their own interest and are so strong that the weak Government responsible for Germany's obligations is unable to cope with them. He built great hopes on the action of Rathenau, and in July last year, when I saw him just after Rathenau's assassination, he told me how much he deplored a loss almost as great to France and Europe generally as it was to Germany.

And now, having endeavoured to outline the influence of the personal factor in M. Poincaré's policy, I shall try to account for a policy which seems contrary to the spirit of the man. I have rather vaguely, it is true, suggested that M. Poincaré in his Ruhr enterprise may be carrying out a policy not really his own, but one possibly due more particularly to those responsible for the national defence. There are other explanations, and perhaps not the most remote is to say that "the war on the Ruhr" is really part of a campaign in which England almost as much as Germany is the ultimate butt.

We must remember that Frenchmen feel that England is behaving shabbily to them over the war devastation. France has had to advance the whole of the money necessary to repair damage done almost as much by her Allies as by the enemy. If Germany had been able to pay the stipulated indemnity, no question would have arisen and, if it had been anticipated that she would not, no doubt England would have regarded it as only just to France that she should shoulder the burden of repairing what she had destroyed (e. g. St. Quentin, Bapaume, Peronne, Lens, etc., etc.), subject of course to her right to reclaim from Germany. The grievance is not got rid of by shutting one's eyes to it and, till the matter is taken up seriously, there will be no rest in Europe, for at the back of all the present turmoil is this fact that France is bearing the whole brunt of the reparations over a war area which happened to be in France but was just as much that of her Allies as of herself.

M. Clemenceau was too keen on his policy of ruining Germany to think of consequences to France, and he overlooked, to the advantage of his more skilful English colleague, what a wiser and more experienced statesman would probably have made a contingent provision of settlement, viz. that, if Germany were unable or did not pay, England would make good her proportion of the damage.

Hence M. Poincaré's constant insisting on the necessity for France of obtaining the whole of her outlay from Germany and his refusal to discuss any proposals to accept less. Thus at the back of Germany there is a covert struggle in which the real parties are France and England.

There are still other reasons, M. Poincaré has given them, for the occupation of the Ruhr. From a legal point of view his action is difficult to justify except by straining the sense and even the wording of the treaty. That the area of occupation defined in the treaty itself be extended at all is a violation of its terms. So long as M. Poincaré defined his position as one of reprisals under Section 18 of Annex II to Art. 244, he could contend that he was covered by the treaty's ambiguity, but since he has assumed the position of remaining in occupation until fulfilment by Germany of her obligations, he is in unquestionable conflict with the treaty.

Thus, the situation on the Ruhr is one of belligerency. The invasion and occupation constitute a state of war. Every State has the right to force adjustment of its grievances by war, especially if it has reason to believe that it thereby anticipates acts of war against itself, and every country attacked has the right of defence.

M. Poincaré has never, so far as I am aware, publicly confessed to any fears of immediate aggression he may have had. Nor has he confided any to me; and yet circumstances are such that one can very well piece them together and find further reasons for M. Poincaré's action which seem at any rate plausible.

It must not be forgotten that a sort of treaty of alliance exists between France and Poland. Its terms may not be as far-reaching as were those of the Franco-Russian military convention, but they bind France in sufficiently wide terms to make events affecting Poland of the greatest importance to France.

Now, at the time of the Ruhr invasion last January, the state of incipient war which for some time back had been disturbing the relations between Lithuania and Poland was becoming acute. This condition of things had grown worse through the partition by the decision of the League of Nations, last September, of the territory claimed respectively by Lithuanians and Poles, a partition to which the Lithuanians were not parties and to which they objected, inasmuch as the chief "bone of contention", viz. Vilna, under the partition was allotted to Poland.

Alongside this question, arising out of the contested territory, was another Lithuanian one. The only port geographically in-

dicated as available for the needs of the State of Lithuania is Memel, which, before the Treaty of Versailles, was a part of Germany. Under Art. 99 of that treaty its destiny, with that of a strip of territory on the lower reaches of the Niemen, was left to the decision of the Allied Powers. Meanwhile, by a sort of *coup d'état*, the Lithuanians, impatient at a delay, the object of which they feared was deliberately manœuvred in the interest of Poland, seized Memel, and the Powers, confronted with a *fait accompli*, have practically allowed them to retain it. Poland seemed to be pursuing a policy which would have brought her nearer and nearer to Memel, a policy no doubt largely resulting from dissatisfaction with her position at Danzig.

This conflict of interests between Poland and Lithuania involved another Power, viz. Russia. The Baltic States before the war were the Baltic Provinces of Russia, from which they were separated without her consent. In this separation she has since acquiesced, but she may have done so only because the old Russian Baltic ports are in weak hands. Reval, Riga, Libau, these *quondam* Russian ports on the Baltic, were the only overseas issues of value for West Russian trade. Though Russia seems willing to respect the new *status quo*, it is obvious that any attempt to bring Poland to the Upper Baltic would weaken her position towards them. Memel, though not a port of Russia before the war, she no doubt regards as within the same sphere of interest, seeing that it is geographically a port of her ex-province of Lithuania. She also regards Vilna, formerly one of her great railway junctions, as belonging to her sphere of interest and she has not acquiesced in its being allotted to Poland.

We may, therefore, assume that if Lithuania, a small State with a correspondingly small army, was "showing fight" against a great military State like Poland, she had made more or less sure of having the support of Russia.

France's military agreement with Poland, in the eyes of her then rulers, was to replace *pro tanto* that which before the war had united her with Russia, for that Germany will seize the first opportunity to emancipate herself from the obligations of the Versailles Treaty no French statesman doubts.

A few months ago matters between France and Germany

seemed to be improving. Commercial arrangements were being made with the cognizance, if not the coöperation, of the two governments. Suddenly the whole political atmosphere changed. The only plausible explanation of this was the danger which had arisen out of the Lithuanian-Polish quarrel and the possibility of Russian intervention. If Poland in such an emergency succumbed, this obviously might involve a very important revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, a junction of German and Russian interests and a new orientation of German policy as regards France.

The fact that France seized any handy pretext for carrying out her purpose, that she endangered the Entente and acted as if the very vitals of French existence were at stake, give plausibility to the theory that France was forestalling the possible consequence of a victory of Russia over Poland.

Meanwhile, the situation in Eastern Europe has become less menacing, impressions concerning the efficiency of the Polish army have improved, Russia's aggressive tendencies seem less ominous, and Lithuania has her hands full of the Memel question.

There remains the fact that France owes England in round figures the equivalent of twelve milliards of gold marks. She owes almost as much to the United States. She has already spent some thirty milliards of gold francs on reparations out of her own resources. She is entitled to only 52 per cent of the sums to be recovered from Germany. It is seen that the offer of twenty or thirty milliards of gold marks, of which she would receive half, would have practically left her to settle the huge bill of reparations alone.

The obvious consequence to be drawn is that the question, of reparations, of British liability for a portion thereof, and of the interallied debts, will have to be dealt with together.

To point irony at M. Poincaré for his *outrecuidance* is just as misplaced as to abuse Germany for not being able to pay cash out of an empty till. A situation has to be faced in which the two nations which have the means will have to coöperate, if Continental Europe is to be helped on to her legs again.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

THE creation of the Irish Free State is one of the most significant facts in modern history—significant for the British Empire, for political science and for the world at large. Its political organization is also of remarkable interest. Not only is the first great constitution of the modern world—that of the United States of America—laid under obligations, but constitutional developments elsewhere have been incorporated in newer and more democratic forms, and the thorny domestic problems of a second chamber and of associations within the State have been faced with such boldness and courage that other international groups will watch with interest the issues raised by the unequivocal political faith of the Irish people. My object in this article is to view with objective realism the creation and constitution of the Irish Free State and to attempt to study them as political phenomena apart from the immediate and remote history out of which they arose.

The Irish Free State was created—or recognized—by treaty signed, December 6, 1921, by plenipotentiaries representing it and Great Britain. This Anglo-Irish treaty admitted the Irish Free State into the "Community of Nations" forming "the British Commonwealth of Nations" and gave it the status of the Dominion of Canada. Canadian development further colours the document. The regulations governing the office of Governor-General, the future relationships with the Imperial Parliament, the powers to legislate for "the peace, order and good government of the Irish Free State", are all related to Canadian conditions today and are to move forward *pari passu* with Canadian evolution. The oath provided for members of the Free State Legislature is of momentous importance. They are to swear "true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State", and that they "will be faithful to H. M. King George V,

his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations". Such are the most important and fundamental elements in the treaty and they need careful examination.

First of all is the fact of the treaty. The Irish plenipotentiaries received their full powers from the Irish people, not from Great Britain either directly or indirectly. Without constitutional antinomies, without conditions laid down by the British Foreign or Colonial Offices, without antecedent preliminaries necessary for the recognition of an abnormal international situation, without meticulous straining of current theory,—all of which are present when Canada negotiates a treaty,—the Free State plenipotentiaries met, as entirely equal, those of Great Britain, and brought with them an authority to act derived from the citizens of the future Free State. The causes lying behind can be explained in a thousand and one ways and can be examined from many different angles. The fact, however, remains that the treaty is not another concession to organized group life at the end of a colonial development,—for the Irish Free State was never a British colony,—but is a recognition at the very least of an age-long Irish aspiration and ideal, or, if the historian prefers it, the belated harvest of the Irish nation recognized in 1416 at the Council of Constance. The Irish Free State in its own inherent right entered the British Commonwealth by treaty, agreed to with an equal, signed by its own plenipotentiaries and later confirmed by its legislature.

Secondly, the Irish Free State takes over the entire Canadian status. It has not to go through Canadian experience—the debates over sovereignty, over fiscal policy, over treaties, all the growing pains of progress from colony to nation—but the Free State brings its own sovereignty, recognized fully by the fact of the treaty, and limits it, if you will, by entering the "Community of British Nations", as each of the Thirteen Colonies did at the formation of the American Union. This adherence on the part of the Irish Free State has lifted that Community to another plane. In no other case has a Dominion entered by an inter-

national treaty, and the protestation of equality among the British Nations so frequently emphasized for Canada by Sir Robert Borden has at last received formal recognition for one and all by the Anglo-Irish pact. The Free State is the political equal of Great Britain. Its legislature, its executive, its judiciary are in no sense inferior, and they derive not from the gift of a sovereign foreign parliament, but from the organized political will of the citizens of the Free State. Those citizens have surrendered certain spheres of authority—or rather pooled them in the Commonwealth. The fact is that they were a surrender. Canada achieved them. The Irish Free State gave them: otherwise the treaty is in form and manner meaningless and absurd, "a scrap of paper".

Thirdly, the oath is the most remarkable recognition of a new state of affairs. "Allegiance" is still sworn, but not that allegiance redolent of autocracy or clothed in the trappings of hereditary monarchy, formal and powerless though it may be. Great Britain is not the "mother country" of the Irish Free State and allegiance is sworn to the Constitution of the Irish Free State, itself as we shall see the creation of the Irish people as much as that of the United States is the creation of its citizens. To the King and his lawful heirs "fidelity" (not allegiance) is sworn, and that fidelity is in the treaty itself solemnly pronounced to be a consequence, not of indefeasible right or of parliamentary power in the Crown to claim or demand it, but of Great Britain's common citizenship with the Irish Free State in the British Commonwealth of Nations and of Great Britain's membership of and adherence to that Commonwealth. The Crown thus takes its place in an international document as a formal link between nations, and Free State fidelity to the Crown depends not on allegiance but on the permanence of the Community of Nations and on Great Britain's continued common citizenship in it. That oath is one of the crowning triumphs of political science. It is magnificently realistic. It gives domestic and international recognition, in solemm form and in sealed and plighted faith, to the *obiter dicta* of the Imperial Conference of 1921. When Mr. Lloyd George then said that the Dominions had been "accepted fully into the comity of nations" and that they were "equal

partners in the dignities and the responsibilities of the British Commonwealth," and when the Conference closed by expressing its "unanimous conviction that the most essential of the links that bind our widely spread peoples is the Crown", the words lacked political power and force. The oath in the Anglo-Irish treaty has supplied the defects. The citizens of each Dominion owe allegiance to their organized group life expressed in their political institutions, and they owe formal faith to the Crown as long at the Commonwealth lasts, with Great Britain as an equal member. The oath is the statement in different words of what I conceive to be the strict interpretation of the Covenant of the League of Nations—the Dominions guarantee the territorial integrity of each other and of the Commonwealth, and the Irish Free State is bound to the Commonwealth—as each constituent nation is also bound—on the mutual coherence of all the British nations, symbolized as an entity by the Crown, in whose name the Dominions signed the peace treaties. I need hardly add that foreign relationships are of course still governed by the conditions which I recently outlined in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Lastly, the Irish Free State is recognized as sovereign over the drawing up of its own Constitution. Of all the British nations, Great Britain alone possessed such power. All the other Dominions depend for their constitutions on Acts of the Imperial Parliament. The Irish Free State has made its own. Its Constitution has been given to it by the formal act of its own Constituent Assembly, confirmed by its own legislature and not by a suzerain Government. This Constitution is within the ambit of the Anglo-Irish treaty and is limited within its clauses—the limitations bind Great Britain as well as the Irish Free State. Both high contracting parties have given the Constitution the form and force of law—the Irish legislature passed it and the legislature of Great Britain passed it. The latter fact, however, does not give the Constitution any constitutional strength. It is a schedule of an Imperial Act, not an imperial enactment, and the Act which incorporates it as a schedule distinctly states that it was passed to give legal status to the treaty and Constitution for purposes of legal interpretation in case supposed treaty rights are

violated and the courts are called on to decide. As far as the Irish Free State is concerned this has not a constitutional but a judicial significance. The Halibut Treaty will be implemented by legislation both in Canada and in the United States, but the constitutional position in the treaty of each contracting party is not thereby hurt. The binding force of the Constitution depends on the fact that the Constituent Assembly of the Irish Free State drew it up. It is a free act, as much as the Constitution of any State in the American Republic is a free act—both work with limitations, one the Anglo-Irish treaty, the other the Constitution of the United States. This creation is most remarkable. It is the act of a sovereign people to draw up and impose a constitution—a high act of state, and it has lifted the sister nations to the plane of sovereign action. The fact of real sovereignty in each is solemnly recognized. The Irish Free State receives the status of Canada. We may now reverse it and say that Canada receives the status of the Irish Free State.

It would be interesting to examine in detail the Constitution of the Irish Free State, but in an article of this nature there are necessary limitations, and it is only possible to run through its clauses quickly and to point out some of their most outstanding and important provisions. Before doing so, we must once more recall that the Anglo-Irish treaty is, by the Constitution, made with it the "supreme law of the land", and that both must be construed together. With this in mind, we at once miss in the Constitution any preamble usual in the Constitutional Acts of the other British Nations. The Irish Free State is not "hereby" constituted a Dominion or Commonwealth or Union "under the Crown of Great Britain", and its fundamental law and organized life, legislative, executive, judicial, do not flow from that fact, but directly and explicitly from the people. Depending on the popular will as in the United States, and following the United States—but differing from all other constitutions in the British Commonwealth—the Constitution contains clauses in which its creators lay down their fundamental rights which are indefeasible. The people are guaranteed their language, their democratic status, liberty of person, *habeas corpus*, inviolate homes, freedom of conscience and religion, freedom of speech and of assem-

bly, freedom from martial law where civil courts are operating, and to these are added three other fundamental rights which bear witness to the modern age:—the people reserve to themselves from the processes of ordinary legislation the inalienable possession of their natural resources; the right to free elementary education; and, most important of all, the fundamental right "to form associations". This latter right is the formal recognition in a modern constitution that the political aspect is only one of many aspects in the life of a citizen. Indeed this fact receives further recognition. The Constitution provides that the National Assembly may create "Functional or Vocational Councils representing branches of the social and economic life of the Nation", and thus furnishes us with an interesting illustration of the fact that the functional aspect of citizenship is gaining ground at the expense of the old all-embracing political theories of party politics. The underlying idea is clear: so to protect and organize the social and industrial life of the nation in its various groupings that the higher life of citizenship may not be warped. The daily happiness of the people is linked with basic fundamental political rights. The people, thus guaranteed and protected, are the democratic foundation on which the whole Constitution is reared. They next proceed to create in persons and institutions the necessary administrative machinery, guarding carefully their initial fundamental rights and fencing as they proceed each field of organization.

From the fundamentals, it is interesting to note, the next step is legislation—the creating by the people of a law-making body for the people. There is no process downward from "the executive authority shall be invested in the Crown", as in the constitutions of the other Dominions. The process is upward from the rock from which the whole Constitution is hewn. A National Assembly is created of two houses—a House of Deputies and a Senate. The former need not detain us, as it follows all modern democratic lower houses—but it is to be elected by proportional representation and the universities are to be represented in it. The Senate is much more interesting. Why did the Irish Free State create a second chamber? Obviously it could not fulfill the function of the Senate in the United States. Obviously no sane man wanted to erect another hereditary house. We may

assume too that no one wanted a nominated Senate after the manner of the Canadian Senate, which is based on no conceivable political principle and fulfils no conceivable political function. Nor did the Irish people wish a revising chamber popularly elected from among popular candidates to re-do or undo what elected popular Deputies had already done. They aimed only to include in the Senate "citizens who have done honour to the nation by reason of useful public service or who, because of special qualifications or attainments, represent important aspects of the nation's life". To attain their end they have constituted the Irish Free State as one constituency, and there is a panel of candidates chosen every third year (when a fourth of the Senators retire) by the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, and consisting of three times as many names as there are vacancies. The names are placed on this panel after written proposals in which qualifications—intellectual, economic, social, institutional—are set out, and the final list is made up by the Chamber and the Senate, each voting its defined number according to the principles of proportional representation. This final list is then issued to the Free State as a whole, in alphabetical order with the full qualifications set out which would commend the candidates to the suffrages of the people, who make their choice by proportional representation. No second chamber in the world is chosen in such a way, and if anything like success attends it, democracy will have learned how to use in the service of the state the highest gifts of citizens.

Such are the two chambers. Their relationship is clearly defined. The Senate cannot interfere with money bills, and it can in other respects only delay action. It cannot tie up a bill for longer than nine months. But it is an elected house as much as that of the Deputies and it is not meant to be futile. It is a vehicle to give the people a final say. Thus, any bill passed or deemed to have passed can be held up for ninety days on a vote of two-fifths of the Deputies or of a majority of the Senate, and the bill thus suspended must be submitted to the people by referendum if before the expiration of the ninety days three-fifths of the Senate demand it, or one-twentieth of voters on the lists. The decision of the referendum is conclusive. This power of the Senate

is noteworthy. Not only is the Senate so organized as to be representative of the best brains available, but it is the means of compelling, if necessary, direct reference to the people. A second chamber so organized and with such power is of far more value than if it could obstruct legislation or render it ineffective.

Provisions are made for constitutional changes, for legislation by the initiative and referendum, for the creation of subordinate legislatures, discussion of which space forbids. An important provision looks innocent enough, as on the surface it is just the statement of what is a fact in Canada: the Irish Free State shall take no active part in war without the consent of the legislature. That is true of Canada, but the Free State has this further protection that with the system of appeal to the people just outlined the legislature cannot be overawed by the executive and hurry the nation into war without direct *ad hoc* popular approval.

The executive follows more or less the traditional British lines, but here too we might note important developments. The President is not the choice of a political caucus like the President of the United States or the Prime Minister of Great Britain, nor has he the power as the former undoubtedly has and the latter in fact has to choose his colleagues. He and his colleagues are the direct choice of the Chamber of Deputies. The executive must retire when it loses the support of the Chamber, as in British custom, but its retirement need not mean the dissolution of the Chamber; an executive which has lost support among the Deputies cannot advise a dissolution. This is a distinct advance. Many times has the House of Commons in England been whipped into obedience by a Premier with a threat of dissolution. The Free State Legislature cannot be dissolved as in Canada merely on the advice of the Executive. The Governor-General must make certain that the legislature wishes to be dissolved before its constitutional term has expired. Here we see an executive chosen by the Deputies, responsible to them, their servant not their master. Perhaps it may be the destiny of the Irish Free State to rescue cabinet government from some of the contempt which has gathered round it in the British Commonwealth.

In one important point the Constitution is very weak. Appeals are retained to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, not

merely in civil and criminal cases but in constitutional cases as well. I cannot conceive that this will last and I feel certain that the Irish people will include this for change in the earliest possible constitutional amendments. Even in the palmy days of "the ascendancy" the Irish judiciary crowned itself with independence of judgment in Wolfe Tone's case, and it has always been among the most brilliant and honoured in the world. Irish Free Staters will not long allow their lawsuits to receive final decision in London. Doubtless the clause was included in a hurry and with the fact in view that the Constitution might need from time to time interpretation in relation to the Anglo-Irish treaty. This might account for a temporary provision in constitutional cases of a certain nature; but nothing disclosed will cover the more or less comprehensive right of the Privy Council to grant leave of appeal. It seems to me that the civil and criminal suits of the Irish Free State must be decided finally there, and also constitutional cases where the treaty is not in question. Where the treaty is in question, a panel of British and Irish judges must be set up.

I need not emphasize that as it stands the Constitution is only a machine and nothing but ceaseless vigilance and increased education can make it of value to the people. They have made it. They can unmake it. They can mar it. They can galvanize it into a life of richness and achievement. A fundamental document may soon become an interesting heirloom, and may have no market value in the marts of human progress. It is only useful as a frame for development, to be cast away, redrafted, as each generation of men brings the harvest of its achievement to the granary of human endeavour. As it stands, it is a noble document, based on the people, reflecting their hopes and aspirations, and giving us, in these latter days when at times the lamp of faith burns dim, a hope and an inspiration that in the iron bands of liberty the Commonwealth of British Nations may achieve high and glorious purpose, that sovereignty may take on its real and true meaning, and that in interdependence and union the political groups of the world may find the guarantee of realizing the highest and noblest in their peculiar community organizations.

W. P. M. Kennedy.

SELECTING CITIZENS

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

In most countries of the world citizens are produced by the mothers of the country and are perforce accepted. We have many citizens so produced and so accepted, and we take them with a good grace. But we have other citizens produced by mothers in other countries whom we are asked to absorb enthusiastically, and we have begun to gag a bit over the size and quality of the dose. Is it simply that the food is strange and alien, or does it possibly contain poisons against which we have no antidote?

For a generation we have had a production mania. New coal mines, new oil wells, new irrigation systems, buzzing factories in every hamlet, cities passing the million population mark, the upper air darkened with flying machines, have all been regarded as signs of healthy Americanism and a proper contribution to the carrying out of divine purposes. We have shown our sympathy with this national ideal by denuding the forests, recklessly bestowing the public lands upon the first comer, and giving away mining rights and water power for less than a song. To speed the process even more we have opened the doors of the country to a flood of immigrants designed to perform the actual physical labour of developing our resources under our own superior leadership.

Every year for decades hundreds of thousands of men and women, reared under other flags than ours and imbued with the ideals of other countries, have come to our shores. They have been content with a bare subsistence wage; their standards of living were low, and they were impressed into the rough and heavy work of the land. Their children, however, were brought up in the atmosphere of America; they went to the public schools and had glimpses of how other people lived. Indeed it has been our boast that in this land of opportunity the son goes up one

round higher on the ladder than his father. Our human-producing machine has been manufacturing nurses of domestic servants stenographers of factory girls, teachers of the daughters of tradesmen, clerks of hod carriers, mechanics of miners, and college professors of farm hands. We have not been unduly inconvenienced by this practice, for the silent thousands from across the seas have poured in to take the places of those who have moved up.

During the years of the war, however, the flood of immigration was reduced to a trickle, for the citizens of the European nations were needed at home. Since the war the trickle has increased to little more than a wayside brook, as a result of the restrictions we have put upon the numbers who may enter the country. We are therefore left with few to do our work except our own citizens.

How much of a success do they make of it? Employers all over the country complain of a shortage of unskilled labour, a shortage of apprentices to the skilled trades, and a reluctance on the part of the young people entering industry to undertake this type of work. They complain that the imperative need of exploiting our national treasures is halted by this ominous lack of the tractable foreigner.

The suggested ways out of this difficulty are as numerous as the alarmist orators who discuss it. The favorite panacea is opening the gates of the country to the workers of the world. (This desirable immigrant group is, however, always denied the distinction of having its title capitalized.) The theory upon which the recommendation to let down the bars depends is that the main function of this country is the creation of a gigantic producing machine, a machine which shall be the largest and most effective in the world. The idea that our claim to the gratitude, or perhaps even the memory, of succeeding generations, may depend solely upon our ability to build up a great democratic society, independent of the number of miles of sewer we dig or the number of automobiles we put together in a day, seems to be out of the picture.

If these advocates of the importation of docile and cheap foreign labour took a little longer view, they would see that, far from solving the problems which they recognize today, they would be inviting much more serious complications in the future.

If the boys and girls who are educated in our schools refuse to have anything to do with labour, what chance is there that the children of the millions we are urged to bring to our shores in the next ten years will learn any different lesson? If their offspring in turn insist upon joining the ranks of the white-collared, we shall have to multiply the millions to be imported from other lands to do the heavy labour for their children as well as for ours. Where would such a process end? The logical conclusion is that when our land is so full of individuals, educated in American schools, that there will be no place to wedge in ignorant foreigners to do the work for them, our civilization will inevitably collapse. We should all have become such perfect ladies and gentlemen by that time that we would inevitably freeze and starve for lack of the humble of other lands to warm and feed us. The assumption in the minds of these pseudo-economists is that the American's distaste for manual labour is stronger than his instinct for self preservation.

Why must we postpone the eventual day of reckoning? Why not assume that the problem must be solved with the population we have today, with no prospect of additions save such as come from home production? There seems no reason why we should not be a "self-contained" nation as are other nations. We have too long allowed ourselves to be stampeded by the American industrialist, and have risked the lowering of our ultimate quality as a nation by making concessions to keep our factories running day and night.

In the first place, whence comes the theory that second generation Americans have an inherent aversion to manual labour? Those of us who go camping in the summer or who live in simple country homes find ourselves able and willing to do with equanimity all the skilled and unskilled work that ordinary living requires. Many of us, who have been educated in the public schools and are thus assumed to have developed abhorrence for such activities, begin, during the summer vacation, to suspect that our *métier* is garbage and ash collection, waste disposal and hoeing, with carpentering, painting, plumbing, and occasional plastering and bricklaying thrown in as side lines.

If, in the second place, the shortage in these fields of human

achievement continues, as it bids fair to do, until the pay of the plasterer approximates that of the bank president, the skilled trades will return to the position of dignified social recognition they received before the influx of ignorant and helpless foreigners. The fact that in the recent past such work has been relegated to the classes accorded neither full social nor civic fellowship has brought the work itself into a category of disrepute which made the children of the workers in turn unwilling to engage in it. It was not that the work itself was necessarily unattractive; nor that it failed to present itself to the eye of imagination as a worthy form of service and means of livelihood; the difficulty has been due to the fact that certain types of labour have been regarded as the special province of the foreign-born upon whom the philistine American looks down. As a result manual labour has acquired a fictitious inferiority in the minds of the ordinary unthinking person. To continue the very conditions which have produced the revolt against hand labour by opening wide the gates to the immigrant only postpones the day of real adjustment, and enormously multiplies the difficulties.

Meanwhile there are many ways of making the head save the hand which have not yet been tried. To be sure nothing seems more inevitable than that the supplies of coal and oil now in the earth will be exhausted within a measurable time. When that happens we shall be left with water power as possibly our sole addition to the man power which has indeed, unsupplemented, managed to keep the Chinese civilization going for a good many centuries. A whole new world of adjustments will then have to be made, certainly a complete reorientation toward the place of manual labour in human society. But so long as the energies of the sun remain easily accessible to us in the huge storehouses beneath the surface of the earth, we can put off that day of fresh adjustments, and more and more substitute machinery for hand labour. Our education will train the minds of our citizens to direct these unquestioning mechanical slaves of the human will.

Our inventors have brought their intelligence to bear on the problem of a shortage of workers by developing new and undreamed of types of labour-saving devices, so that no country in the world now uses machinery to the extent that we do. Could

there be a more rational solution for many of our difficulties? Undoubtedly as the proportion of unskilled workers in the community grows less, assuming that we hold to our present restriction of immigration, the use of machinery will increase. If we can but make a wise use of the release this will bring us, leisure and the resulting opportunity for enrichment of life will extend in a constantly widening circle.

The pressure for fresh supplies of foreign labour recurringly insists that we have nowhere near so large a population as our territory can support, that we must be constantly growing if we wish to prosper, and that there are waste places to be filled, deserts to to be watered, and hills to be cut down before we can call ours a finished country. The simple lover of his native land may wonder what is the hurry, may even acclaim the glory of the imperfect, but he is brushed aside by the enthusiast for efficiency. One fundamental seems to be lost sight of by these special pleaders. They ignore the part the waste places of this country play in the spiritual life of the nation. The mountains, the deserts, the unbroken prairie, are an asset to every man, woman, and child in the United States, a treasure whose value cannot be reckoned in dollars but is evidenced in the whole spirit and outlook of our people. We are under no compulsion to populate and utilize these unappropriated lands. Their very presence endows us with optimism, with faith in ourselves, with an enlarging sense of opportunity. They protect our young men from the shutting down of life, the narrowing horizon which accompanies density of population. The consciousness of ample physical background enables us to preserve an ardency of hope and confidence, that at its worst is no more than over-enthusiasm, and at its best is the power that can reinspire a weary world.

The filling up and harnessing to production of the rest of this country would represent a gain in taxable property undoubtedly, but it would mean irreparable loss through a closing in of the possibilities of life to our whole nation. Our waste places are the source of much of the radiance and youth, of the optimism and generosity of our people. Once they are lost to us, age and the inward look will be upon us.

Confessedly imperfect as our present immigration laws are,

especially as to the quality of individual admitted, their very effort to reduce the numbers admitted represents the greatest social advance of the last decade. It is to be hoped that the next few years will show not only a further reduction in actual numbers but a much more rigorous selection. We have counted in the past upon a rapid disappearence of the immigrant in the general population and his complete absorption in a generation. This did happen in the early years of the nineteenth century when the immigration was of closely allied racial groups. But of late years the amalgamation seems not to have taken place at all, or at such a slow pace that it has failed to counteract the mounting influences of racial separatism. With the increasing diversities of race, religion and language, represented by the immigrants of the past twenty years, the melting pot has almost ceased to function.

Is there any sound biological or sociological basis for making the selection of our future citizens out of the thousands of aspirants? There is no problem more in need of the cool impartiality and objectivity of the man of science to clear away the mists engendered by prejudice and fears. There are, however, certain generalizations we can make, subject always to the corrections of the scientist, and certain conclusions we can offer as working hypotheses.

As an essential preliminary we must recognize that immigration is not different from the great movements of peoples we see dimly in the background of all the historical civilizations. They no longer come, like the hordes of old, on horseback, fantastically dressed in skins, brandishing spears and uttering strange war cries. But they come in far greater numbers, vermin infested, alien in language and in spirit, with racial imprints which can be neither burned out nor bred out, packs on their backs, leading little children by the hand. And like the hordes of old they are destined to conquer us in the end, unless by some miracle of human contriving we conquer them first.

Some of them represent types insensitive to the stimuli of cultural civilization. In the animal world the amœba must have existed unchanged for millions of years. It is not a degenerate type for there is nothing more primitive in the animal creation,

but it has remained untouched by the influences that have played upon it from the beginning. Our knowledge of man covers too brief a period to allow us to dogmatize, but there are certain races that show a somewhat similar incapacity for growth and development, even under conditions which produce marked alterations in other races. So far as we can judge the Tartar is a race which has always been barbarian. It has been a virile and predatory race, but has never developed a civilization worthy of the name. The infusion of its blood has doubtless hampered and retarded the development of the Balkans, and it has been only China's extraordinary capacity to conquer her conquerors which has saved that country from the blight of the Manchu. The Mexican, the South Sea Islander, the African negro, belong to a similar category. Are we not justified in exercising discrimination before adding such strains to our racial blood?

We have questions to ask of the biologists, which they must some day answer for us. Can we, with a very diverse human stock which has no stable uniform base, construct a society with a homogeneous spiritual and moral quality? Western civilization grafted upon the Japanese has produced unlovely fruit. The Occidental mind may have developed antitoxins, natural to its growth, which save it from being thus poisoned by its own civilization. Do the different races of the Occident have likewise each a capacity to absorb without harm the ideals which they have generated themselves, accompanied by an inability to absorb their neighbours' ideals without disaster? It is an historical enigma whether Mohammedanism spread only among those racially fitted to accept it; whether the European could have been appealed to by the teachings of Mohammed; and whether, if the Europeans had become Mohammedans, the religion itself would have been profoundly modified, or the people accepting it.

Similarly we must consider, not as idle speculation but as a matter of vital concern to our future, whether our civilization, with its distinctively Anglo-Saxon foundation, depends upon the presence in our midst of those racially akin to the founders, or whether the form of any society is independent of the mental, physical or spiritual inheritance of its members.

We have made a tentative answer to this question by exclud-

ing the Asiatic from entry into this country and from citizenship even if he is here. This exclusion takes no count of the superiority or inferiority of the races involved. It does perhaps pay tribute to the intolerance of the inhabitants of the excluding country. We are confessedly unable to live happily and without dangerous friction with races so different from ourselves as the natives of Asia. The common sense decision is to eliminate so far as possible the causes of conflict. There is no ethical principle involved in the exclusion of the Asiatic; the matter is purely one of expediency. The ethical principle is called into play when the question comes of the treatment of the Asiatics or the individuals of any other race once they are admitted to the country. There expediency must subordinate itself to a higher imperative.

The exclusion from this country of any other race falls in the same category as the exclusion of the Asiatic. If the admission of any racial group complicates our problems or jeopardizes the success of the experiment in organizing a democratic society we are endeavouring to work out, we are perfectly justified, indeed obligated, to practice exclusion.

Some sentimentalists urge the wide open door on the basis of offering refuge to the down-trodden and suffering of the earth, and of relieving the congestion of Europe. We have however a responsibility to our children and to those who are already here superior to the claims of any other human beings. The possible menace potential citizens might be to us must carry more weight in our decisions than the suffering of those same individuals as the result of conditions over which we have no control, and for which we are not responsible. Any hope of relieving the congestion of Europe by taking the year's surplus is a never ending task. We have never had any effect in reducing European congestion: the population of countries which have sent us large numbers of immigrants has simply increased to make up the loss.

There are certain races whose coming greatly complicates the situation for those of their race already here. This is particularly true of the Jew, who has already made so distinct a contribution to the intellectual and business life of this country, and whose ability has been recognized and rewarded. The presence in recent years of large numbers of that race, especially of those

from eastern Europe, where the Jew is essentially an Oriental, in our big centers of population, has been accompained by a development of racial prejudice which is as unfortunate for the country as it is tragic for the Jews themselves. Those Jews who are already here, who have been admitted to this country and thereby made free of its rights and privileges, must be given every welcome, protection and encouragement. But for their sakes, as well as for the sake of a harmonious nation, we could to advantage practice a rigid limitation of that race in the ranks of immigrants. If we do not, it will be generations before we can hope that America will be any less intolerant of the Jews than the older nations of central and southern Europe.

Once in the United States, every man's rights must be rigourously safeguarded. This is no more than is demanded by intelligent selfishness. As Lincoln said, "Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it." But as we keep out certain plants and animals lest they bring in physical disease, we are equally justified in excluding those who may bring in social disease. Our civilization is complicated enough and full enough of obscure pitfalls of misunderstanding to make us wary about introducing any more unassimilable elements than we can help. We must not make it so difficult for our citizens to defend the rights of their fellows that the very society these rights are designed to safeguard is jeopardized. It may be heroic to attempt an impossible task, but it is far more intelligent to make conditions favourable to achievement than to tilt at windmills in a burst of quixotic idealism.

We must practice a rigid exclusion of any groups whose value to us is problematic. We must practice a rigid selection of individuals of any race we do admit. Above all we must adopt into our civilization those who are now in our midst, and must adapt our industrial and social life to their amalgamation and to the carrying on of our national life without need of futher accretions from other countries. Only so can we hope to preserve the best of the institutions which have come down to us from the founders of the Republic.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

RECENT ADVANCES IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

In considering the advancement of physical science during the last decade we shall, for lack of space, confine ourselves principally to a few outstanding features of physics and chemistry. We must also bear in mind that about seven years should be eliminated, owing to the war. The war was a retardent, not a stimulus, to progress. True, in the application of what was already known there was developed an extraordinary pressure in some respects, but fundamental work in research is still backward; it has not caught up with the pace of peace. The world is still sick, very sick, from the effects of the war.

Unless we can develop a reasonable faith in humanity and goodwill and sound character to receive and apply the advances of science, our increased knowledge may become a curse rather than a blessing. A child, for instance, may know that by pulling the trigger he will discharge a loaded pistol, but this knowledge does not make him a safe custodian of the pistol. The greatest need of science to-day is not the invention of a light motor to use the sun's rays for energy or power; its greatest need is a renaissance of character among the people of this distracted earth; a renaissance of that quality of character which recognizes obligations as an honest man recognizes his debts, and of the quality of faith that gives us the desire and the courage to help instead of to hide. We seem to have sloughed off these attributes shortly after the armistice, and they have become too scarce for the health of any civilized nation. The slowing down of scientific progress therefore may not be an unmixed evil.

In Great Britain there is real progress under way in pure science. Excellent provision has also been made for industrial work, and it remains to be seen how sincerely British industry will adopt scientific research as a necessary part of itself. Young men of a superior class are addressing themselves to science in England and Scotland.

In France the Government has done the very thing that men of science have been wishing for in this country, with rather curious results. Eminent professors have been called to political office, and their advice is sought on every hand. Their attendance at meetings and conferences and sessions and in the scrutiny of lists of one sort or another, bespeaks so much of their time that one comes to regret the consequent loss of so much good teaching and research.

The Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Italy, have been scientifically active for many years, and they are keeping up the good work. Copenhagen has become an important headquarters for chemistry and physics.

In Germany there is a great deal of research going on and often it is prosecuted under serious difficulties. The professors are among those who suffer most from depreciated currency, and yet they and their fellows in research keep at it persistently. Often matters of great scientific moment are held in check for lack of a few dollars with which to buy apparatus. The industrialists, on the other hand, know better than those of any other country the value of research, and they, being wealthy, maintain their laboratories. Owing to the low cost of scientific work in Germany, due to the exchange situation, there is considerable research being carried on there for foreign account.

In the United States excellent work is in progress at many university laboratories, and still more is under way and coming out of the great research foundations and industrial establishments.

Great advances have been made in wireless transmission of sound. This is an outcome of intensive research in those very electrical industries which have been under scientific control from the beginning, especially in this country. Within the whole field of telephony the United States leads the world, not because of capital or business acumen, but because of constant, persistent, intensive research from the very beginning, which nothing was permitted to halt.

Another step forward has been the transmission of electric currents, which bids fair to extend the scope of usefulness of power plants.

We cannot separate science from industry. Not only chemis-

try and physics and all the mathematics of engineering are involved in it, but so also are psychology and medicine and hygiene in relation to occupational diseases and nervous disorders that follow a stupid administration of work that addresses itself solely to the problem of reducing costs.

The art of flying has been developed for more than ten years through the combustion engine, but it is still dangerous and expensive. The helicopter model, enabling the pilot to rise and land vertically, promises to eliminate many dangers. This is still in the experimental stage.

Automobiles have been improved somewhat. But they are still driven by very wasteful engines. One gallon of gasoline has the energy to carry an ordinary Ford car 480 miles—and we get about 16. We are facing a problem of petroleum depletion, and we must hurry to conserve it better than we do. One of the reasons why more economical engines are not designed is because of a tendency of the liquid fuel to "knock" as a result of too rapid combustion. This occurs under too high compression, and engines therefore are designed to operate under low compression. High compression would be far more economical—but the racket would be unendurable. Of late it has been discovered that the presence of a very small quantity of compounds of certain elements will decrease and even avoid altogether the too rapid combustion or knocking. This was discovered in an industrial laboratory at Dayton, Ohio, and complete avoidance of the difficulty was obtained by adding a very small quantity of tetra-ethyl-lead to the fuel. This substance has a molecule consisting of one atom of lead with the radicles of four molecules of grain alcohol attached. It is a heavy liquid. It will enable manufacturers to design their engines on higher compression of the gases and thus to operate more economically.

There is a great array of chemists—and patent lawyers—working away at the problems of "cracking" petroleum. The purpose here is to split down the molecules of heavier oils into lighter ones, to increase the gasoline output. It is doubtful if the world's supply of petroleum will last beyond one or two more generations. And liquid fuel has become a necessity. Therefore in addition to all the efforts at "cracking" now under way

there are methods for the slower combustion of coal and the saving of the by-products including the light and heavy tar oils and ammonia. The excess of light tar oils would add to the liquid fuel supply. Efforts are also under way to get better effects from the complete combustion of coal. The question is still unsolved as to how the greatest amount of power may be developed from coal at the lowest cost. But we do know that our present methods are something to be ashamed of.

Research is in progress in Germany to produce liquid fuel by the addition of hydrogen to bituminous coal. It has not yet reached the commercial stage, but the outlook is interesting. It may become the final solution of the liquid fuel problem.

As the petroleum supply decreases, ethyl or grain alcohol may be used as a fuel by itself or mixed with petroleum bodies. Remarkable advances have been made in the United States in the alcohol industry, more particularly in the synthesis of other solvents from this material and in the production of absolute alcohol for chemical use. It is not within the bounds of economic possibility to-day to produce enough alcohol to satisfy the world's requirements for motor fuel. It may come later.

In iron and steel we have done wonders in mass production, but we have been rather laggard in research. For instance, just on the horizon, not here yet, but by no means given up, is a new method to produce iron. It consists in grinding the ore, heating it in rotary furnaces until the iron is separated from the gangue or non-metallic constituents of the ore at a temperature at which this occurs before the metal becomes sticky, and then cooling, segregating the iron particles by a magnetic separator, and finally organizing them into nodules. By this method the costs may be cut down in remarkable measure. Neither coke nor limestone is required. But the method is not yet developed in practice and nobody knows how many snags it may strike on the road. It may turn all our blast furnaces into junk within ten years, and it may not be available for a generation or more. The idea, however, is there. And practice has a way of following theory. Research is in progress in England, in France and in Germany. Many special steels of extraordinary strength, hardness, endurance, etc., have been introduced.

In metals outside of iron and steel greater advances have been made. The ancient method of Egypt of making brass was in vogue ten years ago—but it has given way to the improved electric furnaces in which both zinc and the health of the workmen are conserved. Much work also has been done with the microscope in learning of the minute crystals and of the mechanical formations of the inner structure of all metals. It is also found that metals are like people. An amount almost infinitely small of a foreign substance will incorporate itself into its structure and act as a remarkable tonic, greatly increasing desired properties, while again other substances act as poisons and destroy these properties, just as a small dose of strychnine will destroy our property of life.

A new preparation of nickel, much purer than any now available, bids fair to become familiar before long. It is ductile and when plated on a prepared surface of iron or steel it forms an alloy with the latter upon which the metal attaches itself. This may be rolled out into thin sheets, thus providing a non-corrosive, always bright covering.

In foods the most remarkable advance has been in the discovery of the so-called vitamins which are nitrogenous organic substances, none of which has been separated, but which are required for the maintenance of life and health. Three types are known to exist: the fat-soluble A, the water-soluble B, and water-soluble C. Without the first children do not grow normally, and we suffer from eye-troubles. Without water-soluble B growth is inhibited and a disease of the nerves called beri-beri ensues. Without the third, water-soluble C, we suffer from scurvy. All three are found in milk, cream, and green vegetables and fresh fruits, the C being especially rich in citrus fruits. A glass of fresh milk and a good dish of salad will provide us with our daily ration of all three. Formerly it was held that food consisted in proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Now we know that vitamins must accompany them, although the quantity required is small.

Very slowly but surely, provided only scientific progress does not collapse through some social upheaval, we are beginning to get at the chemistry of nutrition. The processes of digestion,

the breaking down of the complex proteins to the simpler amino acids, and the secrets of metabolism, are slowly coming to light. But until more is known it is dangerous to generalize.

A food industry that has made a marked improvement is bread baking, and this is distinctly the work of research. Baking was supposed to be a domestic art and the incidence of science was not recognized until about a dozen years ago. The requirement to make good bread of poor material during the war gave research a fresh start. Now there is a new lure to research, and that is to develop a loaf that shall be at once tasty and more nutritious than ever before, so that the public will unconsciously increase its bread ration at the expense of more costly foods. The bakers, with their American Institute of Baking at Chicago and their work in their own laboratories, feel that they are contributing to the general welfare beyond their own interests. Bread has been developed that is a complete ration. Many generations of white mice have been brought up on such bread with water alone, and they are healthy and strong. The same ration of bread and water, the former being the best of its earlier type, is incomplete, and the animals starve under it. The principal addition to the dough is milk, which may be dried to powder by the spray method and used when needed by the baker. The resultant loaf is tasty, white, wholesome, satisfying, and bids fair to cause bread, our cheapest ration, to be consumed in much larger quantities than now, while at the same time finding a use for our excess of wheat and the excess summer milk produced by the large herds needed to provide fresh milk in winter.

In the preparation of clothing the only advance of note has been the production of artificial silk. This consists in dissolving cellulose, which is that combination of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen of which cotton and linen consist, and pressing the jelly-like substance through very minute orificies, as though a colander, into a liquid where the fibres solidify and become so many fine threads. It is now made in immense quantities and has a beautiful lustre, but it is not strong. Here again we see possibilities of improvement, just over the horizon. In the Faser Institute at Berlin they have been studying the crystal nature of fibres and have reached the definite conclusion that cotton fibre is a true

crystal of cellulose. Now artificial silk is not crystalline; it is a colloid. That means it is composed of indefinite groups or bunches of molecules of the substance, that appear to be held together by opposed forces within each molecule. Their arrangement, however, is indiscriminate, and the substance is like so much glue. There is nothing orderly about it; nothing of a fixed arrangement of atoms and molecules to hold these together, as in a crystal. But suppose true silk fibers should prove to be crystalline; then a method might be discovered to cause artificial silk to crystallize out of solution. Then we should have a new and improved industry in textiles.

One of the most important industrial and social demands of today is to keep up the paper supply. At present we are denuding our spruce forests at a rate that cannot last many years longer. Paper is a cellulose felt. Besides cotton and linen fibres, the walls of the cells of all trees and plants are structurally of cellulose also. If we macerate clean cotton and linen rags until reduced to a pulp and then treat this so as to achieve the necessary hydration, it may be matted down into the finest quality of paper. But if we grind wood fibres mechanically against stone, the wood pressed against the revolving stone diagonally so that the fibres are pulled out rather than ground off, we have what is known as mechanical pulp, which makes the cheapest and least durable of all papers. News print, on which our daily papers are printed, is made of 80 per cent mechanical and 20 per cent sulphite, or chemical pulp. Although mechanical pulp is the cheapest today, water powers are becoming more and more valuable, and the numbers of the kinds of wood available for this treatment is so limited that the problem of how to secure news print for the future has become a serious one. The search has been made for wood having a comparatively long fibre, such as spruce. Hard woods have short fibres and are unsuitable for mechanical pulp. Chemical pulp provides for chipping the wood and subjecting it under heat and pressure to a cooking process whereby the lignin and other substances than cellulose in the wood are dissolved out, leaving the cellulose fibre in an approximately pure state. Of such are the sulphite, sulphate, and soda pulps. They are more expensive than mechanical pulp, but

very much better because the cellulose is relieved of the impurities and therefore is more permanent.

Of late a new patented process for cooking with sodium sulphite has been introduced which shortens the cooking time, leaves the fibres strong and easily bleached, and makes the hard woods available as well as the soft ones. An excellent book paper is made for instance of hard wood, and the yield of pulp per cord is from 1500 to 2000 lbs. against about 900 lbs. to the cord of spruce. The economic importance is in cheapness of production, making a chemical pulp available for news print which will shortly be put upon the market, thus leaving water power for other purposes, and the fact that hard woods reforest more easily than spruce. It indicates the gradual movement of the major portion of the paper industry from the spruce forests of the North, where trees require many years to mature, to forest lands of the South where even oak and other hardwoods mature to pulp-making size in from fifteen to twenty years. A source of even more economical supply and probably of better paper, because of its long fibre, is available from bamboo, but this is not yet developed as a major industry.

A new type of substance has come into large use, that is known scientifically as synthetic resins or phenol condensation products, or more generally by the trade names of bakelite, redmanol and condensite. This is used in electrical insulations and as a hard, chemically inert substance in the mechanic arts, wherever durability, beauty of finish and perfect molding qaulities are desired. A prospective use of the material in the fine arts is in sculpture, for heretofore sculptors have had nothing for casting between plaster of paris and bronze. Nothing but research under a high order of scientific scholarship could have brought it about.

The most important field of applied science of to-day is the development of agriculture. This includes the social as well as the physical sciences. Indeed it includes the entire domain: chemistry, physics, biology, botany, plant and animal physiology and nutrition, to mention but a few of its demands—and agriculture does not pay well. Every effort is made to save agriculture and to advance it, but we are not getting ahead very fast. The farmer has all

sorts of facilities at his beck and call, but hardly one in a hundred knows how to use them. And after he has grown his crops there are many middlemen passing on his produce to the ultimate consumer, each one exacting his tax, so that the consumer pays a high price for what he gets and the farmer receives very little for what he has produced. With the farmer on the border of despair as to how to make both ends meet, many of his kind give up the struggle and go into some other walk of life. If agriculture were an industrial institution, the immense store of miscellaneous scientific information available would be used. As it is there is a riddle in economics that must be solved which will provide for more direct relations between producer and consumer. Whether farming will become a great industrial enterprise carried on in large units with laboratories and chemists, engineers and botanists and biologists and test fields, warehouses, and truck lines, or possibly become a more specialized occupation carried on in smaller units, no one can tell to-day. It needs to be made attractive enough to bring the best minds to its administration.

The catalytic fixation of atmospheric nitrogen is steadily encroaching on Chilian nitrate as a nitrogen fertilizer.

The dividing lines of science are growing very vague. Nobody to-day can tell, for instance, where chemistry ends and physics begins. And the same holds true of other branches. Despite the apparent absurdity of the statement, it is a fact that the greatest advances in chemistry during the past ten years have been made in physics, while in biology the greatest advances have been made in chemistry.

In theoretical chemistry the greatest achievement has been in the study of the structure of atoms. It is almost definitely established that every known substance, whether solid, gas or liquid, and whether here on earth or in the starry heavens, is made up wholly of positive and negative charges of electricity. There does not seem to be anything else in all matter but these charges, positive and negative, or protons and electrons, as they are called. The hydrogen atom, which is the lightest known, consists of one proton and one electron. And the atoms of all the other 91 possible elements are made up of large numbers of this same pair of charges of energy, positive and negative, differently

arranged. After hydrogen with its atom consisting of one positive charge and one electron the next in order is helium, with two positive charges in the nucleus at the centre, and two electrons to offset this, arranged some way around the centre. The third element, lithium, has three such positive charges at its nucleus, and a like number of offsetting electrons outside this. And so on, throughout the list, until we reach the heaviest of all, uranium, with 92 positive charges and as many electrons, the free positive charges always being in the nucleus.

The general impression is that the electrons revolve about the nucleus of each atom as planets about a sun, or that their orbits are more circumscribed. There have been two general theories propounded: one by Bohr, a Dane of Copenhagen, and the other by Langmuir, an American of Schenectady following out the original suggestions of Gilbert N. Lewis of the University of California.

Bohr uses the mathematics and mechanics of astronomy, and his atoms as originally proposed were highly satisfactory to the physicists because they conformed to laws already known. But the chemist could find no comfort in them, because they do not provide for combination among atoms to chemical compounds. The Lewis-Langmuir theory does not attempt to account for the laws governing the various free electrons of the atom which are assumed to have their average positions mainly at the corners of a cube. But it provides a working hypothesis and for the sharing of electrons in pairs by atoms that are joined together in molecules.

In the meantime Professor Bohr has developed a new system which is said to provide for combinations among atoms on the basis of solar systems. It is, however, too involved in higher mathematics for simple exposition as yet.

Another recent development in regard to atoms is the discovery that those of the same element are not, as we used to think, always exactly the same. Atoms in the same element always have the same number of protons in their nuclei, and an equal number of electrons outside each nucleus. The hydrogen atom being the lightest of all, let us consider its comparative weight as unity or 1. Then with the weight of the hydrogen atom as 1, why is the

weight of the helium atom, which has 2 protons and 2 electrons, not 2? In point of fact it is 4. Lithium, with three of each, has a weight nearly 7, or 6.94. Nitrogen instead of 7 is 14, oxygen instead of 8 is 16, and uranium with 92 of each has a mass of 238.5. Where does this heft come from? That is due to the "packing" and the packing consists of hydrogen and helium atoms either in the nucleus with the free positive changes or else very close to them. It is in effect hydrogen and helium atoms that radio-active elements throw off. But the packing in atoms of the same element is not always the same. It appears that every atom has an integral weight, and that the fractions that we find in determining atomic weight are due to mixtures of atoms similar in all respects save as to weight. That is, save as to the number of hydrogen or helium atoms in the packing. Chlorine, for instance, with an atomic weight of 35.5, is made up of different chlorine atoms, having respectively atomic weights of 35 and 37. Atoms of the same element which differ in weight are called *isotopes*.

Now we have said that atomic weights are in effect integers, or multiples of 1. That seems to be the case except as to hydrogen. If we call hydrogen 1 and compute the weight of other atoms on this basis they are substantially all fractional, but if we call oxygen 16 as our basis, then we have many whole numbers and the fractions are usually slight. But with oxygen computed as 16, then hydrogen is 1.008 and it stops there. It is 1 plus a fraction. Granted then that the mass of the hydrogen atom is 1.008 and that the next element, helium, has atoms composed of 2 protons as a nucleus, 2 electrons on the outside, and 2 more hydrogen atoms as packing, it is made up of the component parts of 4 hydrogen atoms. It should therefore have a mass of 4 hydrogen atoms or 4.032. Four times 1.008 is 4.032. But arithmetic seems wrong. The weight of the helium atom is 4 and not 4.032. Where has that fraction gone?

Under conditions prevailing in the sun and stars, says Dr. Aston of Cambridge, the fractional mass is converted into energy. He further declares that if only 1/10 of the hydrogen which we know by spectroscopic analysis to be contained in the sun were converted into helium, we should have solar energy

produced by this source alone to last for over 1,000,000,000 years. Thus it appears that creation is going on in the sun and stars to-day just as actively as when this earth was hurled forth into space. Elements are not permanent; they are not eternal; they are organized by the forces of nature out of positive and negative charges of electricity originally, into hydrogen, from hydrogen to helium, and from these to all the other elements. When elements become too complex they become radioactive and shoot out from their nuclei hydrogen and helium atoms or positive and negative charges. This is constantly taking place among the heavy atoms in planets and moons, and the very light atoms, being too light to be held by gravity, pass off again into space. Creation and disintegration thus appear as one vast continuum. The point so long at issue between chemists and geologists that the sun could not last as long as geology demands that it must have lasted, fades away entirely.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK.

DEMOCRACY IN HISPANIC AMERICA

BY MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS

BEYOND the Rio Grande are twenty nations, most of which have been for about a century republics in name and, in theory, politically democratic. But in actual performance most of them have fallen so short of their pretensions as to furnish the opponents of popular government with apparently unassailable proofs of the failure of political democracy, or, at least, of its very limited possibilities. All of these States have at some time been controlled by Dictators, backed by military force, and the so-called Presidents of many of them are even now possessed of a large degree of despotic power. Yet, these facts prove nothing against Democracy as a principle of government: they merely demonstrate the inevitable and immediate futility of granting the machinery of self-rule to a people unqualified by both tradition and education to appreciate and operate it.

When, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the Hispanic American colonies cast aside the domination of the mother country and proceeded to set up for themselves politically, their experience in self-government was less than that of England when, six hundred years before, a group of angry and resolute barons forced *Magna Charta* from a tyrannous and despotic King; and democratic theorizing was perhaps even more foreign to their habits than was it to thirteenth century Englishmen. This situation in itself boded ill for any experiments in self-government which zealous Hispanic American patriots might essay; but there were other factors which greatly increased the probability that the political novices would have a turbulent and discouraging experience. Ten years of battling for independence had supplied the youthful nations with a surplus of ambitious military leaders and a fatal training in arms; and the long wars had accustomed the population to look to force rather than to law as a means of securing their rights or desires. Furthermore,

in most of the States there was a numerical preponderance of aborigines, whose ignorance and superstition enabled almost the first military chieftain anxious for political power to rally them to his support. And, last, but not the least in its fatal effect, the Spanish officers of the colonial period had furnished abundant precedent for political corruption and autocratic misrule, which the warrior-politicians, when once they had secured control of the government, were not slow to follow, and even to improve upon.

These military executives, known as *caudillos*, usually retained their political grip and held tyrannical sway until overthrown by other rivals of their own type; then, as a rule, came a period of anarchy such as was recently witnessed in Mexico, finally ended by another *caudillo*, who, in turn, had his day and ceased to be. Thus was created and thus continued the vicious political circle characterizing Hispanic American politics, whose component segments are dictatorship, revolution, and anarchy.

Despite the practice just described,—practice made inevitable by existing conditions,—all of the new States carved out of the wreck of the Spanish colonial empire possessed republican constitutions; for monarchical government was in high disrepute at the time, and the United States and France, which had inspired them to revolt against the mother country, offered constitutional models, as well as precedents for republican control.

Notwithstanding the lowering outlook, some of the States made astonishingly rapid progress towards harmonizing governmental principles with political practice; and in this regard Chile was the leader. After ten turbulent years of experimental politics, it established an orderly government in harmony with a new constitution, and has ever since deserved the right to be classed as a republic. A few decades later, Argentina, whose governmental problems were more complex than those of its western neighbour, learned to prefer ballots to bullets in effecting changes in administration. As time passed, all of the other States showed some progress, and a few of them attained to the rank of genuine commonwealths.

Naturally, the countries advancing the most rapidly were those situated in temperate climates and possessed of but small

aboriginal populations. The basic reason for improvement, however, was neither geographic nor ethnic, but economic. During the brief intervals between the periods of violence, rapid industrial development was marked, and this fact enabled men lured by the desire to acquire wealth to see that war and political instability were antagonistic to financial prosperity. Hence, these potential capitalists became advocates and supporters of peace and order, which, though often purchased at the price of election frauds and other varieties of political corruption, was, nevertheless, an advancement upon recourse to the sword.

Contemporaneously with an increasingly active regard for constitutional government in itself, have come changes favourable to a greater degree of political democracy. In some countries, such as Chile, the modifications have been produced by gradual evolution; in others, as Mexico, they have largely been the result of explosion—revolution. During the past ten years especially have opportunities multiplied for the exercise of popular influence in political matters.

One of the most general changes has been in the direction of making and keeping the Chief Executive the servant of the people, rather than their master—of preventing Presidents from becoming Dictators. The seizure of absolute power in times past was made comparatively easy through close organic relationship between the nominal President and the army. Hence, the Mexican Constitution of 1917 and the Peruvian Constitution of 1920 both state that no member of the army is qualified for the Presidency unless he resigns his military office within a certain minimum period previous to the election. To prevent Presidents from becoming so attached to their offices as to be tempted to cling to them indefinitely, the Chilean and Mexican Constitutions make the Chief Executive permanently ineligible for reëlection, while the Uruguayan Constitution of 1919 increases the period of ineligibility from four years to eight. The Constitutions of both Mexico and Uruguay likewise guard against the usurpation of Congressional authority by the President, through provision for joint committees of Congress which shall act for that body during its vacation.

Hispanic American Chief Executives have been forced also to

yield to others some of the authority formerly vested in themselves alone by the national constitutions. This fact is especially significant of progress towards greater popular control. Chile has gradually developed a cabinet system of government, as a result of which the President now occupies a position no more influential than that of the Chief Executive of France; in Peru, on the other hand, a somewhat similar change has been provided for at one stroke by conscious legislative action. A Cabinet, or Council of State, of seven members, according to the new Peruvian Constitution, must be appointed by the Council of Ministers with the approval of the Senate. This body is responsible to Congress and must resign if at any time either the Senate or the Chamber passes a vote of lack of confidence. If this provision is enforced, the President will most certainly lose power and become but a shadow of the dictator type which has filled the Chief Executive's chair in Peru most of the time during a hundred years.

Uruguay, the most progressive politically of all of the States,—which fact has led it to be called the "social political laboratory" of South America,—has curtailed the power of its Chief Executive by measures of a more original nature, for Uruguay does not consider it necessary to wait for precedents. All of the former administrative functions of the President have been transferred to a *Comisión Nacional de Administración* of nine members elected by popular vote for six years, one-third being chosen biennially. This body is responsible to Congress and has charge over such matters as education, labor, banking, health and sanitation, and the like. The division of work indicated leaves only matters which are distinctly political in the hands of the President; but Dr. Baltazar Brum, during whose administration the innovation was introduced, is quite favorable to the change, for he believes that formerly too much power was in the hands of the Chief Executive. He has, furthermore, expressed a cheerful willingness to resign his whole remaining authority to an Executive Commission, which change is under serious consideration, should the people at any time decide that they desire it.

President Brum is a truly remarkable man, typical of a small but growing group which is the best hope of Hispanic America.

Not only is he characterized by a spirit of generosity and of practical idealism, but unusual mental hospitality is his also, as is instanced by the fact that before taking office he traveled extensively through North and South America studying conditions and making friends in the hope of helping his people to the best.

An Executive Commission such as the Uruguayans have under discussion was included in the governmental machinery of the short-lived Central American Union of 1921, as a guarantee against Presidential usurpation of authority, which has been the worst political curse of the Isthmian countries. It was based upon the Swiss model, and vested executive authority in a Federal Council, the members of which were elected by the people for a term of five years from each State having membership in the Union. Such an arrangement will doubtless be found in the Constitution of the permanent Central American Union which is bound to appear in the future.

In harmony with the movement elsewhere, most of the Hispanic American governments have, by one means or another, extended the suffrage to include new classes. Property qualifications have been reduced or eliminated, Chile, which has abolished all such qualifications being a marked example; educational facilities have been improved, thus enabling more persons to meet the literacy test; and many women have been given the ballot. It is through the enfranchisement of women that the greatest change in the personnel of the voters may be expected in the near future. In Costa Rica and in parts of Mexico women now have the ballot, and by the Central American Union they were granted a voice and vote in federal matters as well as the men. Within the past year bills giving women the suffrage have been introduced into the Congresses of Uruguay and Brazil. President Brum himself initiated the measure in Uruguay, while in Brazil Dr. Bertha Lutz, "the brains of the Brazilian woman movement," and president of the Brazilian League for the Emancipation of Women, was largely responsible for the introduction of the bill and has since been the vigilant guardian of its interests. So far, neither measure has become a law, but little doubt exists that the enfranchisement of the women

of Brazil and Uruguay will be accomplished in the near future. Several of the other Hispanic American States possess strong and active suffrage organizations, notably Argentina, whose women have for many years shown themselves to be large visioned, public spirited, and outstandingly efficient in their undertakings; and Chile, whose president, Dr. Arturo Allessandri, is pledged to woman suffrage and has shown unusual friendliness towards other proposed legislative reforms in the interest of women and children. Even in the most backward States faint feminist stirrings are perceptible.

With the extension of the suffrage have come new and wider opportunities for its exercise. The provision in the recently-adopted Constitution of Uruguay for the election of the President by direct vote of the people, instead of by Congress, is an instance of this, but a more general and more significant new application of the ballot is that resulting from the increase in local autonomy. In Chile, the provincial governors, formerly appointed by the Central Government, are now chosen by popular vote, and in Uruguay the former *jefes politicos*, likewise appointed by the central authority to headships in the provinces, have given place to assemblies and councils whose members hold their positions by the direct will of the people. The Carranza Constitution gives the Mexican municipalities the right to choose their own councils by popular vote, while the new Constitution of Peru not only extends to the municipalities authority never before enjoyed but likewise shows an increased regard for local interests and sectional differences through the creation of separate congresses elected by popular vote for the three regions into which the country has been divided. These congresses are empowered to meet annually and enact legislation subject to the approval of the President, or, in the case of his veto, of the Congress of the republic, which, under the new Constitution, is a more democratic body than formerly because the property and high intellectual qualifications previously required for membership have been abolished.

The changes in the direction of greater political democracy mentioned in the preceding pages make a rather impressive array—on paper. In view of the past record of many of the

States concerned, it is entirely legitimate to ask whether, after all, the new legislative trend is of any real significance. Will the modifications provided for remain mere "paper laws", or will they be enforced and become vital influences in the government of the States? Any answer based upon even a superficial knowledge of the situation must, though qualified, be optimistic. Without doubt, some of the laws will be ignored to a greater or less degree—as are our Fourteenth and Eighteenth Amendments and portions of our national Bill of Rights; and, in all probability, such a State as Peru, which possesses a virtually unbroken record of autocratic rule, will do less to democratize its Government in conformity with its Constitution than will Chile with its well-established precedent for constitutional government, or even Mexico, whose political traditions are more varied and which has during the past ten years laboured hard to gain its political salvation.

Nevertheless, in most of the Hispanic American countries a much more rapid growth in political democracy may be expected in the near future than has been witnessed in the past. The increased intolerance with autocratic rule resulting from the World War helps to offer assurance of this, as does the improvement in educational facilities, and likewise the healthy spirit of self-criticism found in most of the States—a spirit never entirely wanting, but much augmented during recent years by the influence of young men and women who have returned to their own lands after studying in the United States. The persistent, growing political idealism of the people is, however, the best guarantee for the realization of true democratic republicanism in Hispanic America.

MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS.

WHAT IS BAD POETRY?

BY ROBERT GRAVES

BEFORE attempting to examine the question "What is *bad* Poetry?" I owe you some idea of what I understand by Poetry without any qualifying adjective and must show where I am in agreement with the traditional view of its nature, mechanism, and functions, and where I disagree. Also I must ask those of you who are acquainted with my recent *On English Poetry* to recognise my present position as being a development and in many aspects a downright denial of the views tentatively and often half-humourously held in that volume of notebook reflections.

I will ask you to think of Poetry in two very different capacities without for a moment confusing them—Poetry as it fulfils certain needs in the poet, and Poetry as it fulfils certain needs in the reader. I have held hitherto and still hold that Poetry is for the poet a means of informing himself on many planes simultaneously, the plane of primitive imagery, the intellectual plane, the musical plane of rhythm structure and texture—of informing himself on these and possibly on other distinguishable planes of the relation in his mind of certain inharmonious interests, you may call them his sub-personalities or other selves. For the reader, Poetry is a means of similarly informing himself of the relation of analogous interests hitherto inharmonious on these same various planes. For the poet, the writing of poetry accomplishes a certain end, irrespective of whether the poem ever finds another reader but himself, that of ridding himself of these conflicts between his sub-personalities. For the reader, without necessarily any direct regard to the history of the poet, the reading of poetry performs a similar service; it acts for him as a physician of his mental disorders. I hold that a well-chosen anthology should be a medicine-chest against all ordinary mental disorders, but I should add that no medicine and no

poetry can ever be effective without the consent and coöperation of the patient. Poetry may take the form of merely stating the nature of the conflict between these interests, a diagnosing of the ailment, in the form of pity, doubt, resentment, or merely a cry of pain; it may be a temporary relief, a narcotic or counter-irritant, which I call Poetry of Escape; or it may take the completer form of prescribing for the cure of the ailment, suggesting how a new common life can be formed between these conflicting interests by the intervention of some mediating influence.

The appreciation of Poetry presupposes a common interest or group of interests between the poet and his reader, and my experience as a reader of poetry is that I value in a poem the solution of the conflict when I am to some extent aware of its nature, but that where there is hitherto only vague unrest in my mind I value in a poem the clearly defined statement of the conflict. It is not that as readers we value the conflict on its own account; that is not natural economy. We value the statement of it because this is half-way to a solution of the trouble, which may be expected to occur both in our practical life and in some poem or dream of the future. In any state of the conflict before the solution we are glad of narcotic poetry of temporary relief; or of a counter-irritant, which, though at first sight a case of conflict valued on its own account, is not really conflict but rather a sparring match where the spectator takes no sides and likes to see sweat and strain and bloodshed from which he is excused.

But we do not and cannot value in a poem a statement of conflict or a temporary relief or a final solution which is too far in the future or too far in the past to be real to us, or one removed altogether from our experience.

The poet never knows what he is going to write, and very seldom can give a rational account of what he has written even a long time after, when the history should have appeared, and that his readers likewise can have only a very partial knowledge of the meaning of the poem even, as in the case of Hamlet, after three centuries of Shakespearean research, and then only by an insecure analogical method from their own experiences—if you will accept these conclusions you will perhaps agree that the

question "What is *bad* poetry?" is not one to be answered offhand.

In opening the discussion afresh on this question, we are again faced with the need for a definition of "bad" as qualifying "Poetry". Does it mean that there is a kind of poetry which does not and cannot serve any possible use either to the poet or the reader? If so, on behalf at any rate of the poet, I deny that there is such a thing as bad poetry. Does "bad" imply that there is somewhere already written a wholly good poetry comparable with this bad poetry that is always good poetry and always good medicine for any age whether or not the high-brow critics or low-brow public reject it? I would deny this implication with both hands. The question, "What is *bad* poetry?" is so often put and so variously answered that I am inclined to break away altogether from the traditional view that the question can be answered in terms of any particular literary formula. If we examine the history of literary criticism we find that at certain times certain criteria have been set up for the judgment of the art and that this one or that has continually been challenged by a stubborn minority, so that it is safe to say that not a single one of these criteria has stood continuously unchallenged, or at any rate the highest common factor between them if discovered would not be worth the discovery.

One age values emotional intensity, another values sophistication and emotional restraint; one age demands a high standard of craftsmanship, another demands an anarchic abandon of grammatical or logical control; we are only recently beginning to pass out from a phase in which no man was regarded as a great poet unless he had written poems of so many scores of octavo pages in length, but before long may become like the Japanese who limit their poets to five lines at a time; for some thousand years it was held that no poetry could be great unless it reflected the ideals of Christian morality, this view the poets of the 'nineties bitterly challenged; artificial extravagance of conceits is sometimes valued, at other times a simplicity verging on infantility, and so on. My suggestion is that these criteria are not accidental or foreseeable; they represent a need on the part of the critics for poetry that will repair certain deficiencies or maintain certain successes not only in the poetry of the past, but

also in the social, religious and scholastic conditions at the time obtaining. The recent war with its immediate sequel of peace and depression provides an easy example of unusually violent flow and ebb in the sea of literary criticism; it is now possible to read that history without much prejudice and to see how the national æsthetic canons of good and bad were no more stationary then, and corresponded closely with national political sentiment. From 1914 to the end of 1915 the idealism of "Your King and Country Need You", the love of battle as expressed by a professional soldier, Julian Grenfell, the spirit of sacrifice as expressed by patriots like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger, were sentiments necessary for the inspiration of a militarily unorganised country engaged in a life-struggle with a highly organised military power. But as soon as "There is some corner of a foreign land that is forever England" had achieved its end and this England had become highly militarised to the extent of passing an act for universal military service, when every man was a compulsory hero, when love of battle in prospect had become loathing in retrospect, when "Your King and Country Need You" could be a trench joke for pulling corpses out of sump-pits by their boots, then sentiment changed, and Siegfried Sassoon gradually became the spokesman of suffering. Either his work as a statement of conflict or the work of others who could produce any temporary escape from the nightmare of conflict in childish nonsense verses or pastorals or suchlike received applause for valuable services rendered to a quickly widening circle of readers, while Brooke's contribution began to be questioned as Charles Sorley questioned it as early as April 1915.

> He is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice regarding the going to war of himself (and others) as a highly intense, remarkable and sacrificial exploit, whereas it is merely the conduct demanded of him (and others) by the turn of circumstances where non-compliance with this demand would have made life intolerable. He has clothed his attitude in fine words: but he has taken the sentimental attitude.

Sorley was killed at Loos before he had time to get bitter, but Sassoon, Herbert Read and Wilfred Owen lasted in France until 1918 (Owen was killed just before the Armistice), and until the pressure of war was removed by the Armistice, poetry of idealism

stank in the nostrils of the men who had done any serious fighting, and this disrelish was communicated in a large degree to the non-combatant part of the community which had suffered equal disillusion.

When the Armistice came and came to stay, poetry of conflict immediately lost its purpose and now until the poetry of reconstruction can appear in Western Europe, the canons of good poetry will select for praise among contemporary writers either the poets of scepticism and cynicism, Messrs. Hardy and Housman of the elders, Messrs. Aldous Huxley and T. S. Eliot of the younger men, or the poets of temporary escape, Mr. De la Mare, Mr. Blunden, the later Masefield of *Reynard the Fox* and the middle Yeats.

This is not to say that the literary press which directs the æsthetic canons of good and bad is ever representative of the whole community even when it agrees with itself, though during the war-period it was more representative perhaps than usual: there is, as a matter of fact, a complete split between the publishers' bookshops and libraries that cater for the people, and the literary press which caters for the *intelligentsia*. This split has its strange and amusing aspects as when the commercial press sometimes publishes out-of-copyright Best Books for the million when these Best Books are to the intellectual minority of such antiquarian difficulty that they cannot understand them: or when the young high-brow is forced by economic pressure to edit a journal "whose brow" (I learned the phrase from a young American in this predicament) "is so low that it scrapes the sidewalk". But I am forced to treat of the literary press because I have unfortunately lost sympathetic contact with low-brow literature.

Then the only continuity that I am able to discover in the sequence of criteria is in this, that every age has hitherto thought it possible to find a touchstone by which to judge poetry absolutely, and further that every age has thought it has found such a table of absolute values which it was only a matter of time before everyone would accept. I might be allowed perhaps to put it in this way: Poetry has always been considered of divine or diabolical origin and therefore since the idea of God is what it

has been since the time of Plato, Absolute Mind existing from the Beginning, Poetry has had forced on it those absolute standards of right and wrong which are from time to time more definitely expressed by the dominant hierarchy in terms of true or false religion. The poetry which corresponds with the religious views of the hierarchy as to the nature of God, is good, and the rest is indifferent or bad. As in metaphysics I do not see the possibility of an absolute right or wrong, God against Devil, so in an æsthetic sense I hold that the term "bad" is in effect only relative.

What is bad poetry? The answer might be given as "Yours, when I do not understand you and when your work has no help to offer me in my troubles", and this "yours" may be leveled by the poet against a former self of his own when the march of events has separated them. So far as I can see the greatest difficulties in the present study of æsthetic philosophy have been caused by a confusion of the two aspects of poetry of which I first spoke, its benefit to the poet and its benefit to the reader, which though analogous are quite distinct, and so by a misunderstanding of the function of the poet which has hitherto been regarded as primarily a communicative one; whereas in poetry of an emotional character the chances are heavily against the poet reflecting before writing on the audience to whom the approaching poem will be addressed.

This misunderstanding is apparently derived from the traditional misconception of the functions of consciousness and non-consciousness. If, as the Croceans hold, the expression of the poem is identical with the original conception, then the question of course arises why the poet troubles to record the conception at all, and the answer is given that the prime function of poetry is communication between the individual and his neighbours. I am holding however that conception implies a certain limited knowledge before the poem takes shape on paper, as one might say "I am just going to hit the golf ball," but that a non-conscious period thereupon intervenes and the knowledge "I have hit the golf ball" or "I have written the poem" is a very different knowledge, a vast stride ahead of what went before.

No poet, a Dante even or a Virgil, composing pen in hand,

knows before he writes exactly the form that his carefully prepared scheme will take; and that is why after giving a full account in conversation to a friend of the poem one intends to write, the poem is impossible to write in that form. The knowledge of the outline has started a new phase in the conflict for which the account that the friend heard is no longer adequate, so either the scheme is abandoned altogether having "lost its freshness" or it takes a step forward and becomes vastly more significant and exciting.

Although there are a number of poems in which the communicative spirit is present from the start but only as a factor in the conflict, where the poet has missionary intentions or wishes to use the poem as a social weapon, but in a vast number of cases the poem as it appears in its first draft has no communicative intention at all. When Trelawney records the frightful scrawl of Shelley's first drafts he is not noting an exceptional eccentricity: my experience of the first drafts of other poets' work and my own is that generally while the poem is what I might call a private poem not yet dispassionately viewed as a marketable commodity, the neat handwriting, cleanliness, and orderliness of the communicative spirit are conspicuously absent.

But when the poet wakes up to the poem as a poem, and if he considers it as entitling him to a certain dignity as its author, he begins the secondary or tertiary elaboration; he copies it out in a fair hand, he dots his i's and crosses his t's and keeps his margin and signs his name boldly, even affectedly, underneath. But by then the poem has already fulfilled its primary function and has become a commodity or a record, nothing more. When it is quoted that Shakespeare never blotted a line and the inference is drawn that his first drafts were his last, this is contradicted by the facts; both his plays and sonnets where there are two versions show great variations. The tradition simply means, I think, that his fair copies were particularly carefully written, though for other reasons I believe that he wrote his first drafts at great speed and made few structural alterations afterwards.

But this seems to be the important point, that the act of composition is primarily not communication between the individual poet and his neighbours but an inter-communication of the

different selves formed within the individual in relation to the various groups with which he has come in contact. I do not wish to retreat far from what I wrote in my previous volume.

A poet in the fullest sense is one whom some unusual complications of early environment or mixed parentage develop as an intermediary between the small group-minds of particular sects, clans, castes, types, and professions, among whom he moves. To so many of these has he been formally enrolled as a member and to so many more has he virtually added himself as a supernumerary member by showing a disinterested sympathy and by practising his exceptionally developed powers of intuition, that in any small group sense the wide diffusion of his loyalties makes him at first appear everywhere as a hypocrite and traitor.

But the rival selves formed in him by his relation to these various groups constantly struggle to reconciliation in his poetry, and in proportion as these selves are more numerous, more varied and more inharmonious and his controlling personality stronger and quicker at compromise, so he becomes a more or less capable spokesman of that larger group mind of his culture which we somehow consider greater than the sum of its parts, so that men of smaller scope and more concentrated loyalties if they are forced in face of danger to form a common life with their rivals will forget their former objection to the poet and hear in his utterances what seems to them the direct voice of God.

I hope you will accept this view that poetry is in its first writing and first reading none but the poet's own business and afterwards is elaborated only for a limited group of readers, and agree with me that the legal principle of "no taxation without representation" should have its place in literary criticism. For what right has the reviewer to tax a poet with carelessness, obscurity, pedantry, dulness, immorality, or any other similar failing where the interests which the poet has shown in conflict or reconciled in his poetry are not represented in the experience of the reviewer?

The most that a reviewer can sensibly say is, "So far as I can see, this poem represents such and such interests, it does not meet the demands of such and such other interests. The writer appears to take this or that philosophic position, to be in sympathy with this or that literary tradition. The conflicts between so-

and-so and so-and-so are acute (or not acute) and he uses certain symbols in different senses from the accustomed ones, arguing particular incidents in his life, which we can only guess at, connected with these symbols. The practical element is perhaps of such-and-such a character." But the time may come for him to admit honourably, "I cannot talk of this book dispassionately because the author has completely overcome me with one of the poems, which means far more to me than to other people to whom I have shown it, because the poet and myself have an experience of an unusual and emotional character in common." Or instead, "I cannot talk of this book dispassionately because it is written by a man who stands for everything I most detest, and the qualities which put me out of sympathy with him are best shown in the following passages. . . . I admit that there must be a complementary quality for him to detest in myself and therefore this review must be regarded as only one side of the story."

Every poem, I repeat, can only be fairly judged in its own context; it is the poet's business to write the poem before it ever becomes the reader's to enjoy or dislike it. From the reader's point of view it is of course true that in any given age certain poems are of wider appeal than others and therefore by majority rule the best, and that others represent a view that is of extremely limited acceptance but which is one stage advanced in the succession of events from this popular poetry, and so being destined to the votes of the majority in the next generation may be "best" in this sense that it is more progressive: a third class of poetry will also have claimed for it the title of "best" by a conservative minority on the ground that it is older-established and therefore approved by time. But as Montaigne wrote, "Truth and reason are common unto all men and are no more proper unto those that spoke them heretofore than unto those that shall speak them hereafter."

If a strange poem appears which everyone, including the poet himself, after mature consideration agrees to damn as being completely banal, meaningless, unrhythmic, immoral, untrue and designed with the most inexcusable motives, this poem, if it survives, is likely to be regarded by future historians as a remarkable piece of art, embodying an aspect of reality by neglecting which

the age imposed on itself what they may regard as a number of avoidable ills—"the best poem that the age produced", they will write enthusiastically.

To examine a little more closely this question of group-appeal, let us take, for brevity's sake, a simple nursery-rhyme, but, for the argument's sake, one that has won the eulogies of R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Walter de la Mare among other distinguished poets as being the true stuff of poetry.

> How many miles to Babylon?
> Threescore miles and ten.
> Can I get there by candle-light?
> Yes, and back again.

Its merit appears to be generally accepted, but when I first came to ask where this merit lies, the same very insufficient answer was always given:

"Oh, I couldn't tell you; I suppose because it's so simple."

But I found that when I asked people to think about this poem on the lines of conflicting ideas reconciling themselves in a common symbolism, by a process of associative thought, they admitted that, on the contrary, it was a poem of extraordinarily subtle and condensed argument. The following is a synthetic version of conversations on the same subject with several friends Englishmen and Americans:

R. G.: The first version that I heard of the poem was:

> How many miles to Babyland?
> Threescore miles and ten. (&c.)

How does that strike you?

Friend: It ruins the poem.

R. G.: But suppose I am right in concluding that the rhyme came, like all or nearly all good rhymes, from the Lowland Scots, and Babby Lon' was converted by South Country men into a single word? What then?

Friend: "Babylon" is the best version in spite of scholiasts.

R. G.: But what does Babylon mean that Babyland does not mean? Is Babylon a mere remote Timbuctoo, or is it something more?

Friend: For me it has a great sense of magnificence, hanging gardens and all that, but also from the Book of Revelation, and from the prophetic Books of the Old Testament, it has the suggestion of a wicked power constantly coaxing and threatening the chosen people to destruction.

R. G.: So the poem contrasts childish innocence, as expressed in "candle-light", with the world, flesh, and devil of "Babylon"?

Friend: I suppose so, but there is more than innocence in the candlelight symbol.

R. G.: Loyalty?

Friend: Yes, loyalty and faith; from the ecclesiastical tradition.

R. G.: Then perhaps you would accept this as a tentative analysis of the effect produced in you by the poem. It is a dialogue, the man who has gone astray after the lusts of the flesh and the sophistications of the world, addressing a child who lies innocently in bed. When the child asks the question, the man feels that, in spite of the child's apparent helplessness and his ignorance of the determinate side of life, he himself, with all his strength and worldly wisdom is far inferior in power to the child.

Friend: "Except ye become as little children," in fact? I admit that I get that feeling, but I don't see where you deduce the "sophistication" and the "determinate side of life".

R. G.: Well, what if I were to say:

> How many miles to Babylon?
> Fourscore miles and six.

Is threescore and ten merely an archaic "seventy"?

Friend: No, indeed, I see it now. Threescore and ten is the limit on life imposed by the psalmist, and associated in the memory with "labour and heaviness". But what about "yes and back again"?

R. G.: The remnant's return with all its disillusion and despondency. My mind rides with Ezra around the circuit of the soul's Jerusalem and finds all in ruins. The poem takes on fresh significance. "Keep innocency," it preaches, "and you can pass through the Babylon of manhood, and return safe and sound with as much ease as in childhood you visited that magnificent city in your dreams and came back before the candle had burned to its socket."

Friend: The old dialogue, then, of body and soul? But I think you have disregarded another buried suggestion in the "threescore and ten". Only a remnant attains fourscore, only a remnant wins back from Babylon, and they are both confronted with the hopeless task of repairing a lifetime's damage to their spiritual sense.

R. G.: That improves the argument. Probably Babyland is only a nursery stupidity. That *Babylon* is the original version seems proved by the interaction of the other symbols too closely for coincidence.

Friend: That is likely. Nursery rhymes and fables are the detritus beds of very ancient history and thought.

Would you say that within the limits of the Christian group to which the associations of Babylon, candlelight, and threescore and ten are common, the poem strikes the same chords of sensibility?

R. G.: Not quite. As there are degrees of implication, so there are degrees of perception. There is a common core of experience, certainly, but each individual has, for instance, different personal associations with candlelight,

which alter the force of the conflict, whether the candle is thought of more particularly as a friendly charm against darkness, or whether the aspect of the short flickering life of the candle may associate itself more nearly with the threescore and ten idea. An unfortunate identification of Babylon with the Church of Rome would make candlelight into a Popish attribute and make havoc with the generally appreciated sense. That shows the insecurity of the appeal even in poems most universally accepted as achieving their end.

The test of this Babylon analysis was asking an Indian friend who is most sensitive to the implications and suggestions of the poetry of his own country, what the poem meant to him. He replied that it meant nothing much, and admitted that Babylon to him was no more than a Persepolis or a Timbuctoo, that threescore and ten was merely an archaic seventy, and that "back again" was just home to bed. But English poetry was not altogether barren country to him, and we found a common ground of appreciation in folk songs, where the allusions were not merely Biblical. My friend was not a Christian and had been brought up on the sacred literature of his own country, but the remote cultural affinity of England and Northern India provided us with a few score symbols in common, generalized from the tribal experiences of those early times, the same symbols that are perpetually recurring in dreams, with very slight variation for the individual.

Such symbols, I mean, as the association of the garden with love and the gate with privacy; of the picking and wreathing of flowers, especially roses, with courtship; of the snake with lust and betrayal; of the gift of fruit or an egg with a proposal for the consummation of love; of the sea with separation; of wings, boats, and horses with realization of wishes; of the rose's thorn, with a setback to love; of the cooing dove with a mourning lover left in the lurch; of the caged bird with frustration of hopes; of the colour black with danger and death; of white with peace, security, honour; of the high tree with hopeless Love; of the girdle with chastity; of the lamb with innocence, the lion with power; and a few more such. Primitive love lyrics of all countries where there is the common cultural tradition are built on symbols worn threadbare with age yet seemingly always capable of a new arrangement. The book of Genesis is not the fountain-

source of the Garden of Eden symbolism nor is the Christian religion the only one that has made the Dove the prime emblem of love.

The possible appreciation of any poem depends by this analysis, on whether the allusions are common to the poet and to his reader. A truly universal poem in spite of Tolstoi's dictum would be impossible, differences of environment having set such bounds between the customs of different races and colours that even such simple symbols as we have in common with the Hindus are stultified in relation with Congo pigmy and Eskimo. There certainly are symbolic myths of amazing universality, such as the story of the man marrying a fairy woman who, on the breach of the conditions of marriage, returned to the animal shape from which she came; but a poem embodying the common experience of every race in the world could hardly be anything very exciting when it appeared. It seems then that the goodness of a poem is, for the reader, a relative quantity dependent not on the wideness of its appeal only, as publishers have tried to teach, but on the degree of perception by the reader for the various phrases of experience reconciled in terms of each other by the poet. We have noted in folk song a poetry of very wide appeal and in the Babylon rhyme another of more restricted but still very wide appeal beyond the bounds of nationality to all who have been brought up on Biblical tradition. A smaller group of appeal is the national group. Nationality has its own peculiar symbols which cannot all be communicated even to a nation which claims to speak the same language. So "democracy" and "robin" on transhipment from England to America become totally different concepts. The associations of the "merry green-wood" in English poetry cannot find a precise equivalent in German and the *Wacht am Rhein* means nothing particularly exciting to an Englishman separated from his sweet enemy by a far broader strip of water.

Within the national group there will be numerous other smaller groups of poetic appeal where a particular environment and community of interests has built up a whole vocabulary of local allusions and technical terms; Yorkshire dialect poetry and *The Harrow School Songbooks* are an illustration; there are

even smaller groups of which family magazines are a good example, smaller still in the case of a rhyming letter to an intimate friend, and the smallest group of all is found in the poetry which a man writes for his own information and then blushingly destroys. A Yorkshire weaver is not entitled to judge a Harrow School Song or a typical Harrovian to judge the merits of "On Ilkla Moor bar t'hat": my Indian friend cannot say *Babylon* is a bad rhyme because it means nothing to him or claim that he can get very far by studying it as people say "emotionally for the pure beauty of the verse;" where there is no contact there can be no criticism.

In the trenches during the late war was heard much terrible swearing at the militarism of school-anthology poets, Tennyson, Henley, Kipling and other soldiers at second-hand, but these war-sick critics were as unjust in drawing comparisons between Siegfried Sassoon-Wilfred Owen realism and the *Battle of Agincourt-Charge of the Light Brigade* idealism, as they had once been in underrating the irony of Old Caspar and the famous victory. In this context it is interesting to observe that I have never been able to find a poem written to celebrate the joy of attack by a man who has experienced these joys to the full. With soldiers of experience like Messrs. Sassoon, Owen, and Herbert Read, it was always the counter-attack and the aftermath that is celebrated. Mr. Robert Nichols's exciting *Attack* appears as an exception, but the hero of that attack is not the historic Mr. Nichols; he leveled no revolver at Germans, flick! flick! and felt not that cool madness of the platoon commander which he describes with such fervour. For as a matter of fact he was not in the infantry at all and his service with the artillery in France was of the shortest.

In my own poems I find that I tend to mislead my readers as to the extent of my service as a soldier; I suggest that I saw a great deal of fighting whereas in neither of the only two set attacks in which I took part did I reach the enemy trenches; however, my phantasies are not nearly so vivid as those of several war-poets, notably W. W. Gibson and my uncle, Arnold Graves, who never were soldiers at all. Siegfried Sassoon and I have since enjoyed a hearty laugh over a poem of his—

Return to meet me, colours that were my joy
Not in the woeful crimson of men slain,

written in France before he had seen so much as a dead mule, and my own, *It's a Queer Time*, written from the depôt in England months before I had a chance of verifying it. These cases are typical; we meet them at every turn, but the tendency is not to appreciate them in their own context, instead of irrelevantly pointing out their limitations.

While insisting that in an absolute sense all poetry is of equal value, I admit that it would be a counsel of perfection, an absurdity, to say that a reader ought equally to value any two poems he cares to mention, of which one is of far deeper appeal to him than the other. We cannot escape from our context and form a common life with people or poems beyond the limits of this context. If we see a man drinking to excess and poetically celebrating his delight in the debauch we cannot love him or his poems unless we have a secret or open leaning to drunkenness ourselves. The most that we can do is to abstain from any action or comment that may aggravate the conflict between us once we have realised where the conflict lies.

There is a good and a bad from the reader's point of view in any particular case; the good is what is in harmony with his needs at the moment and the bad is what is in opposition to these needs or has no bearing on them. All that I am insisting on is that no poetry has hitherto appeared and no poetry can hope to appear to which an absolute permanent value may legitimately be accorded. In the growth of religions among primitive tribes, we find that the devil of each tribe is generally the god of their most powerful enemy. The Devil of the Christians was for a long while Faunus the goat-god, whom rival religious systems held in reverence under one name or another, embodiment of the "animal passions" in man; but in England after the Reformation the Devil changed his appearance, and the horror in which we held our religious rivals of the counter-Reformation and the Inquisition gave him the personal characteristics of a Spanish grandee and dressed him in the cardinal red of Rome.

Exactly the same has been the case in the history of literary criticism; if the Eighteenth Century rode the ideal of *de-*

corum to death, it was a protest against the Devil of Excess, the sensual excess of the Restoration wits on the one hand and the self-mortifying violence of the Puritans on the other. Decorum in politics, manners, religions and literature alike was in the reign of Queen Anne an undeniable necessity. When Decorum was outlasting its inevitability came the Romantic Revival to set up a new God of Freedom and make Decorum into the Devil of Tyranny and Dulness. In Keats's *Sleep and Poetry* we can recognize the severity of the conflict and watch the diabolizing process in operation. Of one thing we can be certain, that no God or Devil has hitherto ever remained constant for any long period of time, and so though we find ourselves inevitably making gods or devils every day, the best policy appears to be that of admitting our gods to be the creation of our own brains with little objective existence, and of respecting the devils as being the creation of other men's brains fulfilling a definite need for them. Then once we find an objection being recorded by the heathen in his blindness against our own wood and stone we may be prepared not to fall down and worship the Devil on whose account this objection is made, but to wait for the revelation of a new god which we both can respect who will not be the old god or the old devil in disguise or even a synthesis of the two, but a fresh creation that makes them both of only historical interest.

So I would hold that though there is good poetry accepted by a large group of this generation as admirably suiting its needs, yet when these needs change as they must change, and this poetry still continues to be upheld by academic and similar interests as the very best conceivable, then that poetry in its secondary function develops an aspect which could not have appeared before either to the poet or his contemporary readers, an aspect distinctly hostile to the new needs of the group which previously gave it welcome recognition. It is then regarded as bad poetry because the rising generation brought up in the changed environment can have no knowledge of it but a limited and biassed knowledge. As medicine it is relatively bad, because it gives no relief, no answer to the problems of the age.

ROBERT GRAVES.

COUNTY MATTERS

BY STARK YOUNG

MONSIGNORE seven years before I knew him had retired from active labour in the Church, and had gone to live at the convent on the hill overlooking Rome. It was there, when the Sisters took me in, that I used to walk and talk with him.

Monsignore was a man past sixty, not very tall, with a head bent slightly forward and black eyes twinkling out of a wise, grave little face. He smiled easily. And he had a way of looking at you with a quiet, kindly, steady gaze that ought to have routed one but did not do so, I finally decided, because it seemed somehow something rather eternal than personal. His hands were light and gracious.

One summer evening toward twilight Monsignore came out and joined me on a garden seat. Upward behind us ran the slope of the convent garden, cypress trees and laurels, olives and a vineyard, and near at hand an ilex spreading beyond the gravelled terrace. Below us, past the stone balustrade of the terrace and the long border of oleanders flowering now rose-coloured and thick, the garden dropped down into the growing dusk of the city. And not far from where Monsignore and I were sitting, a fountain rose, out of a round, low pool, the jet of it rising high into the air.

Monsignore had an odd twist about his mouth as he looked at me and something more than a twinkling in his eyes.

"How singular it is, Signor," he began, having seated himself gravely and with a kind of permanent comfort in his arrangements, "I cannot rightly say I am surprised, because I am accustomed to this in them. Those English ladies, Signor. We have been talking together in the *salone.* They are truly remarkable. They continue to surprise. The lady in particular was that Mrs. I forget the name. I have the address she gave me, which again I would not say surprised me, for I am

accustomed to that also, but it has eight lines. The poor postmasters here in Italy no doubt would take it for a horoscope. However, what I was saying is that this dear lady was asking me about the princess who has just come in from Mantua. The ladies had heard, they said to me, that the newcomer was a princess. She was, I said; I used to know her father. 'Indeed?' they said." Monsignore gave a good imitation of false vowels and a choked throat, enjoying himself as he went on, "'Really! And she has come here for a rest no doubt.' She had come for a rest no doubt, I said, and her name was one of the oldest in Italy. The ladies were interested at that. The history of these old Italian families is very jolly, my friend said. 'But still,' she said,—and that was what did, I am afraid, surprise me a little, my dear!—'Of course after all it is only an Italian title.'"

At this I smiled, the point of view was familiar. "Of course it's not like our English titles." Monsignore stopped with this quotation of the lady. He smoked in silence his cigarette.

The hills away beyond Rome were turning now to liquid amethyst. The superb golden brown of the palaces and walls glowed in the infinite, intense blue of the air. Below us we saw the descent of the Borghese Gardens, and saw the great city gates, the high walls above the Piazza del Popolo, the arches and high terraces, the long stairs leading down, magnificent saffron yellow beyond the gleaming column of the heavy fountain plunging upward in the center of the square. Rome, ageless, imperial, was there before us; the details of it and the whole of it came into my mind; it was rich, not too spiritual, not too chaste and early, but baroque, elaborated, full of security and sophistication and ornate power. Rome, filled from place to place, in every quarter, with her eternal fountains.

"They are fine people, no doubt, the English," he went on. "I have known so many of them here in Rome; envoys, Oxford scholars, artists, fashionable travellers, aristocrats, and Catholic visitors—they come and go, my friend. And one way or another they are all alike. These ladies talking about the English titles are not very different after all from the rest."

"But how do you mean, Monsignore?" I knew what he meant but it seemed better to inquire.

"Precisely this; they all bring England with them. And they speak of Italy as one does of one's collections of objects. They regard Italy, and other countries I daresay, as put in the world to serve them and to express their so definite desires. And how very definite their desires are! Often so much more definite than discerning or exquisite—Signor, how can one be so specific as to the hour for tea and so satisfied with merely boiling one's food? But that no doubt is one of God's secrets. And if anything is different, then—when an Italian sees that some unimportant thing means so much to an Englishman and so little to him, he adapts matters. Naturally, since the whole consideration is chiefly business, he would not wish the gentleman to perish or go into a rage for a simple matter of changing one's hours or leaving out all taste from a sauce. And thus, my friend, a country begins to conform to English ways.

"The British Isles are evidently a diverse climate from ours, are they not? But I have heard Englishmen here complain of the hours of the museums. They complain of the length of the postal cards. Every Sunday when the good Sisters give us the *gelati*, do you not mark the lady who says regularly there is no ice cream like Buzzard's ice cream? There are no peaches like English peaches. And the gentleman near you at dinner, the Cambridge professor who has been studying at Pesto and Capua, you have heard him insist that the eggs here in Rome are undernourishing? They look like eggs, he says, but he finds that they have no sustenance in them. Eggs!"

I nodded and smiled, for I remembered the egg criticisms and I wished to keep Monsignore going.

"What do you think, Signor? Do you not think that this all follows from their great individualism? I don't mean originality, which springs from some unique and powerful center, does it not? I mean mere subdivisions of oneself. If one clings so subtly to oneself, naturally one may cling in the same way to one's country and its ways, no? *Ma che*, they are inner! What special attachments they have to their pipes, their umbrellas; and I am told they give names, Little Mary, Bess and so on, to covers for the bed, and derive much humour from the fact. What special little affairs of the heart they hold with ferns and daffodils and

little garden flowers! And what a stew they make about the love of the country. One wonders from their manner when they speak of the country how they explain to themselves our Italian habit of gardens, since we have so few garden sentiments, so few gentle privacies with columbines and primroses. And what trysts they affect to keep with squirrels, birds, ants and wild fowl, may God help me! It is so hard for me to understand! How, I ask myself, do such people ever arrive at clear conceptions, at outlines? Signor, it is the same with their religion. They specialize in it, each and every one almost. There is an annual crop of creeds and cults."

I quoted rather obviously, more to keep the spell working, "The land of three hundred religions and one sauce."

"But—" Monsignore rubbed his hands gleefully together—"is it not a droll thing, Signor, how these Northern nations, who have such pious strength in their inmost selves, should feel so much the need of stimulants? What floods of tea these English ladies drink!" After that little thrust Monsignore quieted into something graver that flared his nostrils for half a second.

"It's not only that they bring their personal convictions into foreign lands. They not only dress for dinner, have their hours for tennis and import English biscuit into the very heart of a Chinese desert. They bring all this into the Church. What a time we have with our converts, Signor! They take everything so hotly. They consider that one cannot have too much zeal. And so they search their souls and rend themselves. And they naturally infer that they can do the same to us. They want to specialize on every point. But the Church, Signor, was not born in a day, and it teaches the sin of scrupulosity. One's inner voice may be a little overweening, shall I say?

"May I tell you about one of these converts, a remarkable man, too? It was when I was at the head of one of the Vatican Colleges here in Rome, fifteen years ago. This gentleman came of one of the oldest English families, I am told, an old county family, a great name. Well, Signor, it is clear that when he came into the Church he came with the profoundest of inner convictions, let us admit that. I have no doubt he broke down half a dozen priests in the process. And so, once in, he studied

everything, he gave money most liberally, and he gave his criticisms, his personal opinions and his advice at the same time.

"I had invited this gentleman to visit us in the country at our villa near Tivoli; the college had a villa there. One week end in the summer he came out. How well I remember it! He was a handsome man, tall, lean, cranky looking, perhaps, but distinguished. He came on a Saturday. He arrived from the station in a carriage, and behind him came a sort of van with his two servants and a huge pile of boxes and bundles. At first I thought he must have mistaken the invitation. You see I had asked him for over Sunday. But there he was, with the boxes and bales and parcels and the two servants! But no, he had that clear, and we were soon walking in the garden, discussing the problem of Catholic education, while his servants were upstairs, as I learned afterward, making no end of trouble about the arrangement of the rooms. At dinner that night, you won't believe me, Signor, when I tell you, that night at dinner I sat at the head of our long table of forty or more young fellows, and my distinguished visitor of course sat at my right. But after grace was said what should I see, bless my soul, but the manservant, who came down the entire length of the refectory, past the entire line of seminarians at table, with a tray full of bottles and other objects. These he brought and offered to his master, to none of the rest of us, and my guest made his selection from them, putting things beside his plate in the most particular manner. There was Chutney, curry, and what not. He then resumed the conversation as if all this were a mere matter of course. The manservant went back to the kitchen then to supervise the cooking of his master's meat. Next morning he was there about boiling eggs. But all that was nothing to the way my guest kept his eye on me and the ritual! I remember how he remained in the sacristy while I was preparing for the mass. You see as I went out of the door I brushed against a curtain and, as one would, raised my hand to my head. After mass he was waiting for me. 'And why did you touch your beretta like that?' he asked. 'I never knew that that was in the ritual.'

"And yet he was a very devout, distinguished, liberal gentleman."

"I can easily believe that also," I replied. "But, Monsignore, I often wonder what you Italians do think of us foreigners. You are so polite and so astute."

"Well, how the Italians get around this problem of the English I can at least tell you, Signor."

"Well?"

"The Italians solve it; they think they're all crazy."

I would forgive him for talking so much, Monsignore said then. I must admit that he was not always so garrulous. Old age and English ladies. And yet when one reflects—

Aye, aye, aye, what an odd world it is! Take the Frenchmen. The Frenchmen that he had known had been delightful gentlemen. They had every one of them been deferential, suave, affable, complaisant. Not always *simpatico*, but yet always agreeable personally. A little mannerism undoubtedly. But no affectation. Where a Frenchman is mannered an Englishman is affected. The Frenchmen he had known did no foolish things, that is to say freakish, cranky things. But then if you got a crowd of them together, everyone knows what happens. They act like fools. Everyone knows of the fights in the Paris Chambers, the Deputies throwing ink bottles and rushing together with their fists. Take a set of Englishmen. No matter how freakish any one of them may be, the whole meeting is ruled by common sense.

"How they do it," Monsignore went on, "I don't know. But they do. The soul of good sense. Is it athletics, or born sanity—that would be hard to believe, that last!—or is it a long training in government and a governing class?" Monsignore looked at me slyly. "Or is it, Signor, that where there are so many individualisms one sees the necessity of a general concession to the group? Either of playing the game together or of disaster."

"But how do you figure all this, Monsignore," I asked, hoping piously for light on a question I often turned in my head. "All our Anglo-Saxon talk about baths, say, about justice, about truth?"

"Perhaps," Monsignore ventured, with a smile, "perhaps strong beasts make strong cages." I said I got the point.

"Dear Signor," he said presently, "we can say this if nothing

else. The English never give up the county point of view. The strength of the English lies in their ability to carry the county over the world."

In the wind the spray from the fountain blew out past the rim and on to the gravel with a sound like swift retreating rain. The cypresses near by moved also in the wind; the swaying columns of their black masses and the swaying column of the fountain rose together upward. From somewhere on the shadowy slope behind, a bird began to sing; its voice was like starlight, like a pipe, like a cry; it made a long bright line across the darkness.

Monsignore began again; he was to talk his thoughts through.

"As for me, Signor,—and I have wondered sometimes how much deep down that would be true of my country,—I have the weakness of the long vista. The malady of horizons. I lack strength, from old age perhaps and perhaps from a little universality of mine. That is to say the county, *la provincia*, where I was born slips out of my mind, Signor. I tend to follow reason; and to me reason is the kind of imagination that perceives the relation to one another of all things, how they check or support one another, of all things in our world about us and in our world of time. And my mind possesses strength and peace only through renouncing what is impossible and coöperating with what is necessary. A long history is ours, and I sit here in Rome and look at things not so much as they seem when they pass before me but as they remain when they are over."

We were silent, and Monsignore with his light hand began to tap a cigarette on his case. He gave a little chuckle.

"Spinoza said something like that—magnificent heretic, I whisper it to you, Signor—he should live in Rome. I'm afraid we should have made very sorry colonizers, Spinoza and I."

We sat on for a while, and I saw far down below us the innumerable lights coming slowly out. After a time my companion rose and went over to the balustrade and stood looking down. He spoke to me at length, without turning.

"Do you know, Signor, sometimes I could believe that even in this place one can hear the fountains of Rome."

STARK YOUNG.

LUNATICS OF LITERATURE

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

NOTHING is more enigmatic than insanity. How "queer" may one be and yet not merit the designation of lunatic? It is beyond doubt that a grand jury would deprive John Webster of his liberty, and it is highly probable that a judge would instruct a petit jury to find Lorenz Lubota insane rather than guilty of participating in the robbery and murder of his aunt. But it is not likely that Mr. Sherwood Anderson or Herr Gerhart Hauptmann had the smallest intention of portraying lunacy. Their purpose was to depict a reformer and a reformed respectively, and incidentally to make an artistic job of it.

The lure of insanity for the popular imagination has received ample testimony since the creation of Don Quixote and Hamlet. The mentality of the latter has probably occupied more printed space than that of any other person, real or imaginary.

When *Jane Eyre* was written, insanity was a rare subject for the novelist. Since then it has had increasing popularity. Ibsen found that morbid mental states furnished a fertile field for the study of personality and its problems, and Dostoievsky set a standard for the fictional interpretation of the diseased mind which has never been approached either by novelist or dramatist. Stavrogin, of *The Possessed*, is a picture of psychopathic personality without a rival, and the genesis and display of acute delirium has never been so masterfully delineated or so comprehensively presented as in Ivan Karamazov. The works of Zola, Daudet, De Maupassant and other of their contemporaries and successors are rich in insane and psychopathic characters. It is, however, within the last two decades since the "New Psychology" has been presented in such a way as to make leading appeal, that the insane have come into their own in literature designed for general consumption.

Psychiatry, or morbid psychology, is the most popular branch

of medicine today with the layman, and the most unpopular with the physician. Yet most of the stories of the past ten years would testify that their writers had never set foot in an institution for the insane nor made the acquaintance of any of the inmates, some of whom are presumably models for their characters. In fiction, with a few notable exceptions, insane people are utilized in any way they may aid the development of the plot or express the convictions of the author.

No one has ever been able to define insanity satisfactorily. There is no reason for believing that it will ever be accomplished. Nevertheless, the term will continue to be used derogatively and diagnostically. Insanity results in, or is the result of, disorder of personality. It is manifest in thought or in conduct, or in both. The individual whose personality disorder is confined to thought is not considered a lunatic by the law or by his neighbours, although he may be the victim of definite mental disease. He does become a lunatic when his conduct is at variance with that which we recognize as normal, proper, good, safe, legitimate. That is, he does in actual life, but not in fiction. For instance, any man in any community who would act as John Webster acted when "having bought a small framed picture of the Virgin, a supply of yellow candles and two glass candlesticks made in the shape of crosses with little gilded figures of the Christ upon them", he put the picture on the bureau of his room, lighted the candles and began to prance about the room nude, apostrophizing the Virgin, and later got his wife and daughter clad in night-gowns into the room while he regaled them with a narrative of his sin and sensuality,—gloating surreptitiously over his daughter's physical charms,—would be considered insane. But John Webster is the apostle of a new faith, a faith which says "The body is my tabernacle; I love and revere it; I respect and protect it. It was given to me to be the instrument upon which are played the harmonies of life's joys. For it the birds sing, the green spreads itself over the earth in the spring, for it the cherry trees in the orchards bloom. I worship it particularly because it is so concupiscible." If, however, Mr. Webster—or his wife or daughter—had sought my professional opinion, I should have been obliged to inform him that not only was he a lunatic, but

that he should be deprived of his liberty for the good of the community. He could probably find others, experts even, who would not agree with me. But there are few things upon which the whole world is agreed. Perhaps the only one is that Will Rogers is a humorist.

One of the best studies in literature of a "shut-in" personality and of the form of insanity known as dementia præcox is in *Midnight Confession*, by M. Georges Duhamel. It is the self-revelation of a man to a casual stranger whom he encounters at the moment when his long pent-up ego bursts the flood-gates of his habitual, even pathological self-suppression, and reveals itself in all its nakedness of spirit. Up to this time his psychosis, which may or may not have been suspected by his neighbors on account of his "queer" conduct, may be said to have been incubating. When his outburst takes the form of his "midnight confession" we know that he is insane.

A small clerk in an office yields to an impulse to lay his finger upon the ear of his employer, just to assure himself that the man is made of flesh and blood. Society is more afraid of a lunatic than of a criminal, so the man is thrown out of the office in disgrace. His story is one of rapid deterioration, both materially and mentally. Self pity, self absorption and lack of initiative paralyze effort and permit his natural egocentricity to bear in more and more closely upon him, until it goads him into his "confession", with the statement that, on account of his failure in every relation in life, he renounces everything—home, his old mother who has been supporting him, the young woman whose sympathy has been offered him—the "whole show". He does not suggest suicide, nor any destination. He merely leaves the reader with the impression that he is ready to become a custodial case in an institution for the insane for life.

In interesting contrast with this story is an English novel published shortly before *Midnight Confession*, by a writer who has not achieved any great vogue in America, Mr. William Caine. It is called *The Strangeness of Noel Carton*. A young man who has married a vulgar woman for money, will keep a diary and write a novel. He creates ideal individuals to hate and to love. In his fiction he cuts an irresistible figure, instead of the drab and

contemptible one of real life. Most of his heroics are suggested and developed in dreams, but gradually he ceases to differentiate between dream work and conscious production. Soon he identifies persons in the flesh with his imaginary creations, and carries on with the latter in his actions. This prompts his wife to suspect his sanity. He discovers the draft of a letter from her to her solicitor which convinces him that he is going to be confined in a madhouse. The wife enters the room and he shoots her with a loaded pistol which he has discovered in her desk.

Were it possible for a writer to depict an insane person who did not display any features of insanity, Mr. Caine should have succeeded with this novel. Noel Carton was strange, but he was not insane. His flight from reality was an interesting experiment. It was an index of sanity to have undertaken it.

In certain cases of precocious and late dementias the victim harbours and publishes the delusion that he has committed the crime that everybody is reading about and that the police and District Attorney are seeking to trace to its perpetrator. It is within the recollection of nearly every newspaper reader that a few years ago, when New York was thrilling with one of its many unsolved murders, a young man, at the moment in Canada, confessed that he was the murderer of the well known sportsman and authority on auction bridge. That man is now, or was until recently at least, an inmate of the Manhattan State Hospital. Mr. Sherwood Anderson, in a story called *Brothers*, made such a delusion the focus of a brief narrative.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has spun an interesting tale around the reverse side of this in *The Bolted Door*. In that case Granice had murdered his mother's cousin, but his whole life denied it so convincingly that his confession to friend, District Attorney, or the press was considered a delusion. Apparently he did not even have an enemy or an ill-wisher in the community, for no one believed him. After he had been shut up in an asylum for some time his statement was found to be true. The reader is led to surmise that he was then insane. He was, but no more insane than when he committed the crime.

One of the best presentations of hallucinosis associated with exhaustion in fiction is a short story by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins

Stetson Gilman, called *The Yellow Wallpaper*. The wife of a distinguished physician steeped in materialism becomes soon after childbirth "run down" and "threatened with nervous prostration". A long unoccupied country place is taken for the summer. She is sentimental, romantic, imaginative. Her husband is literal, specific, standardized. She has never admitted, even to herself, that his virtues at times weigh heavily upon her. The draft of the furnace in which she attempts to sublimate her libido is writing a record of her thoughts. The lure of the supernatural had made her want to fasten a ghost-story upon the house, but there was no legend. So she finds a substitute for a ghost.

> I don't like our room a bit. . . . The paper is stripped off in big patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room. I never saw a worse paper in my life. One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin. . . . The color is repellent, almost revolting, a smouldering unclean yellow, strongly faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

Her mind reverts constantly to the wallpaper until it becomes the center of her existence. "There are things in that paper nobody knows but me, or ever will. Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day. It's always the same shape, only very numerous . . . and it's like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern".

The woman who is creeping about is herself, seeking to avoid further "encounter with opposition", striving to get "more society and stimulus", aiming to thwart "schedule" for each hour in the day and "specificity", clamoring for freedom, for responsibility, for opportunity to exercise her wings that she might soar into the empyrean of romance, that she might hover securely over the seas of reality, that she might alight safely in the isles where life and strife hold out their arms.

She next discovers that the front pattern moves. The woman behind shakes it, and at night she comes out and crawls. Finally, the furniture is moved from the room in preparation for leaving the house, but she refuses to go and locks the door and throws the key of the room out of the window. John comes and finds her creeping. "I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder. 'I've got out at last,' I said, 'in spite of

you and Jane. And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back.' Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time."

Mrs. Gilman's story embodies the fact that visual hallucinations are most likely and frequent at night, or in the dark; that they often follow in the wake of exhaustion from disease or stress; that in the beginning they are apt to be shadowy and to achieve continuousness and plasticity very gradually. It sets forth with extraordinary lucidity the phenomenon of "identification".

Old Crow, by Miss Alice Brown is one of the new books which feature insanity, or supposed insanity, in the development of a plot, rather than as a study of personality. Tenney, an ignorant New England farmer, is considered eccentric by the neighbours. He is a religious fanatic and subject to violent fits of jealousy in which he threatens to kill his baby. During these attacks Tira, his wife, flees to the woods with the baby, always returning after a few hours to find Tenney quaking with fear and humility lest she will not come back or has killed herself. During one of her flights to the mountain she meets Raven, the middle aged rich man of the countryside who, satiated with city life, prosperity, war experiences and a sense of personal futility, has gone to his old home to rest. He is attracted by Tira's extraordinary beauty and evident terror, invites her into his studio, a hut on the mountain, and tells her to use it as a refuge. She does so—many times. Tenney's suspicions have been attached entirely to a man who has been associated with Tira's past and who still pursues her, partly from attraction and partly to bedevil Tenney, to whom she is entirely loyal, although she does not love him. He, however, transfers them to Raven, whose interest in Tira, although innocent, is evident. In one of his rages Tenney takes a shot at a man whom he mistakes for Raven, and in another he smothers the baby with a pillow. Tira tells the doctor that she has "overlaid" the infant, and after it is buried her body is found in the water near a slippery stone crossing. Tenney, overcome with remorse and fear, gives himself up to the authorities and confesses the murder of the child, but nobody believes him and he is acquitted as "crazed" by grief over the death of wife and

child. He then drowns himself at the place where Tira's body had been found.

He was no more "crazed" by grief than he had been by jealousy. Jealousy is the pattern of insanity, but neither judges nor juries will commit a man or woman who is swayed by it, no matter how "insane" the jealousy is. Tira's past did not bear close scrutiny. Although we are assured of her faithfulness and loyalty to Tenney, her conduct with Raven was, to say the least, indiscreet and lent itself to misconstruction. Even an emotionally equilibrated husband would have had his suspicions aroused, particularly if haunted by the thought that his wife did not love him. Nothing testified Tenney's insanity so unqualifiedly as his suicide. Sane Anglo-Saxons do not kill themselves.

The same theme is used in *Ellen Levis*, by Miss Elsie Singmaster. Although the suspicions of the jealous wife, Hilda Lanfair, have not shadow or semblance of foundation—sheer delusions created out of a mind whose sole interest was the justification of a morbid emotional condition—and there was a history of insanity in her family, the alienist of the novel would not commit her until after she had attempted violence by substituting ammonia for the eyewash intended for a woman to whom she had taken an absurd dislike. Even then the reader is given no convincing evidence of the alleged dementia. Hilda was of low-grade mentality coupled with dominant passions, and had been spoiled by wealth and indulgence—a cheap and tawdry type. In a book significant for otherwise fine characterization, she is entirely lacking in the distinction that marks the baffled human souls struggling for expression in *The Yellow Wallpaper* and in *Brothers*, and fails to arouse any response in the reader save that of pitying repulsion. Indeed, the picture presented of her would justify a question as to whether intelligence tests would have rated her as slightly above or slightly below the line that divides a stupid individual from a moron.

It is remarkable that no one has depicted paranoia, reasoning insanity, in fiction, save Dr. George L. Walton who, a few years ago, published a novel *The Paranoiac*. The author, one of the prominent neurologists of this country, naturally gave an accurate description of its development and display.

The victim of paranoia has an organized body of knowledge (false) which usually colours his whole life and sooner or later conditions his conduct. His reasoning is acute and logical, but as his premises are false, his conclusions are false. There are plenty of characters in literature that have what are called paranoiac minds, frequently spoken of as "twists", but these are to be compared with individuals who have periods of exaltation and depression. The latter are what are called the manic-depressive type of individuals, but they are by no means victims of mental disease.

Countless efforts have been made in recent fiction to paint psychopathic personalities of all shades, but there are few pictures of the commonest class of insanities, the manic-depressive insanities. In *They Who Question*, published anonymously in 1914, which tries to answer the question, "Does God send suffering as punishment for sin?" there is a minor character who becomes insane. He is the only child of an intelligent and worldly woman who has become embittered against God and man because her husband has succumbed to hereditary insanity and she confidently believes that her son will likewise suffer as he approaches maturity. Reggie, the son, is an attractive, gracious boy, apparently quite normal. But at sixteen he is sent home from Eton on account of a "nervous breakdown" which is credited to have been precipitated by a slight fire in his room. From an obsession to set fires he goes into acute mania, and the narrative is evidently of an actual occurrence.

In popular parlance "nervous breakdown" is a euphemism for either the exalted or the depressed phase of the mental disorder now called the manic-depressive psychosis, or for dementia præcox. Reggie may have been the victim of either, but his final gesture, jumping into the flames of his burning house, after having set it on fire, as well as the cleverness and resourcefulness he displayed in concealing kerosene oil, suggests the first mentioned disease.

As a case of chronic mania Bertha Mason, of *Jane Eyre*, has no rival in recent fiction. Although her appearances are few and her *métier* is to produce suspense in the plot and to play a mystery and horror rôle similar to that of the specter in ghost stories, not

only is her behaviour true to type, but what is revealed of the nature of her disease is convincing. She is a purely objective creation—a mere picture. Modern fictionists specializing in insanity want to make analytic studies usually. Probably this is the reason so few have essayed mania, which might be correctly painted from a live model, if the painter were satisfied with a picture and did not aspire to interpretation. Not that an interpretive study, if accurate, might not be uniquely interesting. The ideal novel portraying an insane hero or heroine remains to be written by a man or woman gifted with creative imagination and artistic expression who has recovered from one or more attacks of manic-depressive insanity.

M. Paul Morand, who has been sketching imaginary international figures, men and women, has recently depicted general paresis in *La Nuit Portofino Kulm*, the opening sketch in the volume entitled *Ferme la Nuit*. O'Patah is a composite of Oscar Wilde, Eamon de Valera and Gabriele d'Annunzio, doubly dedicated—as poet and Irishman—to ridicule, to misfortune and to sublimity. M. Morand says that "his organic disorders followed the typical course of his disease". But he makes O'Patah talk and act in a way that would be quite impossible for a victim of general paresis. He does, however, in a masterly way which meets the extreme exigencies of both art and science, foreshadow in the opening scene of the episode the disease which is soon to fasten upon O'Patah, first crippling his faculties and then causing his death. Here, in the Royal Suite at the Waldorf, surrounded by an ante-room full of reporters, and bombarded with telegrams and scented notes, the hero-poet, with the vanity of a tenor idol, the brawn of a Sampson and the pompousness of a political boss, receives the sculptor interested in making a bust of him, in a scene of utter confusion. Like the opening notes of a symphony, the disarray of the room in which the reader first sees O'Patah is an index of the more general and essential confusion of which he is later to be a witness. The room in which a person of abnormal mentality lives is as significant of his disease as his speech or his conduct. Ibsen is the only writer I recall who has given an exact picture of general paresis. In his description is to be found the delineation of the disease in all its astonishing manifestations.

Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould is given to portraying individuals who are burdened with one form of psychopathy or another, but they are rarely, if ever, insane. In *Bluebonnet*, a short story in the volume called *Valiant Dust*, Millicent—who has all the family nerves—has visual hallucinations which condition an aberrant conduct, but in reality she can laugh at them and explain their genesis. Her husband, a lawyer with a single track mind, is so engrossed in his profession that he has no time to companion his wife and to effect a communal life with her, though he is profoundly solicitous of her health. When she writes to her brother, a pompous, self sufficient, arbitrary individual, that she has been surrounded by strange people including a most dreadful little girl in a blue sunbonnet who goes about and hits the furniture with her hard little knuckles and who is in every way impish, and gives a circumstantial account of their visits to her, both her husband and brother are profoundly concerned lest she be developing insanity. Her husband receives the letter from her brother and informs Millicent of it, and she tells him at once that it was a joke which she wanted to play on "the pompous fool George". He is at once reassured and turns to the engrossments of his profession, leaving Millicent to her own devices. She has, however, found that engrossments for her are not teas at the golf club and visits of indolent women, but the creations of her own imagination.

So she turns to them again, rather than to colourless diversions that her husband thinks should be sufficient to fill her life. And this time she carries the play to a far greater extent, for she now begins to believe in their reality herself, and she goes some lengths to deepen her own conviction, even so far as to buy the gingham in the village to make the blue bonnet for the impish little girl, and to pour tea into each of the six cups which she had laid for her party, and to wet the spoons, so that the maid might be convinced that her invisible acquaintances had been there in reality. Her husband then sends for an alienist, and I doubt not that he told him, after getting the facts of the case, and sizing up the husband, that Bluebonnet was a wish-fulfilment on the genesic side of Millicent's nature and that the other five were attempts at fictitious fulfilment of her craving for contact with

people who had done something in the world, who were doing something in the world, who had time to talk about their accomplishments and their failures, to laugh at them and lament them.

In *The Clean Heart*, by Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the hero is evidently intended to become insane in the early chapters of the book. He has spent his youth up to thirty working for other people and suppressing himself, and although a successful man he is restive and ill at ease. He is possessed with the idea of satisfying himself, but doesn't know what he wants. One day he leaves his office (he is an editor and also a successful novelist) and is pursued by his double, jumps off a bridge into water, is fished out, runs nowhere in particular and falls in with a cheerful tramp, joins him and becomes a hobo, gets rid of his double, enjoys life and tries all available kinds of selfishnesses, and finally returns home a normal man.

This is an attempt at fulfilment vastly inferior to that of Mr. Polly, who was not overdrawn and whose behaviour was in the nature of the possible, while the hero of *The Clean Heart* was labeled a lunatic and made to behave as a philosopher taking a needed vacation.

Miss May Sinclair has drawn insane persons true to life, although they are always minor actors in her dramas, her chief characters being let off with milder aberrations. In the psychopathic family of *Mary Olivier*, Aunt Charlotte, though moving in a vague background, playing with dolls and pets and giving them away preparatory to an imaginary marriage, moves convincingly as a dement; while the brother who is sent to America and returns with delusions of having committed cruel acts while there, has fallen a victim to the hereditary taint.

One of the best high-grade feebleminded characters in fiction is the boy in Miss Willa Cather's *Paul's Case;* while the late crop of novels has produced psychopathic personalities of many varieties, some of whom are purported by the author or supposed by most readers to be insane, such as the Father in *Mary Lee*, by Geoffrey Dennis, a monster of cruelty and religious fanaticism; and the "Mad Messiah" in *The Ragged Messenger*, by W. B. Maxwell, who, after having been an epileptic in youth, developed the belief that he was divinely inspired. In a recent novel, *The*

Orissers, Mr. L. H. Myers has sketched an interesting psychopath, Cosmo, who quickly got beyond his creator's control.

A unique study of psychopathic personality in literature has come from Italy, *Un Uomo Finito*. In it Signor Giovanni Papini has given a revelation of his morbid childhood, his raging adolescence, his furious flights from reality, his near-delusions of grandeur which led him to aspire to omnipotence but to fall short of being able to believe himself a god, and his descent into the depths of depression, as these states have never been offered in a single volume the record of a single life. It is admittedly autobiographic and Signor Papini's present piety fits in admirably to the personality.

An open question remains as to whether or not the great advance in the study of morbid psychology witnessed by the present age has been or is being reflected in the fiction of the same period; whether, with the widespread interest in the subject, any of the psychopathic creations of modern novelists surpass in understanding, in presentation or in power of appeal those of Dostoievsky, Ibsen, De Maupassant and other writers of the past century.

It is desirable that we should become saner both as individuals and as nations. That we are becoming less so as individuals the statistics of institutions for the insane would seem to prove; that we are becoming less so as nations needs no proof, but if it did I could readily supply it. We get the Laocoön grasp on disease when we know whence and how it comes. We await this information in regard to insanity. Meanwhile it only throws sand in the gearbox of the available machinery for finding out about it to create literature in which established facts are misrepresented. If we are going to have insanity in fiction, let us have the real thing.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

OF STANDARDS

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

THAT tastes in regard to the attribution of beauty are very diverse and variable is a fact that is constantly forced upon our attention. That it has been patent to men of the past, as it is to us, is indicated in the formulation of the proverbial phrase *de gustibus non est disputandum.* In truth this variability of taste often raises the question whether there are any reliable standards in the realm of æsthetics at all, whether one man's taste is not as well founded as that of any other.

Nevertheless we find a large proportion of those who consider this question seriously convinced that there must exist some really fixed æsthetic standards, if we could but discover them. Indeed even those who hold that dispute in regard to matters of taste is bootless will balk when it is suggested that their position involves the notion that there is no warrant for the belief in the experience of objective beauty apart from the objectified experience of the one who receives the impression.

When we attempt to determine which of these sharply contrasted views is justified we naturally recall the fact that standards exist not only in the field of Beauty, but also in the fields of what we know as the True and the Good, and this in turn reminds us of the very generally accepted grouping of the Beautiful, the True (in the sense of the valid), and the Good (in the sense of the morally good).

We habitually distinguish our experiences as relating (1) to impressions upon us, (2) to our reactions upon these impressions, *i.e.* our self expressions, and (3) to experiences relating classes 1 and 2, in the realm of thought. It would appear therefore, as I argued in an article in *The Philosophical Review* for October, 1922, that we naturally accept the triad, the Beautiful, the Good, and the True, as mutually independent, mutually exclusive, and exhaustive, because the Beautiful is the Real of

impressional experience, the Moral Good the Real of reactive experience, *i.e.*, such of our impulses as we would wish to make the persistent guides of conduct; and the True, in the sense of the valid, the Real in the realm of thought, which is concerned with the correlation of our impressional and reactive experiences.

If then this commonly accepted division of the Real is warranted, as it appears to be, the Valid and the Moral Good must display the same general characteristics that are found in the Beautiful; and it would seem probable that the origin and modes of development of our æsthetic standards, which embody such stability or realness as can be maintained in the realm of impression, will find their correspondents in the origins and modes of development of our standards in the realms of the Moral Good and of the Valid. So if we examine the characteristics of our experiences that lead to our acceptance of standards of beauty, we may expect that light may be thrown upon the nature of our appreciation of standards in general.

It may appear to some, however, that such a comparison is not likely to yield fruitful result, for it may be said that the lack of fixity of standards in the realm of beauty contrasts markedly with the fixed nature of standards of validity and of moral goodness; that it is just because of this contrast that our attention is called to the fact that standards of beauty are very varied in men of diverse types, and vary from time to time in the same individual.

But surely this objection does not hold. It is true that on broad lines standards of validity appear to be definitely fixed; for instance, no ordinary man will question that two added to two yield four. And yet careful thought shows us that conceptions of validity held by the barbarian, and indeed by some highly civilized races, differ radically from our own. And even in the world of science, where the rigidity of conceptions of validity are in the main most clearly evidenced, we find very marked changes within relatively short periods of time.

When we turn to the realm of ethics we find fixity of standards still more questionable; a point that becomes very evident when we consider how divergent are the conceptions of morality among peoples differing widely in cultural development. Murder, for

instance, is very generally reprobated throughout the civilized world; but we cannot avoid taking into account the standards in this particular of the Thugs in India, who made murder a matter of religious duty, and of the Maffia in Sicily. And we see furthermore that even among those of our own type no two men of our acquaintance agree with any degree of exactitude as to what is of the essence of moral conduct.

Such an examination of patent facts leads us to see that the most we can say with any assurance is that in the realms of validity and of morality there is a certain limited fixity of standards, but also a considerable vacillation in regard to them; and that the main point formulated in the proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum* is that the standards of beauty are much less fixed, and much more vacillating, than those of validity and of morality. For it cannot be held that there is no such thing as a relative fixity of æsthetic standards. No competent architect, for instance, designs a column without a capital; which means that all agree that a column must have its capital if it is to impress us as beautiful.

The fact that standards in the realms of validity and of morality are much less vacillating than those in the realms of beauty calls for explanation; but it does not take from the fact that the study of the nature of our standards of beauty and of their mode of development may throw light on the nature of our standards of validity and of morality, and their mode of development.

In turning to this study it may be remarked in general that the mere appreciation of beauty, as of a sunset; the mere experience of an impulse to act that is at once followed by the act; the everyday acceptance of facts as indubitable; involve no experience of, or reference to, standards. Only when we reflect to some degree, and compare the present experience with other experiences of our own, or of other men, do standards emerge.

When, however, together with a given impression, say of a certain musical composition, which involves the sense of beauty, there appear revivals of similar impressions which involved no such sense of beauty, we appreciate the contradictions and choose the former as the one of the opposed experiences which we would maintain. We thus establish æsthetic standards from

moment to moment which are evidently purely individualistic, and these constitute what we speak of as a man's personal taste at a given time.

By a similar process each of us establishes for himself individualistic moral standards, and individualistic standards of validity which determine his beliefs. It is the sum total of a man's individualistic standards of morality and of validity that determine what we call the character of the man in the one case, and that lead us, in the other case, to think of him as clear-headed or foolish.

The most ordinary of men can scarcely fail to note that his personal tastes change from time to time; and if he reflects at all he must perceive that his character is altered, and that the nature of his beliefs changes, in the course of his development. Nevertheless the careless man rests satisfied with his purely individualistic standards in all these fields as they exist from moment to moment: he rests assured that what he admires at any given time is the really beautiful, that what he now thinks morally good is the real moral good, that what he now believes to be true is the really true; and he contents himself with the notion that so far as his present standards differ from those that he formerly held it is because in his past he was blind, as are all who differ from him today.

This attitude yields æsthetic, moral and scientific dogmatism. That it is an entirely unwarranted attitude becomes at once clear when one notes how far the individualistic standards on which it is based are moulded by habitual influences due to special environmental and educational conditions.

That these purely individualistic æsthetic standards govern the thought of all of us to a greater or less degree cannot be questioned; yet it must be agreed that they are in a sense unnatural and in a way morbid. For man is essentially a social being; he is what he is because he is one of a social group; he can never isolate himself completely.

Now we all long for, and search for, that in experience which has stability, which appears to be real; nothing is more disconcerting, or even under certain conditions more alarming, than uncertainty. Naturally then when men note the variability of

recognizedly individualistic standards they, being social beings, compare their own with those of their fellows, and gain courage in upholding their own so far as they find them in agreement with those of other men. Confidence in our own standards is thus largely dependent upon the mere number of those with whose standards we compare them; a fact which makes apparent the significance of breadth of view on the part of one who would gain this confidence.

Where we find that our own view is in agreement with that of all men of all types in regard to the beauty of an object,—for instance, the rainbow,—we find so great a stability or realness that we are ready to hold that particular beauty to be an absolute and objective Real; for all men tend to objectify all experiences that have a maximum of stability or realness. It is because of the approximation to this general agreement as to the beauty of many objects, and because of this tendency to objectify all that seems very real, that men find it so difficult to accept the view that beauty is determined by our attitude toward objects perceived rather than by some specific characteristic of these objects.

Similarly, where we find that our own view is in agreement with that of all men of civilized types as to the morality of a given act,—for instance in the reprobation of incest,—we find so great a moral stability or realness that we are ready to hold that moral judgment to be founded upon the recognition of a moral absolute which is over and above personal judgment, and is an objective Real.

And again where we find that our own beliefs are in agreement with those of all men of all civilized types with whom we are acquainted,—as for instance our belief that 2 plus 2 make 4,—we find so great a stability or realness that we are ready to hold that these beliefs are founded upon the recognition of an absolute Validity which is over and above personal judgment, and is objectively Real.

It is because of the approximation to this general agreement as to certain moral tenets and as to certain beliefs, and because of this tendency to objectify all that seems very real, that men find it so difficult to accept the view that morality and belief are based upon personal judgments.

But careful attention to the comparison here referred to soon leads us to see that we cannot gain the stability we long for by the consideration of mere numbers; for we at once feel that the standards of some whose views we take into account have greater weight than those of others; and this because the standards of those upon whose views we place the greater reliance have been reached by a fuller process of comparison than those of men in general. We thus tend to bring our own standards into harmony with those of men of the broadest æsthetic, moral and scientific culture. These considerations lead us to see how important it is, if we are to develop our standards, to extend our view as far as may be; to weigh carefully the training of those whose standards we compare with our own; and above all to maintain an attitude of openmindedness.

The tendency to rely upon the judgments of others with whose standards we compare our own leads in the end to the formulation of standards of tradition. In the realm of æsthetics these have their great values, principally as the historical record of the experience of artists and masters of criticism in the past by whom they have been formulated. They are not stumbling blocks in the path of the artistic genius of unusual insight as so many take them to be; rather are they guides to him lest in his ardor he be led to stray into paths which our æsthetic ancestors have found to yield results that have no permanent appeal.

Slavish reliance upon tradition will indeed lead to no advance toward the goal of the artist; but the artistic genius should always take these traditional standards for what they are—the advice of those of the past who have been interested, as he is, in the production of beauty. By listening to such advice, and judging it on its merits, the artist is more likely to gain his end than if he fails to regard it. Nevertheless he is thoroughly justified in contravening tradition, if he recognizes the risk he takes; for perchance he may thereby add a new richness to the æsthetic field, and thus lead to the establishment of a newer and more enlightened tradition.

Turning to the field of Ethics we may note in passing certain instances showing how far a man's moral standards depend upon social experience, with the comparison of standard that goes

with it. Each trade has its own peculiar normal moral standard which varies as the tradesman's acts are more or less open to criticism which he must heed. The business standard of the carpenter, most of whose work is ever in sight, is distinctly higher than that of the plumber, whose work we find it disagreeable to examine. The clergyman of narrow experience who is called to be the head of a large parish with many ramifications, or perhaps is elected a college president, and who thus suddenly finds himself dealing with business matters in regard to which he has had no natural training, is all too often guilty of acts that seem tricky to the experienced man of affairs whose contact with the world has compelled him to the consideration of business ethics.

When we study moral standards of tradition we again find that they have great value because they are the historical record of the experience of moral leaders in the past, by whom they have been formulated. They are often looked upon as unwarranted restrictions upon conduct by those who seem to themselves to have gained special moral insight. They really are guides to man lest he stray into moral paths that the ethical leaders of the past have found to lead to results that have no permanent appeal.

Slavish reliance upon ethical tradition will indeed lead to no advance in morality. But the ethical reformer should take these traditional moral tenets for what they are—the advice of those of the past who have been interested, as he is, in moral improvement. By listening to such advice and judging it on its merits, he is more likely to gain his end than if he fails to regard it. Nevertheless the moral reformer is justified in contravening moral tradition if he recognizes the risk he takes; for thus alone have moral advances been made in the past, and thus alone can they now be made.

Turning to the consideration of traditional standards of validity, we find the same general situation. We see when we consider the nature of traditional beliefs, that they have their great value as the historical record of the experiences of men of wisdom in the past by whom they have been formulated. They are all too often looked upon as little more than obstructions to scientific advance by those who think they have gained special in-

sight; while they are really guides to men of today lest they overlook certain considerations that students in the past have found of value, and be thus led astray into paths that the wise have found to point to no results that have permanent validity.

Slavish reliance upon traditional beliefs will indeed lead to no growth in wisdom. But the scientific workers should take these traditional beliefs for what they are—the advice of those of the past who have been interested, as he is, in gaining a deeper insight. By listening to such advice, and judging it on its merits, he is more likely to gain such insight than if he fails to regard it. Nevertheless we are thoroughly justified in casting aside these traditional beliefs if we recognize the risk we take; for thus alone have men advanced in wisdom in the past, and thus alone can they advance today.

All this brings into clear view the fact that each man's judgments as to beauty, goodness and validity, must always be, and must always remain, thoroughly individualistic,—his own personal possession,—however much they may be altered and refined by his own studies, and by his appreciative attitude toward the judgments of others.

We thus see that our standards in the several fields covered by the True, the Good and the Beautiful have the same origin and the same process of development, emerging as they do in the course of our search for stability or realness. It would thus seem clear that the basis of the variability of fixity of standards in the three realms which initiated our study will be found, not in their form, but in the nature of the material with which we have to deal in the three cases.

If our standards are formed by the reflective examination of our experiences, then so far as any of the elements essential to the experiences in any special field are variable, the uncertainty of our standards in that field will be augmented, and will be called to our attention.

Now in the field of validity we deal mainly with experiences which are directly or indirectly based upon the perception of objects or objective conditions, and these do not appear to change materially during the time under consideration. In the moral field we are dealing with our impulsive experiences, which

contain no elements that are in themselves essentially variable; but, being personal, they are not stabilized by immediate reference to the objective world as is the case in the field of validity.

When however we turn to the field of beauty, we find the case altogether different. Here we are dealing with impressional experiences which, whether induced by stimulations from without, or from within so to speak, display a very welter of instability, a constant shifting from one form to another. In our search for stability in the impressional field therefore we find ourselves forced to look for some quality of the unstable impressions which under certain conditions may have this longed for stability. Such a quality we have at hand in pleasure which, in Herbert Spencer's words, is "a feeling which we seek to bring into consciousness and to retain there"; in other words a quality of impressional experiences which we spontaneously tend to make stable.

Now our sense of beauty is an impressional experience which is always pleasant; and we are thus led to see how it happens that beauty comes to be identified with the stable or real of impressional experience.

Yet even here we find ourselves baffled in our search for stability; for we find that specific impressions that are pleasant soon lose their pleasure quality if maintained in attention—the evanescence of specific pleasures has become proverbial. Nevertheless we may and do gain pleasure fields (*i.e.*, impressional fields of varied elements each of which is pleasant), which may be maintained for some length of time by the shifting of attention from elements to elements so that as the pleasure in one set of elements disappears these elements fall into the background to be replaced by other elements that yield full satisfaction.

Such persistent pleasure fields of impression constitute the experiences of beauty. In the very nature of the pleasure which constitutes them indeed they tend to lose this characteristic of permanence which can only be maintained by recourse to elaborate devices.

To describe these devices in detail would take us too far afield; but as an instance we may mention the artist's use of rhythms of

various types. He has recourse to many other artifices serving the same end, most of which have become so natural that their significance in the direction referred to is usually entirely overlooked.

It is to be noted, however, that no amount of skill will suffice to make any impressional field permanently pleasant. The fields of beauty can never be more than relatively permanently pleasant; in other words no impression can continuously yield the sense of beauty. The best that we can do is to lengthen the experience of beauty by intermittences of the impressional experience, so that at each of many recurrences the impression yields a relatively permanent pleasure field. In such case the word beauty may become indissolubly attached to the impressional experience, so that we come to speak of the object as beautiful long after it ceases to give us any real æsthetic thrill.

It seems to me that the above considerations taken alone should give us ample reason to expect to find, as we do find, that our standards of validity appear to have a maximum of stability, that our ethical standards seem less stable, and that our standards of beauty display variability in marked degree.

But there is another cogent reason why we should look for this difference of stability of the standards in the several fields.

It may be of practical importance to mankind in certain cases to come to agreement as to the standards that are worthy; while in other cases it may be quite unimportant to man's welfare whether or not such agreement is reached. Thus it would appear that standards are likely to become more fixed where such fixity is serviceable to man.

In the struggle for preëminence which has been so essential to man's advance it has been of the utmost importance to him to discover the truth, to gain certainty as to matters of fact. It has been of less, although still of great, importance to him to come to agreement in relation to what is good in conduct. In the long run the more accurately we learn to distinguish truth from fallacy, and good from evil, the greater advantage we have in the battles of life.

On the other hand it has made very little, if any, difference to man in this struggle whether he has, or has not, gained insight

into the nature of beauty, and in regard to its distinction from ugliness.

If then our standards gain in fixity in proportion to the degree in which their appreciation meets urgent demands, we should expect to find exactly what we do find, *viz.*, that our standards in the realms of the valid, and of the morally good, are very much more fixed than our standards in the æsthetic realm.

Since writing the above I have found in the quaint words of Edmund Burke in his *Essay on Taste* an approach to his explanation of the fact here under consideration:

> It appears to be generally acknowledged that with regard to truth and falsehood there is something fixed. . . . But there is not the same obvious concurrence in any uniform or settled principle with regard to taste. . . . There is so continual a call for the exercise of the reasoning faculty . . . that certain maxims of right reason seem to be tacitly settled among the most ignorant. . . . If taste has not been so perfectly cultivated, it was not that the subject was barren, but that the laborers were few or negligent; for . . . there are not the same interesting motives to impel us to fix the one which urge us to ascertain the other. And, after all, if men differ in their opinion concerning such matters, their difference is not attended with the same important consequences, else I make no doubt but that the logic of taste, if I may be allowed the expression, might very possibly be as well digested, and we might come to discuss matters of this nature with as much certainty, as those which seem more immediately within the province of mere reason.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

RENÉ BOYLESVE—AN UNSUNG "IMMORTAL"

BY AARON SCHAFFER

To Americans who may boast of at least more than a passing acquaintance with French literary activity of today, the names of the most important writers who are at the present moment members of the French Academy call up very definite images. Many are those who have read one or another of the novels of Paul Bourget, René Bazin, Maurice Barrès, and, until recently, Pierre Loti; just as many are familiar with the drama-sermons of Brieux, the psycho-analytical tragedies of Curel, the social dramas of Lavedan, and the delicious comedies of Robert de Flers; whilst lovers of poetry remember with pleasure the polished verses of Henri de Régnier. The name of Anatole France, of course, has become a word to conjure with, even in these United States. But just as widely known in America as is the work of Anatole France, so completely unknown is the literary output of another of the "Forty Immortals", one whose genius is so thoroughly Gallic as to place him in the very front rank of contemporary French novelists—René Boylesve. Nor is it wholly surprising that Boylesve should be unknown here; for even in France, where his novels go through numerous editions, he has attracted comparatively little attention in the critical world. So true is this that virtually the only source of information regarding the facts of Boylesve's life is the discourse of Henri de Régnier, read in reply to the *discours de réception* delivered by Boylesve on the occasion of his entrance into the French Academy on Thursday, March 20,1919.

It is, then, to Régnier, who is the present *directeur* of the French Academy, that we are indebted for a knowledge of the essential details of Boylesve's life. In the conventional style of the *discours de réception*, Boylesve had traced the life and work of Alfred Mézières, whose vacant seat he had been elected to fill, and

had acknowledged his indebtedness to Paul Hervieu, through whose efforts he had attained to the rank of Academician but who had died before he could see his efforts crowned with success. Régnier, thereupon, arose and welcomed Boylesve into the Academy in an address which is here briefly summarized.

René Boylesve, Régnier told his audience, was born on April 14, 1867, at La Haye-Descartes, a village in the Touraine. Here it was that, in 1596, when the name of the town was simply La Haye, the celebrated philosopher, René Descartes, had been born, in appreciation of which honour the town later added to its own name that of the greatest of its sons. It is not known whether or not the parents of Boylesve had in mind the philosopher when they baptized their son; but, be that as it may, the given name augured well for the child. Certain it is that Boylesve's childhood, spent in his native village, made a vivid impression upon him, for reminiscences of this period are reflected in much of the work of his maturer years. Even as a boy (as Boylesve later confessed to Régnier), he felt the call of letters, for, at the ripe age of seven, he was inspired, by the reading of an account of the death of Lamartine, with the desire to emulate the great Romantic poet. He did not actually make the acquaintance of the literary work of Lamartine until he had reached the age of fifteen, when he borrowed a filthy copy of *Jocelyn* from a bookseller, and read it through in one night by the light of a candle. This unusual feat was an unmistakable evidence of Boylesve's literary proclivities.

Descended from a family of barristers, Boylesve received a very thorough education. He studied, successively, under the Jesuits, the Picopucians, and an independent priest before attending any state educational institution. He completed his secondary education at the *lycée* of Tours; having obtained his *baccalauréat*, he was sent to Paris to prepare himself for a career. None of the professions, however, attracted him, and so he dabbled, for a while, in many subjects. He attended lectures at the Sorbonne, at the *Ecole des sciences politiques*, and at the *Ecole du Louvre*, all the while working for, and finally obtaining, his licentiate in the law. But Boylesve had no desire to become a teacher or a diplomat, an archæologist or an attorney, and, being

plentifully supplied with funds, he merely, as Régnier tells us, "cultivated letters".

But although Boylesve was a literary dilettante, he was by nature rather reserved, almost troglodytic. For this reason, he did not join any of the groups that sprang up so abundantly during the symbolistic period that may be said to have extended, roughly, from 1881 to 1900. He did not frequent any of the taverns—the *Cave des hydropathes*, the *Chat noir*, the *Hirsutes*—so popular with the young writers who gathered about Verlaine, Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Moréas, and the other idols of the day—idols at whose feet, it may be remarked, in passing, Régnier had himself been a fervent worshipper. Boylesve belonged to no school, no *cénacle;* he was neither Symbolist nor Decadent. Shutting himself up in a Vigny-esque sort of "ivory tower", he read and wrote, studying to perfect himself in the art of which he was soon to become a master proponent. Here, of course, is the reason for the fact that Boylesve has always been so little known; avoiding the mob and shunning all sensationalism, he has, naturally, attracted but little attention. So retiring is Boylesve that, on the appearance of his first book, he received three invitations from Daudet to visit the latter at his villa at Champrosay, and the genial Provençal had finally to threaten to send his own carriage to fetch the neophyte before he made up his mind to accept.

Because of Boylesve's antipathy to publicity, his first printed work—short stories and sketches—appeared in various journals of the day over different pseudonyms, so that his identity remained in total obscurity. Perhaps the first bit of published writing to which Boylesve signed his real name was a sketch entitled *La Sensation d'une patrie* and printed as the daily *chronique* for the issue of January 20, 1895, of a Paris daily called *La Cocarde*. During the six months from September, 1894, to March, 1895, this journal had as its editor in chief and political director the now celebrated novelist, Maurice Barrès. Among the contributors whom Barrès assembled about him were to be numbered such men of real talent as Charles Maurras (still actively engaged in the journalistic profession as associate editor of the conservative Paris daily, *L'Action française*, and now an avowed candidate

for election into the French Academy), Hugues Rebell, and the brothers Paul and Joseph Pascal. It was in *La Cocarde* that Boylesve's first novel, *Le Médecin des dames de Néans*, was printed. This work appeared in serial form from January 26 to March 7, 1895. On the latter date, Barrès, for political reasons set forth in a signed editorial, withdrew from the editorship of the journal, taking with him Maurras and other members of the staff. Though the March 7 instalment of Boylesve's novel concluded with the usual "*A suivre*", and though Boylesve himself gave no indication of desiring the publication of the novel to be discontinued, no more instalments appeared, despite the fact that only twenty-one of its thirty-two chapters had been printed. It was not long, however, before the novel was given to the public in its complete form, for, in the following year, 1896, *Le Médecin des dames de Néans* was published. It may be noted here, incidentally, that Boylesve always retained a warm feeling for *La Cocarde*, which had been the medium for introducing him to the French reading public. Writing from Nice on April 5, 1910, to Henri Clouard, whose little book, *La Cocarde de Barrès* (Paris, 1910), sets forth the brief history of Barrès's relations with that journal and reprints all the editorials contributed to it by him, Boylesve refers sympathetically to his ephemeral connection with this periodical.

Since the appearance of his first novel Boylesve's life has been the uneventful, secluded existence of one who has consciously surrendered himself to the profession of *littérateur*. He has remained almost uninterruptedly in his native land; in 1897, however, he made a trip to Italy, in the hope of finding there the inspiration which had been vouchsafed to Goethe, Shelley, Byron, Landor, and his own fellow countryman, Paul Bourget. His Italian trip found echo in two novels, *Sainte-Marie des fleurs* (Paris, 1897) and *Le Parfum des îles Borromées* (Paris, 1898). Since then, Boylesve's pen has been steadily active. In all, during the quarter of a century since he made his bow to the literary world, Boylesve has published eighteen volumes, of which five contain stories and sketches and the remaining thirteen are novels.

Though Boylesve's work is, in the main, marked with the stamp of originality which characterizes the true genius, there are influences to be noted which prove him to have had distin-

guished literary antecedents. Here and there may be observed traces of the Montesquieu of the *Lettres persanes*, of Voltaire, Renan, and Anatole France, of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, of Balzac and the Goncourts. He has always written from observation, feeling, and recollection, rather than from active participation in life. His naturally keen sense of observation unites in all his novels with a warm poetic faculty, the two elements balancing one another so as to produce an atmosphere of "wounded idealism". This habit of studying life from above and without—after the manner of Vigny, whose statue dominates the town in which is laid the scene of *L'Enfant à la balustrade*—renders Boylesve's novels free of prejudices and preconceptions, of theoretical and metaphysical theses, even of dramatic incident. The novelist attempts to be impartial—and is often ironical and skeptical. He has no complicated fictional technique; he is, for Régnier, "the least systematic of authors". "Perfection," says Régnier, "resides in extreme simplicity realized by extreme sincerity;" and in Boylesve he finds simplicity and sobriety of style matched by thorough sincerity of treatment.

Boylesve objects to being grouped among the "novelists of the provinces" headed by such French writers as René Bazin and Henri Bordeaux. It is, nevertheless, true that his very greatest novels draw their inspiration from his native Touraine. Often one notes in his work touches of that other son of Touraine who attempted to imprison the whole of the "human comedy" within the pages of a series of novels. In any case, Boylesve is characteristically French in his love of his native land, his appreciation of its life and customs, and his *sensibilité* moderated by a Gallic sense of irony. In his feeling for proportion, in the measured beauty of his style, Boylesve has in him much of the classic; he is, thus, a composite of all that is best in present-day French literature.

A critical consideration of a few of Boylesve's most representative productions may serve to reveal his outstanding literary qualities. For his early period, when he was still in the formative stage, and after he had spent some time in Italy seeking the inspiration that might be offered by that "land of romance", we may examine his *Le Parfum des îles Borromées* (1898). This is a

tale with a highly romantic plot, treated, after the fashion of Mérimée, in a comparatively sober style that is plainly an attempt to minimize the flamboyance of the subject matter. We have here a rather banal narrative of adultery in a cosmopolitan group—somewhat similar to that of Bourget's *Cosmopolis*—assembled on the *Isola Bella*, one of the enchanted isles in the Lago Maggiore. The passionate intrigue of the two central personages is set off by a sub-plot in which the actors are an English poet and an Italian flower girl, the latter of whom is eventually assassinated by the Borromean fiancé to whom she had proved unfaithful. The *ensemble*, patently the work of a beginner, is the sort of *risqué* tale that Americans usually associate with yellow-backed French novels; its Gallic strain may best be illustrated by the fact that the English poet, Lee, is looked upon by all the Latins in the company as being decidedly "bizarre" because of the fact that he had remained virgin in his relations with women. The salacious cheapness of the plot, however, is redeemed by numerous passages of real descriptive artistry, of which one may be cited here by way of illustration:

> And as they raised their eyes, a new beauty dazzled them. Two gaps, one outlined by the muscular arm of a giant oak, the other cut out by the foliage of the camphor trees and the hollies, revealed to them the southern corner of the lake and Pallanza, the white city nestling on the brink of the water like an idle little girl waiting for it to grow cool before plunging in her feet. The sun, behind the mountains at that moment, was setting prematurely; a breeze was flitting across the lake without attaining the interior of the island; gold-laden clouds rose aloft, and Pallanza, suddenly animated, assumed the hue of a tea rose or of the skin of a fair maiden. The water seemed to become soft and thick as cream and to take on a bluish tint. All at once, the mountain tops disappeared; everything was resolved into an universal pearl gray. The moment was freighted with caresses that were almost too sweet.

Superior to *Le Parfum des îles Borromées*, though itself by no means a masterpiece, is *La Leçon d'amour dans un parc* (1902). Here we have a story that is so frankly lascivious as to be almost unpardonable to the Anglo-Saxon; indeed, the reader is warned in the first chapter that he is about to be treated to a *conte libre*. A tale of sheer imagination, having as its setting the romantic valley of the Loire in that Touraine which the novelist knew and loved, Boylesve heaps wanton episode upon wanton episode in

the care-free strain that has lent charm to French literature ever since the days of the *fabliaux*. We almost seem to hear, laughing robustiously at the licentiousness of it all, jovial old Rabelais, to whom Boylesve actually refers in the course of the *Leçon d'amour* as "our own jocund Shakespeare". And we may imagine the shades of Molière and La Fontaine, of Montesquieu and Voltaire, chuckling in glee at the pranks and the conceits of this story. The man who wrote *La Leçon d'amour dans un parc*, though he was rapidly approaching middle age and though he had already produced at least two highly serious novels that rank among his masterpieces, was still young in spirit and joyous at heart.

A word as to another of what may be styled Boylesve's "minor novels", and then we may pass to those of his works upon which his fame will undoubtedly rest. In *Le Bel avenir* (1905), we again have a rather commonplace plot, treated with sufficient originality to raise the novel above the dead level of the average. It is the story of the struggles of three young men—two provincials and one Parisian—to win to brilliant careers; the whole is given a rather ingenious twist by the fact that it is related from the points of view, not so much of the three young men as of their mothers, each ambitious for the success of her son and each doomed to suffer a "disillusioning awakening". In this story, in which there is undeniably much that is autobiographical, Boylesve shows himself to be as familiar with Paris as with his native Touraine; his descriptions of the life of the French capital, whether it be that of aristocratic Rue de Varenne in the Faubourg Saint-Germain or that of the students in the Quartier Latin and the Jardin du Luxembourg—are just as skilful and as convincing as are his portrayals of life in the provinces. Boylesve seems, in *Le Bel avenir*, to have accepted the assurance of Anatole France, always amusedly given, that virtue is not its own reward; for of the three young men aiming at success, it is the winsome rake, who has "a way with the women" and who cares little or nothing for his studies, who, by sheer force of personality, comes closest to attaining his goal; the other two, "grinds" who win all the honors at school, are left far behind in the race. The amours of Alex Dieulafait d'Oudart, the dashing law student who is the

hero of the tale, are treated with the deft levity that characterize *The Revolt of the Angels* and *The Cook-Shop at the Sign of the Web-foot Queen;* Boylesve appears here to have learned well the stylistic lessons of the master, Anatole France.

Of the sum total of Boylesve's novels, three stand head and shoulders above all the rest, and deserve to be numbered among the most noteworthy productions in present-day French fiction. These three novels, *Mademoiselle Cloque* (1899), *La Becquée* (1901), and *L'Enfant à la balustrade* (1903), illustrate vividly all the novelistic tendencies of their author. In these novels are revealed those qualities which make of Boylesve primarily a Frenchman among Frenchmen—his love for his ancestral province, his firm belief in the necessity of family solidarity, his reverence for Catholicism despite all its defects, to which he himself is by no means blind. In a word, we have here the writer of classical tendencies, the man whose election to the French Academy was a foregone conclusion once his work received the prominence it merited. In none of the three novels is the plot of prime importance; in all of them, we have skilful bits of characterization and faithful handling of setting. And, above all, we have the writer who knows the value of the *mot juste*, whose style is imbued with personality and rich in figurative ornamentation though never over-adorned. In these three novels, Boylesve is describing the life of his native Touraine, and it is plain that he is doing so *con amore*.

The reader of *Mademoiselle Cloque* is forcibly reminded of Balzac's *Le Curé de Tours*. In the first place, the scene of the two stories is laid in the same city, Tours; and both authors are at such pains to present a precise picture of the setting that this fact is kept constantly before our notice. Moreover, the theme of the two novels is essentially the same—that of the pettiness and the intrigues which often rob the Catholic church of much of its dignity and worth. In neither case is the author attacking Catholicism as a religion; in point of fact, both novelists are devout Catholics. But both are aware of the human frailties of many of those who wear the sacerdotal insignia and of many more of those who profess to be sincere believers, though mere laymen; and it is these frailties which, in their capacity of observers and painters of life

as they know it, both Balzac and Boylesve hold up to our attention. And just as, in *Le Curé de Tours*, Balzac has achieved a deathless portrayal of the weak, spineless, comfort loving, simple minded, but withal ambitious, churchman, so, in the heroine of *Mademoiselle Cloque*, Boylesve has painted an unforgettable portrait of the uncompromising, firm principled, high souled spinster to whom her religion has come to mean all. The chicaneries of the priests in the two novels of Balzac and Boylesve call to mind a third and similar novel, Ferdinand Fabre's *L'Abbé Tigrane*. In these three works, the subject of ecclesiastical intrigue, which often descends to the basest deception or the most callous cruelty, is treated with a finality of perfection that leaves nothing in this field for future novelists to attempt.

The "fine flower" of Boylesve's genius is undoubtedly to be found in *La Becquée* and its sequel, *L'Enfant à la balustrade*. A third novel, *Mon Amour* (1908), completes a trilogy that vaguely resembles the Arnold Bennett trilogy composed of *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*, and *These Twain*. The characters of the first two of the Boylesve novels are, for the most part, the same, even down to the gardener, Cadoudal; but in *Mon Amour*, the action of which takes place some twenty years after that of its predecessors, these people are merely referred to, most of them having died in the interval. All three novels are told in the first person, the speaker being the same individual in each case. The trilogy serves as the vehicle for developing, if not even insisting upon, Boylesve's belief in the essentiality of family integrity. In *La Becquée*, the boy who tells the story is only about five years old, and the whole is a very calm, smoothly flowing narrative of a provincial French family dependent upon one wealthy relative for its "beak-full", and patiently awaiting her death in order to divide the inheritance. The book is a veritable portrait gallery, and the characterizations of the boy's erratic grandfather, his ever worried grandmother, his businesslike great-aunt, the *oncle à la mode de Bretagne*, and all the other numerous relatives who put in their appearance, are very life-like and sympathetic; one sees that Boylesve knew these people, and one is tempted to conclude that most of them are modeled after members of his own family. And in *La Becquée*, Boylesve's style dis-

plays qualities that almost match those of a Flaubert. Many are the passages that one might quote, wherein Boylesve's descriptive powers equal those revealed in *Madame Bovary*. Boylesve, moreover, always avoids the pitfall of over-sentimentality and over-didacticism that so frequently ensnares his two fellow countrymen, fellow members of the French Academy, René Bazin and Henri Bordeaux, who have appointed themselves, in fiction, the advocates of pride of race and loyalty to one's country. Boylesve is ever the observer, never the preacher; and his work has the ring of true sincerity that comes from absolutely impartial objectivity.

At the beginning of *La Becquée*, the boy loses his mother; at the end, he is found to be the sole inheritor of the immense wealth of his great-aunt, who thus manifests her displeasure with the relatives whom she had so long been supporting and who had so long and so openly been hoping for her death. In *L'Enfant à la balustrade*, the boy's father, after a widowerhood of three years, has remarried, and the boy continues the narrative of his life and his observations on the goings and comings of his relatives and their friends. Here again, the incidents of the plot are of little significance; it is the mirroring of small-town life—the political intrigues, the social squabbles—that holds our interest from beginning to end. As in *La Becquée*, the characters of the story are delineated with a master hand; not the least important of these characters is the bronze Alfred de Vigny who overlooks the town, "a stranger to its gossip, its quarrels, its pettinesses—at once despairing and calm". The boy, now rapidly approaching adolescence, frantically asks of the mute poet: "What do you see? What do you see, you who seem to be above and beyond us?" This question is not answered in *Mon Amour*, though the boy has ceased to be a child and is now a man of middle age. *Mon Amour* is the story, in diary form, of one year out of this period of the boy's life. This year is made eventful by the fact that the hero falls violently in love with a beautiful woman of about thirty years of age whose husband has deserted her for an actress. The love affair remains for a long time on the heights of intellectual companionship, the woman refusing to be unfaithful even to a faithless husband, but it then descends, for a brief

moment, to the realities of earthly passion. At the return of the husband, however, the wife, who is "of those who are born to be the wife of one man alone", immediately forgives, and the short-lived idyll of lover and mistress soon comes to an end. The plot is a very slender affair, propped up by occasional excellent bits of nature-description and by meditations which are generally platitudinous in character. *Mon Amour* is distinctly inferior to *La Becquée* and *L'Enfant à la balustrade*, and it is scarcely to be hoped that Boylesve will ever again produce anything to equal these masterpieces.

Though his *Madeleine jeune femme* (1912) was crowned by the French Academy, Boylesve seems himself to have realized that his period of productivity was at an end. The World War roused him from his literary lethargy for a moment. In 1918 there appeared his *Tu n'es plus rien*, a novel recounting the experiences of a young woman of high social standing who has lost her husband in the first weeks of the war and then serves her country as a nurse in a Red Cross hospital. Though this novel is in no way equal to Boylesve's greater works, suffering, as it does, from the enforced inconclusiveness that mars Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, its sobriety, its comparatively dispassionate study of France during one of the most trying periods in her history, probably went a long way towards opening the doors of the French Academy to its author. Since his election as one of the Forty Immortals, Boylesve has apparently been content to rest upon his laurels and unwilling to risk tarnishing them by the production of inferior work.[1] If this is not the case, however, it is certain that France will read eagerly anything that may yet come from the pen of Boylesve, realizing, as she must, that in him are incorporated all the elements that fuse to make the *esprit gaulois*. And whatever else Boylesve may write, his place as one of the foremost French novelists of the first quarter of the twentieth century, resting securely upon at least three great works, would seem to be assured.

[1] In 1920, Boylesve published *Nymphes dansant avec des satyres* and, in 1921, *Le Carrosse aux deux lézards verts*, but neither of these has added materially to his reputation.

AARON SCHAFFER.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE ROYAL ROAD TO AFFABILITY

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is said by the publisher of the famous Book of Etiquette that nearly half a million people have paid $3.50 each for that ineffable Baedeker of manners—which, if neither the publishers' veracity nor our arithmetic is impeachable, means that almost two million dollars have been expended by those who wish to learn the correct thing to do when one's parrot becomes Rabelaisian while the pastor is calling, or what to say to Llewellyn when he draws the attention of the luncheon party to the obvious fact that Uncle Joshua's toupee has become displaced. Doubtless the publishers are right when they tell us that this is an indication of the truth that the Guide is "the recognized authority on the subject of Etiquette among people of culture, refinement, and good breeding everywhere." No doubt it is; and we linger a moment, in passing, upon the mental picture of (let us say) Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and President Lowell poring over those sublime chapters while they confront the agitating social problems incident to "the coming wedding, dinner, dance", seeking that "ease, poise, confidence in oneself" which is promised as the reward of a diligent study of the Guide.

It is an inspiring thought—the thought of one out of every two hundred persons among the 100,000,000 of our population deep in those pages, seeking light from the only authentic source of illumination upon those problems of social deportment which will some day be mastered by us all as the Guide continues its peaceful penetration of the home, the office, and the lodge. A nation one hundred per cent refined, one hundred per cent well bred, one hundred per cent cultured: the vision is breath-taking.

It is far from being an inaccessible ideal. We can, without much straining of the spiritual eyesight, discern an America universally and impeccably refined. Americans have two transcendent passions: the passion for organization, and the passion for social emulation. It is as natural for citizens of These States to form themselves into Junior Orders of American Mechanics, Pythian Sisters, Degrees of Pocahontas, Mystic Shriners, and Improved Orders of Red Men, as it is for Englishmen, with their hankering after privacy and their incurable individualism, to be averse from such group manifestations. Now, imagine these American fraternities, sisterhoods, and associations of one kind and another—from the Improved Order of Red Men to the Colonial Dames—adopting as a common object the acquirement of Complete Refinement. Can you conceive of their being thwarted? If you can, you have failed to note the appalling certainty and swiftness with which the American achieves conformity. For, to those things which, according to the sayings of Bhartrihari, "are insatiable of one another"—"ocean, of rivers; death, of mortals; fire, of fuel; woman, of man"—should be added this other: "Americans, of conformity." That dread of saliency which restrains an American from wearing a straw hat on a warm October day is the same phobia which makes it impossible for him to conceive that there is more than one course of action open to the Well Bred Man when the waiter anoints his shirtfront with *sauce piquante.*

But the Baedeker of Manners concerns itself, after all, chiefly with conduct; What to Say is indicated only when saying is almost equivalent to doing—as when introducing one's son by a second marriage to one's divorced wife. There has been, up to the present time, an uncultivated territory in the campaign for refinement. Our mentors have forgotten that we must converse. But now we need no longer remain in ignorance of the art of successful conversation. Have you ever attended a dinner party "where there have been awkward gaps in the conversation"? Have you ever spent a half-hour with a debutante, a Prime Minister, a Prohibitionist, or a man whose hobby was the early history of the Baptist Church, and been "at your wits' end to know what conversational leads to advance"? Would you

learn how to converse easily, gracefully, interestingly, rewardingly—in a word, successfully? Then make haste to visit your bookseller and provide yourself with *What To Talk About: The Clever Question as an Aid to Social, Professional, and Business Advancement*, by Imogene B. Wolcott.[1] Therein you will learn what to talk about to accountants, actresses, babies, brides, clergymen, debutantes, decorators (interior), detectives, elderly people, judges, lumbermen, matrons (society), newspaper men, nurses, "parents of a baby", "parents of a family", private secretaries, druggists, grocers, scouts (boy and girl), stenographers, trolley officials, welfare officials—and a host of others. Moreover, you will learn what to talk about to those whose hobby is astrology, bees, bowling, cats, eugenics, fancy work, flying, jiu jitsu, metal work, spiritualism, stamps, weaving, ice hockey, yachting. Furthermore, you will be instructed in the art of conversing with "those who have lived in or traveled to" Algiers, Atlantic City, Deauville, Glacier National Park, the Holy Land, Indianapolis, Newport, Niagara Falls, Palm Beach, Russia, St. Louis, Wales, and the Vacation Spots of New England.

The method is simple. Let us say that you wish—that you are obliged—to talk to a "matron (society)". What shall you talk to her about? Nothing could be simpler. You have your copy of *What to Talk About* (price: $1.90) with you in the taxi. You can read it without much difficulty by the street lights. The introduction tells you how to proceed: "Turn to page 70 and look at the questions listed under the heading: *What to Talk About to Matrons (Society)*." You turn; you look. There is a brief introductory paragraph, designed to make it easy for you to recognize the distinction between a "Matron" and a "Society Matron": "An Englishman describes the society matron in this manner: 'Incredibly lovely and well-dressed, not only devoted passionately to pleasure and the arts, but in the vanguard of a thousand movements. She is the arbiter of national elegancies, and, Heaven knows, she may be the guardian of national destinies.'" Now that you are prepared to recognize her, here are several of the things you would do well to say to her:—

[1] G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Do you think it was any easier to entertain successfully in the days before prohibition than it is now?

* * *

Haven't you found it true that nine times out of ten, the man of the family will wait until dinner is announced before going upstairs to wash his hands?

You will probably not need to remember the second *Clever Question;* the first will suffice, until it is time for the Society Matron to turn brightly to the Undertaker on her other side (were not ladies instructed, in the old days, to "turn with the roast"?). Well, the Matron has turned, and, having learned from *her* copy of *The Clever Question* what to talk about to Undertakers, is busy with interrogations about the recent flurry in the tombstone market and the recreations of gravediggers. It is now your part to deal with your neighbor on your left.

But here, it may be, you perceive a difficulty, just as we did. Suppose you don't know (we are assuming that you yourself, for the moment, are a Society Matron)—suppose you don't know whether the neighbor on your other side is a Detective, a Dentist, a Meat Man, or a Trolley Official? *Clever Questions* has foreseen this difficulty. But first you are warned: "Don't begin a conversation with a clever remark. In fact, it is dangerous to be clever at all unless you are among well-tried friends. . . . Don't pretend to know more than you do, or to like what you don't. Express your own mind honestly. . . . Personal remarks are in good taste if they are pleasant. If you admire a woman's string of beads, or think that she is a good influence in the Ladies' Aid, tell her so."

But is your neighbor a Dentist or a Meat Man? You are wondering. Your course of action is plainly marked out: "If you don't know a man's line, ask him point-blank. If you don't know anything at all about his business, tell him so, and risk being thought an ignoramus. This is better than appearing uninterested. If you ask him, he will gladly explain the nature of his work and its outstanding problems." You proceed according to rule:

"I beg your pardon, but what is your line?"

"I am a Detective, madam."

"Indeed! How very interesting!"

You have your *Clever Questions* on your lap. Feigning to have dropped a pea, you stoop to find it. The detective stoops too. While he is searching for the pea, you turn swiftly, and with the sureness bred of long practice, to page 42, *What to Talk About to Detectives.* Here you are: "What are some of the various methods of procedure in finding a criminal?" As the detective abandons the pea and comes up for air and sociability, you apply your Conversation Opener (it is No. 3 on the list).

But suppose he has answered: "I am a Dentist." You proceed as before, with the following as your indicated Conversation Opener:

What is the most important tooth in one's mouth?

If this fails to produce results, you may try the following:

Should a dentist confine his efforts to care of the teeth?

He will probably answer, Yes; in which case, you may come back with an eloquent recommendation of the delights of basket-weaving or dermatology as side-lines.

The scope of this assemblage of *Clever Questions* is extraordinary. There are 286 pages of them, of which we take leave to exhibit a few more, chosen at random:

For a Trolley Official:

What do you think of the one-man car?

For a Druggist:

What proportion of your business is selling drugs?

[If your neighbour should appear to resent this question for any reason, pass quickly to the next:

What would you do if a man came into your store to purchase some bi-chloride-of-mercury tablets?]

For an Electrical Supply Dealer:

Why does an electric iron cost so much more to run than an electric fan?

For an Elderly Person:

Does fear of death become stronger or less strong as one grows older?

[If this seems tactless, try the following:

What is the secret of your contentment?]

For the Parents of a Baby. This is important, so we shall exhibit the author's prelude, since it establishes the desirable

mood in the interrogator: "A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, nights longer, bank roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future worth living for". This may be committed to memory, and used as an introductory quotation. Here are the *Clever Questions* for the Parents. As they depend on the baby's age, it is highly important to know the facts in the case, and not to mix them up.

Has he smiled yet? (*1 month*)
Can he hold up his head? (*4 months*)
Can he sit alone? (*6 months*)
Can he sing and dance? (*19 months*)
Can he make sentences? (*25 months*)

But you will, of course, need to converse on other occasions than at dinners and luncheons. Instead of being obliged to talk to a Parent, you may need to talk to Baby himself. Bear in mind this preliminary warning: "In meeting a baby, one should behave as much as possible like a baby oneself. . . . Abstain from cooing, grimacing, tickling, and the like, and model your deportment on the dignified but friendly reticence that one baby evinces in meeting another." But what to say? The difficulty is imaginary. If the baby is under three years old, seat him on your foot, and recite to him the immortal trotting rhymes that we all know by heart, beginning—

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man!

If he is over three years old, hold him firmly by his little neck-band while you recite to him a poem by Mr. Vachel Lindsay, which you will find quoted in full in *Clever Questions*. It seems a drastic prescription, but it is not our part to reason why.

You are aided in this priceless book, as we have intimated, by other guides than classification by occupations. There are classifications by Hobbies and by Geographical Residence. For example, you have learned, by delicately heedful probing or by blunt interrogation, that the patient is a Meat Man hailing from Palm Beach whose hobby is Butterflies. Referring in order to pages 94, 125, 236, you proceed confidently as follows, your questions falling into this order as easily (in Mr. Kipling's words) "as one thing leads to another":

Is frozen meat perfectly wholesome?

* * *

Do butterflies have a home life as do birds, bees, and ants?

* * *

How long does the season last in Florida?

You can see that the method is capable of infinite extension. Using *Clever Questions* as a model, you can easily draw up your own formulas to suit almost any conceivable situation; so that, in case you should ever find yourself confronting an Osteopath from Niagara Falls whose hobby is Rabbits, you will know precisely what to say. . . . Already we can hear you rehearsing the formula to yourself:

Do you agree that Niagara—or the Thunder of Waters, as the Iroquois Indians named it—is one of the world's most impressive spectacles?

* * *

Are rabbits hard or easy to raise?

* * *

Of course I don't mean "from the rabbit's point of view"! I mean—

The possibilities, you perceive, are infinite.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE brief career of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President of the United States was marked with three great deeds. There were other achievements, and not a few, any one of which in other circumstances would have been notably outstanding, and the sum total of which entitles him to distinguished rank among those who have served the State. Thus it was no light thing to bestow upon the Nation for the first time in its century and a third of constitutional life a practical and business-like system of finance. Neither was it a small performance to bring about, through informal personal influence, the establishment of an eight-hour working day in the greatest corporate industry in the world. But I pass by these and other no less meritorious works for the three which must always remain in memory, transcendent and supreme.

He entered office at the close of a war which had shocked, prostrated and all but wrecked the world, and while the world was still half staggering and half stunned beneath the blow. He conceived it to be his duty, before and above all else, to marshal for the restoration of the peoples and for their safeguarding against any renewal or repetition of the great disaster the triple forces of humanity. To that task he dedicated his thought, his energies and, as the tragic event reveals, his life.

First,—though I name them not in the actual and better order of his doing,—there was material action to be taken. Through administrative and diplomatic processes the Weary Titan of mankind was to be relieved so far as might be of the burden hardly to be borne of ever increasing armaments, and in its place was to be established a world-embracing understanding of amity and coöperation among the Powers. With a readiness surpassing expectation he summoned the Nations to our Capital, in conference for the limitation of armament, and for strengthening

the bonds of peace in that quarter of the globe where apprehensions of impending conflict were most grave. He modestly stood aside, effacing his own personality, while the accredited representatives of the Governments performed the task to which he had called them; and had the satisfaction of seeing results produced which for practical and enduring beneficence to the cause of peace have never been surpassed by any Parliament of Man.

Next, there were the intellectual and moral safeguards against recurrent strife. For these he was no less ready and no less resolute. In the clarity and consistency of a well poised mind he perceived justice to be, among nations as among individuals, the only sound basis of that contentment which alone confirms peace; and he recalled the significant fact of history that this Nation, called into independent being through a protest against injustice, had from the very hour of its constitutional organization been committed to the principle of adjudication as a substitute for war. True to the policy enunciated by the Fathers of the Constitution and loyally maintained by the long line of their successors, he gave himself unreservedly to the task of aligning America where it belonged, in the forefront of the enlightened Powers which sought to substitute the court of justice for the camp of war. It is a noble memory that his first address to the Nation committed him to that course, and that his last words, issued from the very chamber of his death, confirmed him in the faith.

Last, though in fact first in order as immeasurably first in moment, was the rallying of the spiritual forces of the Nation to maintain in the practical services of peace some measure of the fervor and exaltation of soul that had been roused by the stress and the extremities of war. In doing that he attained a pinnacle of eminence which it has been given to few men in any age or land even to approximate, to no one to surpass. Standing in perhaps the most sacred spot of all the land, on an occasion unrivalled in its solemnity and its profound significance, when the deepest emotions of the people were wrought upon to a degree that seemed to transcend all possible expression, he solved the insoluble, he uttered the unutterable. Above all other memo-

ries of him there must always abide in the heart of the American Nation the picture of Warren Gamaliel Harding standing at Arlington, in the very abode where the Immortals are, leading the people and the world to say—

> *Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed by Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, for ever. Amen.*

* * * * * *

The Turk is the supreme victor in the World War. That is the significance of the Treaty of Lausanne. It is an achievement without precedent or rival in the history of the nations. Months ago I commented upon the return of the Turk to Europe —the return of him whom we used to call the "Unspeakable" to the continent from which he was to be expelled "bag and baggage". Just that return, on sufferance and under rigorous restrictions, would have been a noteworthy victory. Instead, he returns without sufferance, without restrictions, with prestige immeasurably enhanced, with title cleared of every blemish and every challenge, and for the first time since Orkhan crossed the Straits, more than five and a half centuries ago, he is received fully into the equal fellowship of European sovereignties. The capitulations of extraterritoriality are abolished. All guards of foreign troops are withdrawn from Turkish soil. All Greeks are expelled from what was once the Greek Empire. And the pitiful remnant of the Armenian people is delivered to the destroyer and the very name of that country is obliterated from the map. Had Turkey and her allies of Central Europe been victorious in the World War, she could scarcely have claimed greater spoils of triumph than these. That at the end of three wars extending over twelve years, in every one of which she was completely vanquished, Turkey should be able to dictate a peace so opulently advantageous to herself, is an anomaly to which history provides no parallel and no approximation.

Signor Mussolini is the wonder-man of modern Italy. We must turn back to the days of Rienzi and Savonarola for anything like the spell which he seems to have cast upon the land. Even they fell far short of his achievement, for their influence was restricted within a small area, while his sway sweeps unbroken and unchallenged from the Alps to the Ionian Sea. He dictates to the King, and the King accepts his dictation. He demands a vote of confidence from Parliament, and he receives an overwhelming majority. Imagination hesitates to suggest limits to his ever rising power. Yet the two names which I have partially bracketted with his, and which alone in Italian history seem appropriate for such association, suggest the epigram of Jouy-Spontini, *La roche Tarpéienne est près du Capitole.* To that, however, well-wishers for Italy will cry *Absit omen!* For with all his extravagances the Professor turned Dictator has done a mighty work for a new Italian Renaissance. The coming elections will tell to what extent the people appreciate that work and desire it to continue.

No idealist or altruist could easily conceive a finer report of benevolent achievement than that which was made in behalf of the returning Russian Relief Mission; and no cynic could invent a more acrid sequel to it than that which appeared in the same press at the same time. Nearly two hundred American men and women toiled in Russia for nearly two years. They performed the most repulsive tasks amid squalor and foulness unspeakable. They healed the sick, they stayed the pestilence, they fed the starving, they clothed the naked, they supplied the peasants with seed grain for their farms. They saved, it is estimated, ten million lives. The money cost was $62,000,000. Six dollars and twenty cents a head is the least expensive lifesaving on record. Seeing this and appreciating it in true Bolshevist fashion, Soviet Russia promptly dispatched a numerous contingent of spies and propagandists to America, to enter our borders furtively on forged passports, to agitate and conspire against and if possible to overthrow and to destroy the government and the social order which had wrought so great a work for Russia and which indeed alone made possible the doing of such

a work. Incidentally it at the same time arranged for a huge agricultural exposition and fair to display the prosperity and wealth of the country which had been a suppliant for the succor of the world. Was it Æsop who told of the man who saved the life of a viper by warming it at his own hearthstone?

The adoption of our Fourth of July as a national holiday by Peru may well serve as a suggestion to this and other countries for extension of international observances of that kind. Peru has cause—as have her neighbors—to regard with peculiar gratitude our Declaration of Independence, since it unmistakably opened the way for the South American revolt against Spanish Bourbonism. France, too, is year by year more and more observing the Fourth of July, which was also the precursor of her Fourteenth of July seventeen years later. But it is no whit less fitting—I might say, incumbent upon us—for us to commemorate, as happily we now very largely do, the anniversary of the birth of Lafayette and also that of the Miracle of the Marne which so closely coincides with it. The same grateful principle applies, in no less degree, to the anniversary of Magna Charta, the forerunner of the Bill of Rights of our own Constitution. Perhaps it would be worth while for all nations to give some practical consideration to the matter of such mutual and common ties of remembrance and of sympathy. As a rule men are pretty keen to remember the conflicts of nation with nation, and the victories of one over another. It is surely no less desirable for them to recall the friendships and the acts of coöperation between them.

There is a curious resemblance to a boomerang in Mr. Edison's complaint that college men are incapable of doing anything save the specific tasks for which they have been trained. Of course, the complaint is not well founded, save perhaps in a minority of cases. But if it were, what would it prove? It would condemn the very type of education which Mr. Edison and those who agree with him wish to promote, and would vindicate that which they most strongly disapprove. If your young man is educated —instructed, trained, what you will—in a so-called "practical"

school, where the Classics and Humanities and Liberal Culture are ignored in favor of purely utilitarian things, the things which he will "have to practice" when he gets out into the world, I grant you that he will be of little value in any other occupation than that for which he was thus prepared. (Incidentally, the chances will be against his really excelling in it.) But if he pursues a thorough course of that Liberal Culture which is *anathema* to "practical" men, he will emerge with a mind well balanced, equally developed in all its functions, and, in Huxley's often quoted phrase, ready to be turned to any kind of work and to spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the soul. If you train a youth physically to throw the javelin and to do nothing else, he will be incapable of excelling in any other exercises. But if you give him an all round gymnasium training, he will be able to do anything that the physical frame of anyone can do. There are too many shining examples of versatility, and of men excelling in one calling and then going with equal success into another radically different, for Mr. Edison's reproach to stand before them.

The death of Rear-Admiral Sigsbee is a reminder that a full quarter of a century has passed since the mysterious tragedy which gave him a popular prominence surpassing that to which he was entitled for his really great scientific achievements in thalassography and naval arts, and since our little war with Spain which had results of world-encompassing scope. The Cuban problem, which was the cause of that war and was supposed to be the most formidable connected with it, was long ago solved and ceased to cause us concern. The Philippine problem, which was merely incidental and unintended, seems today not much nearer solution than it was when General Funston was chasing the fugitive Dictator, Aguinaldo, through the jungles of Luzon. Apparently much of the trouble in the archipelago arises from the unfortunate inconsistency or variability of our own policy, under the exigencies of party politics. There was no question of the original policy of the Government. It was to hold the islands as territorial possessions of the United States, just as we were and are and always shall be holding Alaska and

Hawaii. But Colonel Bryan, having been badly defeated on the issue of free silver, hoped to win on that of "anti-imperialism", and thus committed his party to the policy of renouncing the islands and scuttling out of them—the very same party, by the way, which had thitherto been responsible for most of our territorial acquisitions. He was defeated on that issue, but the party retained it, and when at last a Democratic President was elected it was adopted as his policy and our official attitude toward the Philippines was flatly reversed. Now a Republican President is in office, and there is naturally some reversion toward the original Philippine policy, to which we stand pledged in the eyes of the world.

Retaliation and reprisals between nations in the transportation of the mails are about as poor a policy as could be devised. Yet they are what we have recently seen, on a large scale, in the transatlantic service. Both Great Britain and France are reported to have held back large quantities of mail, which they might have shipped on a swift American steamer, and to have shipped it later on vessels under their own flags. Some have attributed this action to resentment at our prohibition of the carrying of wines on British and French ships in American waters; others, perhaps more plausibly, to unwillingness on the part of those countries to patronize and thus help to build up an American merchant marine which will be a rival of their own. Either motive, or indeed any other that can readily be conceived, would be quite insufficient and unworthy. But American condemnation of the discrimination against our ships is tempered by the consideration that we ourselves may not always have eschewed similar practices. In the transportation of merchandise it is a familiar practice for nations to favour their own vessels, and it is not without grounds of justification. But the carrying of mails, and especially of letter mails, is a different matter, for such discrimination in which no justification is apparent. It would be for the betterment of international relations, and certainly for the great advantage of the public, for the members of the International Postal Union to engage, by convention, to abolish all such practices. The invariable rule should be to

transmit transoceanic mails by that steamer which will get them to their destination at the earliest date, regardless of its flag or of its date of sailing.

A great thought conceived in youth and fulfilled in age—the old French epigram is perhaps the best possible characterization of the career of Francis Parkman, whose centenary occurs this month and should be reverently commemorated by everyone who loves noble literature or admires spiritual and physical heroism of the highest type. It cannot be invidious to say that American literature, which is by no means poor in history books, contains no more perfect example of history as it should be written than his great sequence of volumes on *France and England in the New World.* Indeed, I might go further and say that in the whole range of English literature, which because of the peculiar adaptability of the language to such expression probably contains more history writing of the first class than all other modern literatures put together, there are no works with which his are unworthy to be ranked. Nor do I recall in the annals of authorship a finer display of heroism than his—sitting with closed and bandaged eyes, or in a darkened room, while books and manuscripts were read to him; writing fragmentary notes labouriously with the aid of mechanical devices to guide his hand; exhausted at the end of a half hour's toil, and often producing not more than half a dozen finished lines a day; yet persevering until he had given to a then unappreciative world that unsurpassed masterpiece, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac.* Rivalling Boone and Crockett as a frontiersman and wilderness adventurer, Catlin as a student of Indian life and manners, Audubon as a naturalist, Gray as a scientist, Motley and Prescott as a man of research and letters, his splendid career is equally a glory of American scholarship and manhood and a withering reproach to today's scribblers who seem to think a typewriter, a pipe and a bundle of ignorant prejudices the only needful equipment for an historian.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL (Complete Edition). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

So marked is the effect of intensity, artistic restraint, and elevation produced by Mrs. Meynell's poetry that the reader on closing her book is feign to concur unreservedly in the pronouncement of Alfred Noyes: "She has given to English literature now, and to the literature of the world in centuries to come, what no other poet has been able to give—a volume of little more than a hundred pages containing only masterpieces." Admiration, of no ignoble sort, these verses are certain to evoke in every truly critical reader. But the more lasting value of masterpieces so curiously perfect must be estimated—in so far as such estimate is possible or fit—through considerations of the processes and the motives that explain the perfection. It is thus the total meaning (in no overt and commonplace sense of the word) that the critic must penetrate if he can.

One's first unmistakable reaction is that of finding oneself in a highly rarefied atmosphere. The tone is high and serene with a hard-won serenity. On further reflection, the most striking single peculiarity of this poetry appears to be its "metaphysical turn"—its love of paradox and of inventions bordering on the quaint and curious, of "conceits" almost Elizabethan in style.

This peculiarity, however, is plainly no mere mannerism. The intellect, one sees, is singularly exigent and active. At first thought, it appears to spend itself, artist-wise, almost wholly upon the form, and nothing but perfection of form suffices. Every line must be purely and impersonally poetic, possessing concision, polish, restraint, and music—above all, clearness and energy combined with subtlety of expression. Feeling is no doubt intense, but it is feeling disciplined and etherealized by the poetic form. In this respect the author's poem upon silence has a special significance:

> Not, Silence, for thy idleness I raise
> My silence-bounded singing in thy praise,
> But for thy moulding of my Mozart's tune,
> Thy hold upon the bird that sings the moon,
> Thy magisterial ways. . . .

Here it is not the pleasant, uncloying suggestion of Keats in the fourth line, nor the delicately accurate choice of the word *magisterial* that seems most significant: it is rather the fact that in this verse, as in the whole poem, the author externalizes, subtilizes and exalts *limitation* as few poets have ever done.

And yet it is no discipline of external form which gives its true character to this poetry. The intimate process of its growth appears to be that of a strangely acute awareness of all possible attitudes, a search among them that is as persistent and instinctive as a child's need of comfort, an unchildlike choice and acceptance of the most difficult. It is this and no mere love of art for art's sake (the hypostasis of art) which explains the subtlety, the love of profound paradox, the refinement of form.

In the broadest sense the poems are "spiritual" (because they are intellectual) much more than are those of most poets whose emotional expression seems freer. In them sublimation appears to be carried to the highest degree, for it begins with feelings already far above the level of those primitive emotions that have to be sublimated in order that life may be tolerable, and it goes much farther than most poets have carried it without being diverted into purely religious or mystical channels. Obsession there may be, or victory over obsession, but none of that hallucination which makes the romantic poets at once enchanting and disturbing. The way chosen is always the high and difficult way—never the path of easiest release through the ministration of "art". Mrs. Meynell has never written in verse what in music is sometimes called a "consolation".

On the whole it seems to one that the poet is hypersensitive rather than clairvoyant. It is as if the psyche, peculiarly conscious of itself as apart from the reports of its senses, detached itself from all bodily comfortings or perturbations, and wrestled with its difficulties on a plane near reality. It is not intellect in the ordinary sense, it is not emotion in the common meaning, which judges and accepts. The thing that determines form and content is as nearly as possible "pure spirit." Unshielded by illusion or the pleasant daydreams that pass for the poetry of life, this poet, vulnerable through her keen perceptions and her equally acute logic, cries out to sleep to protect her "cowering consciousness" and to soothe her with the divine foolishness and innocence of dreams.

If one were to find fault with this body of poetry as a whole, one would say that in general, it is not in Wordsworth's sense "soul-animating". It is all of great value because of its rare sincerity, its refined and subtle truth, its delicately wrought perfection of speech. Being thus true and thus wrought, it in every line deserves to be called poetry, art, beauty. But such valuation places the emphasis upon art as an incidental result of processes that have in themselves a profound significance. To appreciate Mrs. Meynell in this way is exceptionally difficult; hence her audience is of "the fit, though few." If, however, we seek for something more than a "literary" verdict on these poems, we must say that, humanly speaking, their greatest qualities are a thoroughly feminine acuteness of logic and a thoroughly feminine courage in the acceptance of attitudes most difficult to maintain. In more than one poem these qualities are explicit. The stanza called *Veni, Creator* may be chosen for example:

So humble things Thou hast borne for us, O God,
Left'st Thou a path of lowliness untrod?
Yes, one, till now; another Olive-Garden.
For we endure the tender pain of pardon,—
One with another, we forbear. Give heed,
Look at the mournful world Thou hast decreed.
The time has come. At last we hapless men
Know all our haplessness all through. Come, then,
Endure undreamed humility: Lord of Heaven,
Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven.

Such sayings are to be received by those who can receive them.

PRELUDES. By John Drinkwater. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Love is Mr. Drinkwater's theme in this sequence of poems—love in all senses. There is here little distinction of "love sacred and profane". The love of Jonathan and David, the love of man and woman that the world calls "illicit", the love of mother and child, the love of the body, the love of the mind, the love of the soul—all are one. And this one love is to be exalted above all things. The cult is not a new one: moreover, it is a cult to be respected. It is, however, never quite the same thing in any two minds.

The first thing that it seems proper to say about Mr. Drinkwater (purely for the purpose of clearing the way to an understanding of his poetry) is that, despite the strangeness and fascination of his verses, he is not, in any definite sense of the term, at all a mystic. The word *mystic* is, of course, susceptible of many varied meanings. It is a word of great potency which is often desired because of its traditions. There is thus a tendency to apply it to any exalted frame of mind and to any profound faith. But almost any state of mind may become exalted and almost any faith may be profound and assured.

What one means is that Mr. Drinkwater does not succeed in being mystical as Rossetti was mystical. Really there is as much flesh and bones in his poetry as there is in the philosophy of Unamuno. Like the Spaniard, he asserts the *wholeness* of life and of love. One knows, of course, that Rossetti spoke of "bathing together in God's sight", and that he was accused of having founded a "fleshly school of poetry". Nevertheless, Rossetti made the flesh mystical, while Mr. Drinkwater tends to assimilate all love to the glory and innocence of the flesh.

Thus it happens that his poem entitled *Gold* is by no means comparable to *The Blessed Damosel*, which it resembles in theme and in metre. The stanza—

There is a castle on a hill
So far into the sky

That birds that from the valley beds
Up to the turrets fly,
Climbing towards the sun, can feel
The clouds go tumbling by—

has an insinuating charm, as have the stanzas that follow it. But on the whole the poem is a mere decoration, or, at best, the exaltation of a somewhat exceptional human contentment. It scarcely appears to be the image of a state felt to be supernormal and authoritative. For this reason, it is perhaps all the more acceptable; but it does not strike one as mystical. Though it possesses the glamour of words and the glamour of sunshine, there is a glamour which it lacks. It is noteworthy that Mr. Drinkwater's dream-country is much nearer the earth than Rossetti's. It is well within that half of the atmosphere in which storms are said to occur, being, in fact, just above the clouds. What the poet eliminates by his change of level is simply the water vapor—the tears and the obscurity. But he breathes air, not æther.

The second point one wishes to emphasize, in no fault-finding spirit, is that Mr. Drinkwater's poetry is not, of course, particularly moral. Religious it is, if you please, but simply not moral, not even philosophical, at all. In the poem on David and Jonathan it is found, to be sure, that each of these heroes has two selves, which may be readily mistaken for the higher and the lower selves of Plato. But the dualism is not authentic. The whole point is that the two selves complete each other through love and then struggle ceases.

Is it desirable for men to have some beliefs that are neither moral nor religious but simply poetic? Beliefs which are more or less inapplicable to ordinary life and which one does not expect to act upon? Into some such non-moral, non-pragmatic view, one is lured by the magic of Mr. Drinkwater's verse. Perhaps the very function of one kind of poetry is to provide us with just such beliefs—such resting places; for every belief is in one sense merely a resting place, though in another sense it is a practical tool. Nor does one suppose that the only function of such poetry is to provide an outlet for suppressed desires. No, in Heaven's name, let us be as little Freudian as we can!

Mr. Drinkwater's verses are unmistakable poetry, strong, frank, and fine in expression; sun-warmed and warmed by a human passion that is neither crude nor over-censored. The poet seems to catch the true rhythm and pulse of life as distinct from its essentially unrhythmic moods, its hysterias and syncopations.

International Society. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

On this precise theme a really definitive book suited to the general reader has long been needed. So much has been written upon the general subject, from so many points of view and with so many varieties of emphasis, that the

time for a genuinely clarifying book has certainly arrived. We cannot afford to give way to pessimism or to a short-sighted evolutionary determinism in international affairs, nor must we yield to the lure of rosy optimism. Ideals—reasonable ideals—are not everything, but they are by no means functionless and vain. That courageous "meliorism" which obtains too little credit in this world as distinct from extremes both optimistic and pessimistic is what Dr. Brown expresses. Duly taking into account the historic facts and the "imponderables" as well, the author within a short space presents a really philosophic view of his subject.

The real object is to find the path of reason in international affairs—which is not quite the same thing as a reasonable programme. Reason has a certain function; but it cannot legislate to suit itself. The course it must follow, the rate at which it can move, must be discerned.

"The voice of pure reason can seldom be heard," writes Dr. Brown, "in human affairs. The political evolution of international society has had but slight relation to the evolution of thought. Political theorists, it is true, have at times stimulated men to action, but it still remains true that reason has but little influence on the actual conduct of human relations."

What is needed is some means by which men can become more and more conscious of their real desires; and reason helps, not through the creation of sweeping programmes or the complete dominance of the human mind, but slowly and gropingly through a multitude of agencies all imperfect and tentative. It is heartening to observe the number of such agencies now in operation—the World Court being only one among many.

Thus there appears to be a path for intelligence to follow through the maze of conflicting interests and passions that make up international politics. Avoiding mere determinism and leaving at one side the romantic fallacy that men only need to see right and reason in order to put it into practice, it performs its true function as a moderator and interpreter, the best minds leading, with due regard for the legitimate instincts and relatively "right" demands of the multitude. Back of this is the faith that mankind is spontaneously evolving toward the realization of an ideal of brotherhood; that the general religious consciousness is becoming more and more effective as misunderstandings and economic obstacles are gradually—very gradually—removed. The reader of Dr. Brown's book will find this track of reason clearly and firmly traced amid the many conflicting facts which are in turn set forth with scholarly conciseness and matter-of-fact-ness.

A sort of final test of Dr. Brown's book is that it really does appear to get at the center of that controversy concerning the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of Justice which bids fair to be a great fog-producer for years to come. The reader will find himself able on these subjects to take an impartial and moderate position which is logically almost unassailable, which is flexible enough to permit of adjustment to events, but which involves no weak compromise, nor any arbitrary choice of a middle course.

An Outlaw's Diary. By Cécile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The chief value of Cécile Tormay's diary of her life during the revolution in Hungary is psychological. Her book is a human document revealing the workings of intense nationalism in a sensitive soul. All the imponderables—all the elements of this complex emotion of nationality—including racial feeling, are here represented. Aside from this, it must be said that despite its intimacy and vividness, the narrative is somewhat fatiguing and not always so luminous as striking—a defect that the uniformly emotional expression of thought in prose scarcely ever escapes.

A wild conjecture flashes through the author's mind and she dutifully sets it down. Nevertheless, it does not seem probable that Count Michael Károlyi was greatly influenced in his revolutionary courses by Dostoievsky's novel, *The Possessed*, though proof is given that he had read the book and "loved" it. Strong emotion makes one indifferent to incongruity. Thinking of the woes of Hungary, Cécile Tormay hears a dog whining in an adjacent garden. "Despair overcame me. It was not only a dog that whined its lament: it was the night that wept over Hungary!"

Occasionally in the midst of all this effusion of feeling and this overwrought impressionism, there is a bit of significant anecdote or a genuine piece of portraiture. The thumbnail sketch of Count Tisza seems true: "Poor Tisza! In his good qualities and in his shortcomings he was typical of his race. He was faithful and God-fearing, honest, credulous, and obstinate, proud, brave, calumnied, and lonely, just like old Hungary." But the account of Károlyi, Tisza's chief opponent, is so full of hatred and bitterness that one finds a little difficulty in believing in this monstrous personality. The author does not know how to convince by presenting facts impersonally and tolerantly, nor does she possess the ability of a Carlyle or a Victor Hugo to build a great stage and fill it with tremendous figures, noble or grotesque. So far as imagination and feeling make the narrative dramatic, there is generally something a little Punch-and-Judy-like about the *dramatis personæ*. Vehemence and power are not the same!

According to Cécile Tormay, the French Government allowed Károlyi to return to Hungary in order that he might engineer a revolution and bring about a speedy peace. At first many of the Hungarians were deceived, joining enthusiastically in a movement which was but a miserable "parody of 1848". More and more, the new government—Károlyi's National Council—gave way to radicalism and fell under the dominance of such men as Joseph Pogány and Béla Kuhn. In the hope of avoiding ultimate disaster the King was advised to abdicate. He stamped his foot and wept, as Kings will do on such occasions, but he finally signed the decree. Meanwhile he went shooting—not because he was a light-minded monarch, but because he had to provide the royal family with food! It is all strange enough.

It would seem that in 1918 and 1919 Hungary had to choose—as far as

choice was possible—between German militarism and Russian Bolshevism. Personally, the author greatly preferred the German alternative, though she was by no means insensitive to the shortcomings of the Teutonic temperament. The situation was a hard one, and though we may not be deeply impressed with the pathetic plight of a King obliged to go hunting in order to supply the family larder, though we may not be grievously shocked by the insults that the revolutionists offered to Mackensen, yet we cannot fail to appreciate and sympathize with the agony of all patriotic minds in Hungary.

THE DANCE OF LIFE. By Havelock Ellis. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Havelock Ellis's new book is frankly another "affirmation". No wisely skeptical person, of course, will reject its thesis merely on this account, for all philosophy is of the nature of a surmise; something must be affirmed or "posited" if we are to live at all. The real question is whether we are to affirm conservatively and impersonally or somewhat radically and individually. In this is involved the old question of the One and the Many, which has its counterparts in such oppositions as that of individualism *vs.* coöperation in society, liberalism *vs.* conservatism in politics, romance *vs.* classicism in literature. On the whole, Mr. Ellis leans to the individualistic and romantic view of things. "He who carries farthest his most intimate feelings is simply the first in file of a great number of other men, and one becomes typical by being to the utmost degree oneself." In other words, every man his own Rousseau!

Broadly speaking, Mr. Ellis's thesis is that life itself is an art—and that religion, morals, thought itself, are merely contributory arts. The type of them all and the art that is most intimately related to the great Art of Living is *dancing*. There is no true or final psychological distinction between science and art, and the opposition between religion and science is unreal.

Such an affirmation must, of course, be tested by something outside itself. One cannot without self-stultification say that because all affirmations are equally sound, therefore the statement that all affirmations are equally sound is true! Nor can a thesis like that of Mr. Ellis be made convincing through ingenious analogy alone or by a somewhat weak and undeveloped train of evolutionary reasoning. The primitiveness of the dance as a form of expression seems a poor reason for regarding it as a fundamental form. In point of fact the author appears to show a common weakness of romantically affirmative thinkers in a willingness to accept as confirmatory of his thesis almost any doctrine with which his wide learning supplies him. Those who like to believe that Socrates is a legend—an art-product—may do so if they can really conceive that the Xenophon who wrote the *Cyropædia* and the *Hellenica* was capable of constructing the Socrates of the *Memorabilia* out of

fragments of gossip and tradition. For some this is not easy. The question is really neither here nor there; the main argument is neither strengthened nor weakened by it. Such excursions are merely mentioned here as illustrative of a certain wandering tendency of the purely affirmative mind.

The main affirmation cannot be justified from the biological or psychological point of view. Neither psychology nor biology can discover a "philosophy"—a way of life such as Mr. Ellis here seeks for—because both these sciences are abstractions: they *begin* by abstracting from those total human values which a philosophy of life must end by bringing to light. Nor can a refined skepticism wholly support an affirmation which speaks of life; for skepticism is negation. It strips away the mythology from our thinking, brings us, we may think, in some practical way nearer to reality, but leaves the question of what affirmation is best just where it was.

The real tests of our affirmation must ever be its simplicity, its inclusiveness, its universality. It must be a synthetic and organic principle—one that reinforces life, not merely one that analyzes and alternates it. It is clear, indeed, that to a certain degree Mr. Ellis's discourse performs this function. It is clarifying to perceive that *psychologically* the scientist, the artist, the man of religion, are at one. It is true that morals share in the same process that is characteristic of art, and by putting the two upon the same psychological plane the advanced thinker may be harmlessly relieved of much that is commonplace, narrow, and obvious in current morality. Even the statement quoted in the first paragraph of this review—the Rousseauistic affirmation of the right to affirm—is no doubt approximately true of *genius*. For in genius we seem to see a revival of non-moral instinct upon a new plane. Nevertheless it appears that Mr. Ellis has abstracted from certain total values and has made his picture of human life too thin, his conception of the civilized man too automatic and hedonistic to be permanently satisfying. Let us not suppose that there is boldness in such affirmation. It is not bold, but on the contrary rather weak and tentative. The bold man is the thorough skeptic who affirms the value of what humanity calls ideal, who calls life neither dance, nor conflict, nor art, but, while recognizing its affinity with all these things, regards the whole as a great process in which his own will purpose and his (posited) soul have a part—positing, as well, some larger purpose governing all. It is this view that appears to give to life its tragic dignity. Humanism is greater than the newest of the humanities—it is greater than psychology.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1923

THE SILENT POINT OF VIEW

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

As the international crisis develops month by month through stages each more acute and threatening than the last, it becomes evident that the progress of events is not following the pronouncements of statesmen and diplomats, nor the technical advice of experts, but is guided by some irresistible if obscure power which does not make itself heard in the journals or from the rostra. It is the power of the will of the people—of the silent point of view.

Is it shame, caution or pure inarticulateness which keeps this great body of opinion from expressing itself in words; and leaves the field of discussion free to the idealists and the economists who have engaged in strenuous polemics, the one upon the field of honour, the other in the bankruptcy court? It may be shame, since man, conscious of the essentially selfish nature of his own desires and intentions, is apt to find silence the only means of maintaining an undisturbed inconsistency. He may yield lip-service, but he does not allow altruism, penetrating his intellect through his ear drums, to come into contact with the source of impelling practical action situated in the pit of his stomach. It may be caution. The man of action, the common man, feels his way through facts and is suspicious both of the logical emprincipled policies and of the presumptuous simplification of intricate situations which are too often the solvents of the intellectual theorist. And finally it may be mere dumbness.

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The great controlling forces in human nature are largely subconscious. In this case it is quite probable that the instincts and intuitions which are the determinants of each group's motives and policies and which are expressing themselves in their actions are still largely inarticulate because they are so little realized.

By as much as these controlling points of view are silent ones, it is proportionately foolhardy for one to attempt to set them out in due order for inspection. Nevertheless, for the purpose of a clear understanding, it is better to risk some error and exaggeration than it is to continue to gloze over these underlying and powerful national wills in a mist of idealism or in cobwebs of mathematical formulæ.

In the first place it must be noted that all the victor nations have, since the war, elected governments from their Conservative parties, by more or less overwhelming majorities. England, entrusting itself at first to a coalition of the Right, was not satisfied with this semi-conservatism, and eventually placed in the saddle the "Diehards", or Extreme Right. Italy has a reasonably constitutional dictator, whose policies are ultra-reactionary and whose methods are almost Napoleonic. Italy is happy. France overwhelmingly confirmed her octogenarian Premier, the Tiger, and has since maintained in power his successors in the leadership of the Conservative wing. The United States gave an unprecedented majority to a Conservative, and proceeded to try to return to normalcy. What should one deduce from this unanimity of political opinion among the majorities in the great victor states? They seem to reject internationalism, social or economic reform, in fact all forms of political idealism. Instead they choose a restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, ultra-nationalism, and a pursuit of the hard road back to economic integrity. After a great and successful hazard, the victorious peoples instinctively play safe and return to the worship of the old gods.

By way of contrast it is worth noting that many of the vanquished peoples have fallen into the hands of Radicals who have added to the dolours of defeat the mischief of disastrous experiments in social organization and the errors of inexperience. Perhaps this has been a desperate seeking for succour in strange

places. Perhaps it is merely the result of disorganization and dismemberment.

But this apparent unanimity of mood in the victorious nations, which has been so striking a feature of the after-war period, is most deceptive. It has not led to unanimity of action or to coöperation among the erstwhile allies. For each people has returned to the worship of its own old gods, and the gods are as diverse as ever they were.

The genius of the English is an unemotional common sense. And their point of view is essentially economic. Englishmen now admit quite frankly that they entered the war because their commercial empire was at stake—because they perceived that, after an increasingly bitter commercial rivalry, Germany had come to the point of using force to stack the cards in the game against them. But, after forestalling this coup, there remains remarkably little rancour against the late enemy in the English mind.

Although, fresh from the heat of conflict, the English voted overwhelmingly for a policy of punishments and payments, they now realize that this little piece of vengeance was quite impractical and they have gone over rather to the opposite extreme. Foremost in the Englishman's mind is the great internal problem of finding employment for the surplus population. This is crucial, for it is frankly stated that had it not been for the allowance ("dole") to the unemployed, inaugurated immediately after the war, there would certainly have been a revolution in England. The "dole" adds immensely to taxation, which as a subject of conversation in England occupies the same position as Prohibition in the United States. To relieve this unemployment and escape from its expensive temporary remedy, the English require a revival of world trade which has grown to be a preponderant factor in their industrial activity. And it is quite natural for them to look for this trade to return through the old and well worn channels. They believe that the first essential is the restoration of the buying power of Germany, England's largest customer before the war. To this end the action required is a reduction of the Reparations bill to an amount which is not only possible of payment but which will not exhaust

the resources of the debtor; the withdrawal of France from German territory and avoidance of any hampering military activities in future; and some form of external financial assistance which will enable Germany to set its house in order and commence the long, up-hill climb to solvency.

English financial writers and business men generally seem to believe that England will gain more from restored commercial activity than she will lose from whatever reduction of her share of Reparations and cancellation of her Inter-Allied credits is necessary in order to purchase the release of Germany from a crushing burden. This enlightened but essentially financial attitude is not yet general, perhaps no more so than is its counterpart in America. "Plain men" express their inability to follow the reasoning of the "financial highbrows", and see England crushed under a burden of taxation because she honestly pays her debts and "madly" forgives her debtors. Nevertheless the disagreement may be expressed in terms of business policy and is essentially a question of financial wisdom, though it casts some doubt upon the freedom of any English ministry to accept an eventual settlement on quite so generous a basis as we have been led by public expressions to expect.

There is a relatively small body of mid-Victorian, idealistic, Liberal opinion in England which supports internationalism in the form of the League of Nations and works for a Wilsonian world peace. But the moderate or intermediate group is, at the present juncture, less numerous than usual and one or the other of the two extremes has attracted the great mass of voters. Of these the one, of which the characteristic is a head of adamantine hardness, is decidedly nationalist or imperial in viewpoint. The other, of which the characteristic is a head with a screw loose somewhere, though internationalist in vision, suspects the present gifts because Greeks bear them and thinks no good can come out of a capitalists' Nazareth. So long as the ministry is Unionist, England's continental policy will probably continue to be politic, expedient, even amiable, toward the Europeanized League, quietly but persistently opposed to the French, and tonic to the Central European Impotents. Should the opposition Labour Party assume the direction of affairs, the same tendencies

are likely to continue, though the reasons therefor, as will doubtless carefully be explained, will be quite different. The circumspect attitude toward the League will be due to suspicions as to its origins and controlling influences; the opposition to France will be anti-militaristic instead of diplomatic; and the friendliness toward Germany and Austria will arise from the fellowship of the new social ideals, rather than from commercial instincts.

Underlying these keenly appreciated national interests is the emotional background which, though less conspicuous and powerful among the English than is usual elsewhere, is nevertheless a force to be reckoned with. The English dislike, in fact despise, the French. To them the French seem racially decadent, politically romantic and emotional, and on the decline as a great power and an important industrial factor. The lack of common sense in fiscal affairs demonstrated in French policy irritates the Englishman and he considers this inability to face facts to be due to a form of intellectual legerdemain that borders on dishonesty. On the other hand he feels a strong racial sympathy for the true Teutonic Germans, though not for their "square-head" leaders. He finds them an honest, effective people, whose civilization is progressive, and whom he can understand and trust. Undoubtedly there is now ripening the seed of a new Entente which will find England on the side of the Germanic peoples as against the Latins.

And curiously enough this seems to be at least partially due to an automatic emotional reflex arising from age-old policy. So long have the English found safety in siding with that one of the two continental groups which happens to be the weaker at the time, in order thereby to establish a balance of power and equilibrium, that they seem to have bred an instinct to favour the under dog, a sort of sporting spirit in international relations coinciding with profound policy.

So much for the so-called nation of shop-keepers. Today one can pass from England to France by airplane in a few minutes, but to pass from the English mind to the French mind requires a difficult *volte-face*. There are several characteristics of the French which one must appreciate before one can sympathetically understand French policy.

The first is that *la Patrie* represents their religion—and this is not an hyperbole. Of all great modern peoples they have most nearly realized their ideals of personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they will suffer martyrdom to perpetuate this fruit of their genius. They are personally content to live in undisturbed independence, but the glory of the Realm of France demands power, expansion, respect —tantalizes them with a vision of greatness that cannot in practice be reconciled with mere peaceful integrity. The second characteristic of France is that it is a nation of peasant proprietors who, though they have attained political and economic liberty, are not in other respects far removed from the primitive state of feudal times. The horizon of these peasants and artisans ends at the borders of France, and they do not desire to mingle with other peoples. They rarely travel out of France and are naturally and self-contentedly isolated. The industrial revolution has only veneered France with the superficial attributes of modern economic civilization and has not permeated nor revolutionized the deeper elements of the national life. The history of French national finance has been a series of sensational and frequently disastrous experiments in financial alchemy, which have sometimes failed to lead to their logical *débâcles* because the essence of money economy has never penetrated the French mind. Frenchmen persist in the happy faculty of being unconscious of threatening national bankruptcy and the *rentier* goes on buying government securities when they have permanently passed into the category of annuities. Finally, France's foreign policy has always been determined by political and military antagonisms and not by economics. The French dislike the English as much as the English the French, and they feel for them a curious racial distrust and historical antagonism. The Germans they hate and fear.

Though these general characteristics of French life and policy are nearly universal, there are radical differences of interest and purpose among the different classes and parties as in every other country. One can make no greater mistake than to treat the body of public opinion in a nation as a homogeneous whole, and as one's detailed personal knowledge of a people increases it

always becomes correspondingly difficult to formulate its national individuality in contrast to that of other peoples. The backbone of and the predominant class in France is the peasant proprietor. It is the power of this class which establishes the integrity, security and isolation of *la Patrie* as the least dispensable of French policies.

But overlaid upon this is the ambitious military party who draw much support from the first, and, though they too lay great emphasis upon security, would not sacrifice the honour, power and dominance of the country to the desire for peace. It is perhaps largely the influence of this party or class which keeps France expanding its spheres of influence and active in all international affairs at a time when its declining population and stay-at-home habits make expansion such an artificial movement. These two preponderant classes, while not in entire harmony, are naturally not to be deterred from their prime objects by economic considerations, and are not likely to understand or be greatly impressed by the more subtle and intricate questions of reparation payments, debts, budget balancing, etc., which are of exalted importance to the *bourgeois* temperament. There is an industrial and financial group in France, but it is of far less size and vigour than in the industrialized nations, and its desiderata are among the first to be jettisoned if, in times of stress, they come into conflict with the vital issues nearest to the hearts of the peasants and soldier-politicians.

It is these fundamental attributes which have established French policy since the war—a policy which to many foreigners has seemed so naïvely incompatible and romantic. The damage to *la Patrie* must be repaired at once. The Germans must pay for it. But if the Germans do not pay for it at once it must be effected in any case by means of whatever financial expedient proves necessary. *La Patrie* must be secured for the future against another attack. To this end Germany must be reduced and humbled, disintegrated if need be. The ideal programme would have been to secure the payment of reparations at once and then to achieve security by protective military measures along the Rhine,—in other words, to cause the goose to lay the golden egg and then to strangle it. But the goose was too clever.

Interwoven with this practical patriotism is a lively sense of honour. It is painful to the pride of the hot-blooded and high-spirited victors to be circumvented by the vanquished, and thus defrauded of a perfectly just claim for damages. This is adding insult to injury, and the emotional reaction has undoubtedly had its influence in clouding the logic and directness of the course of action pursued.

How is it possible to find common ground for compromise between one people who desire to restore their late enemy and set him up again in business, to be a good customer at the earliest moment, and another who wish, after exacting the just penalities, to cripple their threatening neighbour and relieve themselves of an impending danger which has been a nightmare for a century? No sincere agreement is possible.

One or the other must give in. Either France will impose her will by force on Germany and at the sacrifice of reparations satisfy herself with the establishment of her own safety and with the indirect economic benefits accruing from possession or control over the richest industrial area in the world; or, through the pressure of international public opinion and internal and external financial difficulties, she may eventually be compelled to moderate her just demands, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, and compromise both on payments and punitive measures. But France has now by far the greatest immediate military power in Europe, if not in the world. She seems to be in position to enforce her will and in the mood to do so. For that reason it seems likely that she will continue to strive first for security and only second for indemnities; that the occupation of the Rhineland will develop into a semi-permanent measure; that actual reparation payment will, as a result, be small, and Germany's economic restoration be greatly delayed. If this occurs, French internal and external debts will continue to be an unsolved and almost insoluble problem for years to come. That has not greatly disturbed the French in the past and probably it will not now.

This policy, if successful, would be neither romantic nor impractical. True, it would sacrifice financial solvency and economic development, and debar a quick return of former relations among the nations. But it would bring present safety to France,

and to the French that would be worth all it cost. Mere numbers do not win modern wars. If you have your enemies' mines, factories and machinery, you have him by the throat. He cannot fight, for the most industrious and efficient people must have natural resources at their command and decades of accumulation behind them before they are a power in the modern field of battle. The French are not mistaken in stating that the Ruhr is Germany's throat.

The other continental peoples are, for various reasons, not free to express their underlying motives in action and are therefore not likely to become important influences in the dénouement. Their participation will be determined by circumstances rather than by the direct interests of their citizens. Belgium will doubtless continue to act as an understudy to France and will reflect the viewpoint of her friendly and overpowering neighbour—though her national life and interests are quite different. Italy, vividly conscious of a new vitality, has her attention focused upon her own internal affairs and development. To an extraordinary degree, under uncompromising leadership, she is devoting herself to erecting a self-sufficient and independent economic structure, and to reëstablishing sane and sound principles. Engaged in this absorbing task and somewhat isolated by an introspective consciousness, her interest and share in the eventual settlement is more likely to be that of umpire between England and France than of a participant with any definite will of her own. She is still economically allied with and dependent on Germany, which would throw her to England's side; but on the other hand she wants reparations, and this would tend to align her with France.

Russia may be ignored. It is amusing to see the attitude of cynical detachment and somewhat indulgent superiority assumed by the Bolshevist agents in dealing with the earnest and straightforward approaches of other governments. Surely this disingenuousness is not Russian, but suggests a tinge of Hebraic sophistication in high places, which indicates that the present leadership is neither indigenous nor permanent.

Germany herself is little more than a pawn. What she wants is, of course, to escape; to escape the intolerable and impossible

burdens placed upon her by the victors—the consequences of defeat—and now, perhaps, to escape the consequences of trying to escape the consequences of defeat. From a mixture of necessity and free-will, which enables the French to find proof of wilful repudiation and fraud, and the English to find equally valid proof of hopeless helplessness, the German people, being unable to escape from present evils into their former empire of the air, and every other avenue being blocked, take to the toboggan and slide gracefully down into the valley of the shadow of bankruptcy. This sudden dénouement took the world by surprise. It leaves her politically-minded adversaries angered and her economically-minded adversaries aghast.

It may be set down as an axiom in diplomacy that the German is always wrong both in understanding the psychology of other peoples and in the diplomatic methods he uses to achieve his ends. So in this case. Eventually, when it is too late, the Germans will undoubtedly try unsuccessfully to buy the French off and will suffer complete economic collapse as a result of the inflation which either innocently or fraudulently they have allowed to run beyond the point of possible recovery. Everyone must regret to see a useful, able and admirable nation so misled as the Germans have been both by their mock-Imperial industrialists before the war and by their mock-Socialist industrialists since the war.

But the evils which this leadership has brought upon them cannot be escaped. The Germans will be humbled by the course of events which seems now to be beyond human power to arrest. The Austrian *débâcle* will be repeated in Germany, and only when the catastrophe is complete will France be likely to consent to a rehabilitation programme which may eventually and gradually lift Germany from the slough of despond to which she is destined.

America has been constantly appealed to by emissaries and propaganda to act as an impartial arbiter or as a powerful ally for one or the other faction. As the differentiation of policy proceeded and crystallized, the effort to engage us has graduated from a mere craving for strong, wise leadership into a campaign to educate us in the essential rightness of each different programme

and to secure our help in extracting some particular set of chestnuts from the conflagration. And in justice it must be said that the presentation of each party's formula has seemed so reasonable, just and humanitarian that, if there had been no doubt of their complete candour, we would of necessity have been puzzled into a state of indecision. The moral pressure has been so strong, and sympathy for one or the other nation involved has been so thoroughly excited, that it has bred in us generally a feeling that we are evading a national duty. While we would be no more likely to agree among ourselves as to what should be done than do those who are immediately concerned, practically all public expression voices an agreement on the one point that we should do something.

There has appeared in the Yankee one completely novel national attribute. Bred out of the instinct for proselytizing, the generosity of comfortable circumstances, and an admirable youthful sentiment, this people—or the Yankee part of them—have shown a big-hearted good will toward the world at large, a sympathy with distress and an efficient if sometimes quixotic Samaritanism, that is a new phenomenon in history. We have introduced modern medicine into India and China, salvaged the Near East, fed the victims of famine, protested against Russian *pogroms* and Armenian massacres, and rescued Cuba. It is this humanitarian internationalism, so long and so well supported by the old Yankee strains, that has, in this particular contingency, aroused the conscience of a large, important and vocal group with the sense of a mission for this country, a call to which we should respond, a responsibility that we are refusing to shoulder. It is a wholly admirable attitude, one which all right-thinking people must hope we can maintain. But how can it give effect to itself in this case? As with the Socialist, whose ideal is also admirable, one has only to propound the direct question, "Exactly what do you propose to do?" to divide the single voice into the diverse tongues of Babel.

Another group that is much heard from is composed of "business men" and economists. Desiring the early return of prosperity, of former relations between the nations, and viewing the situation almost wholly from the economic point of view, the

business men, fresh from a vacation of motoring, dining and wining in Europe, dream of a sensible conference at which all concerned will get together with their feet under the same table, give and take in a spirit of good will, and work out a cure for all difficulties and a composition of all disagreements. Usually the method proposed for handling Germany and Austria is a receivership—a receivership over a company of seventy-five million employees! It is an example of magnificient, if blind, self-confidence. And it seems unfortunate that the fathers of these men overlooked the opportunity to gain experience and to demonstrate this method of rehabilitation when they allowed their own ruined South to lie fallow for almost half a century after the Civil War. The instinct of commercial empire, when it is aroused, brooks the obstacles and distances of the untried and unknown as little as did the vision of the military conquerors of past civilizations.

But in America as well, what of the silent point of view? Have our typical statesmen, supine with one ear to the ground, heard its still whispering? President Wilson was reëlected with the campaign cry, "He kept us out of war." Almost immediately we were in it. We made a glorious finish and, emerging victors from admittedly the most efficiently conducted campaign which this nation has ever fought, Wilson's Congress began to disappear from beneath his feet. The people had turned from him in his triumph.

At the next election the party that refused its consent to the Peace Treaty with its rider; the party that had been out of power and discredited for eight years, and which set up as candidate a resolute member of the Anti-League Senatorial group, was returned by the largest majority ever given in a national election. It may be distasteful to us to read the meaning in this sequence of political events, but the meaning is there. The voters of this country, particularly in the newly powerful Middle West, were opposed to the war and repudiated any further responsibilities in connection with Europe's quarrels. They were shamed, frightened and excited into enthusiastic patriotism and chauvinism while the war was the national "job that had to be put across". But in the secrecy of the Australian ballot they confessed where they really stood.

It is not strange. The great body of foreign-born and children of foreign-born are living here with the tradition of escape from these turmoils and sufferings. America has been the asylum for those who have struggled out of the terrorism of the European tenement into a long peace in the countryside. They will not be entangled again if they can help it. They do not want this country to assume the disastrous *rôle* of mediator. This element, still afraid to come out in the open because of fear of the accusation of pro-Germanism, silently opposes the *intelligentsia*, and because of its greater mass, if not weight, registers its will through the polls.

And is it not merely a resurgence of the wisdom gained by direct experience that these people, comparatively fresh from contact with European politics, express silently the same instructions to their representatives that Washington, from his newly gained experience, bequeathed to all of us so eloquently in his Farewell Message? In the manuscripts of the British Museum is a letter from Washington to the Earl of Buchan, dated from Philadelphia, April 22, 1793. He says: "I believe it to be the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do if rightfully it can be done." I believe this doctrine is held with more sincere conviction today by the immigrant population of the last two generations than it is by the descendants of those who fought the Revolutionary War. For the latter have forgot the experience out of which it sprang. And yet today they say we are dependent upon Europe. How much more dependent upon Europe were the struggling agricultural colonies of the eighteenth century! Is the branch less dependent upon its parent trunk than is the slip?

In its broad aspects the Hughes policy seems to express this old doctrine and this new and silent point of view. It avoids interference or entanglements, alliances and diplomatic activity. It avoids a programme. Yet it encourages non-political movements looking toward demilitarization and an international justiciary so long as they have no aftermath of administration or enforce-

ment. And it encourages private enterprise to undertake the minor financing and other remedial enterprises, aiding the efforts of convalescent European nations to help themselves, which will in the end prove the only effective means of bringing conditions back to normal.

It seems probable that these silent points of view, acting beneath the surface and almost unconsciously, will go on governing the development of this crisis; despised of the elect and the idealists, yet registering accurately the fundamental sense of self interest of the average citizens of three great states. I am not one of those who believe the wisdom of the people to be inspired and final. As to means they are more often wrong than not. But as to ends they are usually sound, since the common aims and desires of the millions must be the final justification and criterion of each society's policy. This case is especially one in which the intuitions of the common man must be credited with a certain native wisdom which will cut through the Gordian Knot of complexities and superficialities, and hold fast to essentials.

As it has been since the beginning, so now these peoples will go on shaping their national careers for good or ill. Nor is it a pessimist's social philosophy to believe that all will not be for good, but that nevertheless forces, human and natural, having got under way, will not rest until they have fulfilled their potentialities.

The English may eventually realize that the former customers of Germany will replace England's former customers in Germany. Then they will turn their attention to a larger stage than that upon which this tragic drama is being enacted. England may join the new faction as it emerges from the regrouping of Continental powers, but only in the tentative and independent way to which she has confined her participation during previous times of rest and repair.

As regards France, it must become clear in time that, tossed upon the horns of a dilemma, she has chosen to buy immediate safety at the cost of nominal bankruptcy and perhaps of eventual revenge by a more virile and aggressive race.

America will doubtless continue her inactive lament and re-

frain from interference because of concern for her own interests and because of the futility of any measures within her power. The settlement of Inter-Allied debts, which is now merely an academic question, may nevertheless prove of use as a means of moral suasion at occasional intervals. Eventually and one by one our debtors may enter some formal agreement and make some partial payment. One thing is certain. If it becomes necessary to compromise with the Continental debtors, the valid contract entered into with us by England should be reopened and the same treatment accorded to her that we find necessary with the others.

It would go against the grain of the Yankee to exact the pound of flesh from one ally while our citizens paid off the loans contracted to supply the others with funds. And while it may seem at the present time that the Irish-American and German-American elements in this country would resent such decent generosity, it is my opinion that long before the question is settled, English relations with the Irish Free State (as with the Boer Free State) will be so cordial, and an English alliance with Germany so near a *fait accompli*, that there will be no stronger supporters for England among our citizens than those of Irish and German descent. "*Varium et mutabile semper*"—!

C. Reinold Noyes.

POLICIES AND THE NEW ARMAMENT COMPETITION

BY J. M. SCAMMELL

In Europe they talk again of war. Rivalry in armaments appears to be keenest over superiority in aircraft. In addition the submarines, tanks and even gas are regarded by some of the best military thinkers as the decisive weapons of the future. What are the reasons for this new development, and this new state of mind, so soon after the bitter lesson of the World War? It is not the result of original sin, or of "militarism", or of stupidity. Nor is it entirely due to the general conviction that the new weapons have rendered the old obsolete. A wide survey of the outstanding features of conditions in Europe shows that there are well defined forces at work to produce the present tendency.

War is not a thing apart from all other human activities. It is merely a phase of policy. When policies conflict to such a degree that reason fails to accommodate the differences, one side, rather than give in, resorts to force. The armament race is, then, merely a by-product of the political and economic rivalries that appear to be irreconcilable. The relation between national and military policy is quite clear if we but look for it.

The present vicious circle starts with Germany and Russia. The present aërial armaments spring from the Treaty of Versailles and its *sequellæ*, as Pallas Athenæ sprang in her panoply from the brain of Zeus. Germany's army was reduced to the point of impotence. The result is told in the words of an Italian army officer:

> Actually the sole means which Germany has for realizing her revenge is in aërial warfare. As for aviation, the Interallied Control is not of much value; because, under different forms more or less camouflaged (civil and commercial aviation, secret factories, depots of material in Russia and elsewhere, etc.), it will always be possible for Germany to build up a powerful aërial fleet.

Germany knows this. The Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce in its annual survey says that she is going ahead with her aëronautical development despite the treaty. It reports German aircraft building in Switzerland, Italy, Russia and, possibly, in Scandinavian countries. There are now in Germany seven commercial lines in operation. The same authority reports a great commercial and military aviation programme in Russia under German supervision. Dutch, French, German and Italian planes are used. There are eight schools and four factories established. German experts and German pilots are employed. The Soviets, moreover, recently authorized 300 planes for the Red Army. In Italy alone 100 were recently purchased. The full programme calls for about 5,000. "Russia," says Colonel Guillet of the Italian General Staff, "if she is to be associated with a European country, will form a rapprochement with her neighbour Germany." Nothing could appear to be more reasonable. Coöperation is in the interest of both. They are close neighbours. Their enemies they have in common. Russia has resources, and Germany the technicians whom Russia needs. Russia has man power but needs officers; while Germany has the leaders whom the former lacks. Germany can strike a swift blow; she is highly concentrated energy; Russia lacks communications and is slow, but has staying power which Germany has not. The absence of communications, the deterioration of the Red Army and lack of military supplies and transport, drive Russia into the air. Germany alone can build up for her a strong military air force.

On the other hand, coöperation with Russia enables Germany to prepare for the only type of warfare which she can hope to wage successfully for some time to come. "War in the air," says Colonel Guillet, "will hasten the military renaissance of Germanism and even provoke it." Whether or not this threat is an immediate one, France is bound to consider it. Insurance is not taken out alone because the risk is great, but also because of the value of the article to be insured. The musician who insures his fingers does so, not because his fingers are in more danger than those of a mechanic; but because the loss of one would have severer consequences. So it is with France: defeat would be death.

Let us consider the case of France. What are her outstanding national characteristics and conditions? The destruction of her richest industrial area and the necessity for restoring it are prime factors. It is the cost of this which makes the deficit in her national budget; and which keeps her tax-rate high. In connection with this, we must not lose sight of the fact that in France wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other country. France is a land of peasants and of bourgeoisie. The absence of concentrated wealth places France at a disadvantage in competing with other industrial states. They feel keenly their inferiority in industrial organization. Then there is the related factor of decreasing population; especially in contrast to the increase in Germany. Finally we have a people who are keen, clear-headed, logical thinkers, and who are intellectually honest. They do not love to deceive themselves as do some other nations.

These conditions have led to the adoption of certain policies necessary to the welfare of the French people. First, there is that of reparations. The world recognizes the justice of France's demands. But some, less rational than the French, believe, apparently, that Germany will pay if she can, even if she is not forced to! But such people believe this only because they desire to, because it is in their interest to do so, or because they do not think at all. The French think; they think hard; and they think lucidly. They believe no such nonsense. Without the aid of psychology—abnormal psychology included—it is difficult to see how anyone can believe it.

The second result of the above conditions is that France finds it absolutely necessary to develop her colonies. This is partly to reduce imports at an unfavourable rate of exchange, and partly to make up for her waning man power. The latter influence undoubtedly led her also to seek alliances.

Now the French have this characteristic, that they are able to learn from their previous mistakes. They face facts squarely and resolutely. Hence they recognize that there are no present indications of a reign of peace and virtue; and that, until there is, the Devil will take the hindmost—unless he be not worth the effort. Therefore, in order to protect and to preserve her fine civilization, and that of Europe, from the menace created by two materialis-

tic States, and to give security to her people, France is determined to be in a position to be strong within the limitations of her resources.

The lack of man power and of money has induced France to adopt a military policy which seeks to conserve man power, 1, by means of superior mechanical equipment; 2, by means of superior mobility; 3, by means of superior leadership; and 4, by means of superior quality in personnel. The first requirement leads to a strong emphasis on tanks, motor trucks, and aircraft; so does the second, which also calls for a flexible, well-trained, and thoroughly modern army. Superior leadership increases the mobility, flexibility, resiliency and power of the army. As for the fourth intelligence, *éducation morale*, and a liberal, kindly and generous spirit of discipline are stressed. That "an officer should love his men", and be a sympathetic leader, is the gist of the new French doctrine of leadership.

This land defense policy requires that France shall control the seas that separate her from her colonies; for it calls for men and supplies—above all, for petroleum. But France cannot compete with British sea power. But can she hope to dispute that power in a restricted area?

The French think that she can.

"One hundred and seventy-five submarines held in check the greatest naval coalition in history," said the *Matin;* and added: "How much would 175 submarines cost us? The same price as six battleships." The 1924–25 naval programme calls for the change of the Bearn from a dreadnought to an airplane carrier. The 1925–30 naval programme includes four submarine cruisers, 30 modern submarines, many coast defense types and four oilers. The 1923 aircraft programme calls for 220 squadrons, or 2,200 planes. In 1922 no less than 3,300 commercial and military planes were built. The submarine and the plane, it is planned, will be associated in a future war to increase the vision of the former.

Let us look for a moment at Italy. Here the fundamental problems are lack of industrial resources and an excess of population. Italy is precisely in the position of Attica before the reforms of Solon and Pericles. Poverty and an excess of popula-

tion demand expansion. But reliance on Tripoli implies control of the routes to Africa. Aircraft and submarines and their relative cheapness, taken in conjunction with the geographical situation of Sardinia and Sicily, offer the best solution.

Colonel Amadeo Guillet, of the Italian General Staff, recently went so far as to say:

> The new aërial arm, judiciously organized, constitutes in itself a force capable alone of determining the outcome of a conflict. . . .
>
> We shall see appear immediately an absolutely new element of special characteristics. . . . This element is the aëro-chemical arm.

Consequently, he would practically abolish armies and navies as they now are, and rely upon aircraft, submarines and gas.

It will be observed that the French and Italian policies threaten Great Britain's control of the sea routes to her dependencies.

Now in Great Britain the permanent policies are largely the result of geographic and historical conditions. That is to say, the insular position has led to overseas commercial expansion. This necessitated a strong navy. The navy has been used to protect commerce and to preserve a balance of power against a preponderant land power. But the commercial development led also to an industrial type of civilization dependent on overseas trade; and also to a political expansion and economic dependence upon overseas territories. This condition necessitated an overwhelming maritime preponderance. This in turn led to a still greater dependence on overseas trade. The war injured seriously British shipping, manufacturing and trade, increased the tax-rate and caused unemployment.

But, whereas before 1914–18 Great Britain felt secure behind her naval walls of steel, and kept an army only large enough to maintain internal order within the Empire, now the submarine and aircraft have weakened the reliance upon the fleet. While the land forces are now actually smaller than in 1913, a new force has arisen: the Royal Air Force. This is used partly to offset the aërial menace and partly as a cheap substitute for land forces in disturbed areas. Thus Irak, a mandate, is garrisoned solely by air forces, except for enough land troops to protect the aircraft bases. This device has saved Britain £14,000,000. In India and elsewhere planes are used as an economical substitute

for a large garrison. Bombing planes have hitherto been used; but there are reports and photographs of planes capable of carrying a section of infantry and their necessary equipment.

Great Britain no longer fears Germany; that fleet is gone. But, especially in certain areas, the submarine and aircraft threaten British maritime supremacy. Said Lord Birkenhead recently in the House of Lords:

> This is a most alarming state of affairs. The government will be lacking in its duty to the country unless it affords an adequate air force. . . .
>
> This country cannot content itself in the next four or five years with an inferiority in its air force which it would not content itself with in the navy.

The aërial and submarine armaments, then, place Great Britain at the mercy of France and Italy, because aircraft threaten maritime power more than they do land power. Aircraft are highly mobile; they pass rapidly over a given point. On land their approach can be heralded and troops can scatter, conceal themselves or take refuge in subterranean defenses. After the planes have passed they can emerge and concentrate; although the use of gas would tend to restrict the efficacy of such tactics. But ships, especially merchantmen, can neither conceal themselves, escape by reason of speed, nor defend themselves. Moreover, more planes can be based on land than on the sea. Hence the net result of the new device is to weaken sea power as a balance against a preponderant land power.

"Sea power," says Admiral Fullam, "is absolutely dependent upon air power." In certain limited areas at least, this is certainly true. Hence the British concern.

Logically, then, England's frontier, being no longer the Channel, ought to be the Rhine. But against this conception there is balanced Britain's traditional opposition to a preponderant land power. Since this can no longer be assured by one weapon,—sea power, preponderance in which France would not be disposed to contest,—it must be supplemented or replaced by a new force, air power.

However, Great Britain has one advantage that ought to serve her well in the long run. The tank, the motor truck, the airplane, and the submarine all call for petroleum resources. Here, of all powers in Europe, Britain and Russia are supreme. Germany,

France and Italy must get oil where they can. This necessity forces France, under the present conditions, to challenge Britain's sea supremacy. In reality, it should force the two into coöperation, for Britain in the long run needs France as a buffer state, and France needs Britain to protect her communications and insure her supply. France cannot be long the preponderant European land power. Her weaknesses are too deep-seated and inherent.

Hence, probably, the present military and diplomatic situation is merely a phase, albeit a critical phase, of European politics. It is the crisis where old methods are giving place to new.

The failure of the Versailles Treaty, the economic chaos in Russia, and the imperative necessity for economy, have created a new military era. The return to the old system is unlikely; because the new weapons will be perfected while the old are retained, and thereby the Great Powers will endeavour to offset the increasing armed strength of the non-industrial states of Eastern Europe. The same influences will restore gas as a weapon. Gas is only nominally prohibited in the event of a war in which only signatories of the Washington Conference participate, and even in that event the prohibition is of doubtful value because it is founded on falsehood and ignores certain vital considerations.

Where does America come in? Aircraft, gas and the submarine cast the United States squarely in the ancient rôle of Great Britain, as the secure, impartial arbiter of the balance of power; just as they have largely destroyed Britain's position in that rôle. Distance gives us the isolation that was once Britain's shield. Britain now becomes one of the contestants for supremacy. But this is the Britain of Europe. Who shall say what influence in the future shall be exercised by the Dominions? Meanwhile, the United States can, by exerting her influence, preserve the balance of power and, perhaps, use her impartiality to help create a better understanding. Unless she resolves to do so, she, too, may be dragged into a future aëro-chemical warfare.

J. M. Scammell.

GERMANY AND THE THIRD INTERNATIONALE

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

As we survey the situation in Germany, and as the headlines of the daily press suggest that a Communist uprising is on the carpet, one turns instinctively to think of the activities of the Third Internationale. In particular the influence of the Third Internationale on Germany in 1919 is in our minds, for in some respects the prospects are similar. Then as now the disgust of the German people with results of war bespoke for the time a friendly reception to foreign revolutionary doctrines. At present it is the economic war of the Ruhr which is increasing the penalties of the political *débâcle* of 1918. Will Germany again reject the invitations of the Third Internationale to proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat and to try to get rid by one movement of the demands of both domestic and foreign capital? Is it fear of a social upheaval in Germany which has been dictating British notes to France? Is it the world discontent, the *Weltschmerz*, which is fomenting disorder and destruction in Germany? These are questions which can best be studied in the light of the recent history of propaganda and of revolutionary organization.

It has been evident since the Bolshevik revolt of November, 1917, that the original purpose of the Soviet authorities was the World Revolution. They hold it forth as the goal of their achievements and as the reward for their hardships. A revolutionist has to be an optimist; otherwise he would be out of his job. So the Soviet Government has continued to hope and to work for a change in the course of events which would result in the extension of the dictatorship of the proletariat by the setting up of a series of related Soviet republics, the world over.

In 1917 anyone who could have foreseen that the Soviet authorities would still be in power in Russia six years later

and at the same time could have foretold that a World Revolution would not have taken place, would have been looked on as an extremely subtle agent of a new form of counter-revolutionary, or anti-Bolshevik, propaganda. If he had expressed such ideas in Moscow in 1918 he would probably have been shot at once.

The importance of the World Revolution has diminished as months have gone by; but it has never been abandoned as the ultimate end of society. This is because of the fact that the Soviet authorities are members of the Russian Communist party. That party in turn belongs to the International Socialist Communist party which has organized itself as the Third Internationale. Its headquarters are at Moscow; and it is to Moscow, as the center and head of the movement, that all other Communist parties, wherever located, must turn for direction and guidance. To this end are annual meetings, the propaganda, the development of secret lines of communication, the division of the world into districts, and the highly intensified and organized bureaucracy of the party. The Bolsheviki, therefore, look to the development of a new world in which Moscow will be the new Rome. This they have continually preached.

In a lively organization of this sort, with its tentacles reaching out across frontiers, constantly touching the daily life of millions, and consciously aiming at the social reconstruction of the world, it is only natural that differences of opinion should develop. The fact remains, however, that apart from the schism that originally divided all Socialists, the world over, the authority and power of the Third Internationale has never been seriously questioned within its own sphere. A great deal of confusion, much unnecessary and unwarranted persecution, would have been avoided if people in authority could have understood that between Snowden in England and Longuet in France, on the one hand, and on the other, Zinoviev and other members of the Communist Internationale, a division existed which was all the more effective and bitter because it spelled civil war among Socialists. The British Labour Party has again, in 1923, refused membership to the British Communist party by a decisive and tremendous vote. We all know of the vitriolic war that

Gompers and Spargo have both waged against the Communists in America and Russia. Indeed in Russia the Social Revolutionary Party has suffered as dire attacks from the Bolsheviki as have any other elements in Russian society. The Third Internationale, therefore, is not to be confused with any other Socialist body, particularly not with the "Yellow" Internationale, as it contemptuously terms the International Federation of Trade Unions, whose headquarters are at Amsterdam, nor with attempts to revive the organization which we have known for years as the Second Socialist Internationale. The Third or Communist Internationale is "Red"; and it believes in and preaches World Revolution.

Furthermore, the Third Internationale is not the Soviet Government of Russia; technically their difference is complete. One is the organization of the international propaganda body; the other is the political organization which governs Soviet Russia. Moscow is the center for both; members of the Russian Communist Party, which is in sole control of the Soviet Government, are represented in the Third Internationale. There exists, therefore, an interlocking membership and an interlocking directorate between the two. The Soviet Foreign Office is constantly reminding us that it is not the Third Internationale and, by inference, that it is not responsible for the work and the mistakes of that body. The fact remains that it is at times almost impossible to separate the activities of the Foreign Office from the activities of the Third Internationale. At times, as in the case of Litvinov, the same person has held important posts abroad under both organizations. Consequently it is impossible to keep the two apart in any study of this sort.

Naturally with the enormous task of the revolution in Russia on their shoulders, the active preaching by Communist leaders of its gospel outside of Russia was not at first effective. On December 23, 1917, two million gold rubles were voted for propaganda in western Europe; the *Fakel*, or *Torch*, was planned to start revolution in Germany. But the rigor with which the authorities of both Germany and Austria dealt with such attempts prevented any success. It was war time, and generally in those days people in belligerent countries had no time for such matters. They

were fighting, working, or struggling to get sufficient food. They could not stop to talk as the Russians had done.

Nevertheless, in spite of the tremendous burden of reorganizing Russia, of combating anti-Bolshevik plots and foreign foes, a start was made in the preaching of doctrines of Communist World Revolution. For this purpose the writings and speeches of Lenin and of Trotzky were a source of undiluted strength. Later regular propaganda schools were set up to train students for propaganda both at home and abroad. At Moscow was a propaganda college where foreign agitators were trained. Here some seventy students who could use foreign languages were trained in successive courses, each lasting about three months. In the case of the Orient there was later a sort of University to train propagandists in the languages and customs of Asia.

For immediate needs, however, attempts were made to make use of the large prison camps where were gathered troops who soon would be returning to Central Europe. Before these prisoners the gospel of the Russian Bolshevik revolution was preached with vigour by men who could speak the language of their audiences. Add to this the persistent individual work of soldiers and sailors who had suddenly become revolutionary agitators. Thus Bela Kun, formerly the editor of the Magyar newspaper *Social Revolution*, and later to be the head of the Hungarian Bolshevik uprising, addressed, on April 14, 1918, a monster meeting of war prisoners in Moscow:

> You, who have suffered and struggled, who have borne on your shoulders the heavy cross of this war, go back and set the whole country ablaze from one end to the other! Sweep all obstacles from the path for the liberation of the enslaved, turn into ashes all castles, all palaces, to which your wealth flows and from which poverty and hunger are spread broadcast over the country. . . . Give full sway to all your hatred and respond by revolt, for nothing can be done without armed revolt. I do not say that it is bad to kill but you must know *whom* to kill. . . . Turn your weapons against your officers and generals and against the palaces. Let every one of you be a teacher of revolution in his regiment!

It was in repeated meetings of this sort that prisoners were prepared for repatriation. Indeed there were protests from the Central Powers regarding the calling of prison congresses and the

preaching of radical doctrines. The practice of enlisting "International war prisoners" continued, however. At some of the concentration camps organized "Red Guard" detachments were set up, prepared to become pioneers of the revolution in their own countries. Others, only a few in number, were freed and sent back at once to preach the new gospel.

Lenin portrayed "the triumphal march of Bolshevism", the establishment of a "new type of statehood, incomparably higher and more democratic than the best of the bourgeois parliamentary republics" in that it provided for the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and appealed to the workers of the world to start revolutions everywhere. So with stark simplicity and force Bukharin in his little book—*Programme of the Communists*—stated the principles of the cause. "The programme of the 'Communist' party is not only the programme of liberating the proletariat of one country; it is the programme of liberating the proletariat of the world." There must develop a feeling of solidarity on the part of the proletariat against the bourgeois world of predatory powers. "We do not speak of the right of self-determination of nations; we have only the working classes in view. The situation of the Soviet Republic is quite an exclusive one. It is the only state organization of the proletariat in the whole world amongst the robber organizations of bourgeoisie." It must fight for its existence, leading the army of the universal proletariat against the universal bourgeoisie:

> The leading fighting slogan of this struggle is now quite clear. It is the International Soviet Republic. The overthrowing of imperialistic Governments by armed uprisings and the organization of Soviet Republics is the way of international dictatorship of the working class. . . . This international Soviet Republic will free from oppression hundreds of millions of inhabitants of colonies. . . . European civilization has been maintained by exploitation and by robbery of these small peoples in distant lands. . . . Therefore, the programme of our party, which is the programme of international revolution, is at the same time the programme of complete liberation of the weak and the oppressed.

Such a statement from an educated and able Russian became the definite *credo* of the Communist Party. Others like Radek followed it up with a wealth of illustration and economic obser-

vation. Zinoviev (Apfelbaum), who was to become the president of the Third Internationale, made an appeal to the workmen of belligerent countries to strike for the World Revolution. Podvoisky pointed out that force was the only method; and in November, 1918, the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, confident that with the end of the war the time for revolt was coming, spoke of "the victory of the world proletariat over the exploiters, and imperialists of all countries". Lenin, at the close of a powerful speech, declared: "No matter what happens, no matter what misery imperialism may cause, it shall not save itself; imperialism is lost and the International Socialist Revolution will conquer!"

The propaganda of the day ran the gamut of the passions and ransacked history for its illustrations. The Communist party blared out its proclamations; and Joffe, Soviet envoy at Berlin, who had been expelled from Germany for his propaganda, made no bones about it all. He said:

> Having accepted this forcibly imposed treaty [Brest-Litovsk], revolutionary Russia of course had to accept its second article which forbade "any agitation against the state and military institutions of Germany". But both the Russian government as a whole and its accredited representative in Berlin never concealed the fact that they were not observing this article and did not intend to do so.

To make this the more evident, a letter from Lenin to the "workers of Europe and America" and the call, signed by Lenin and Trotzky, for the first Congress of the Communist (Third) Internationale, to meet in Moscow, were issued on January 24, 1919.

The Congress met in March; it was not largely attended by any save Russians; and its chief work was the election of officers, most of whom were also Russians in Moscow, and the issuing of a long manifesto or platform. This manifesto urged the "working people" to understand the "actual anarchical character of capital", resulting in the "monstrous Imperialistic world war" between "predatory states". So comes the "epoch of the dissolution of capitalism". The proletariat must save the world from chaos, for "the final victory of the world proletariat will mean the beginning of the real history of liberated mankind". Thus the "conquest of political power by the proletariat means

the destruction of the political power of the bourgeoisie". All must be swept from office and power in order that they may be compelled to serve the Communistic state. "The famous general 'will of the people' is a fiction." "The Soviet system guarantees the possibility of an actual proletarian democracy, a democracy for the proletariat and a democracy directed against the bourgeoisie." The triumph of Communism in the Soviet state is the triumph of the working class. It leads eventually to the establishment of a genuinely "proletarian Communist Internationale" which "will support the exploited peoples of colonies in their struggle against imperialism. The Communist Internationale calls on the entire proletariat of the world to take part in this last struggle. Arms against arms! Force against force! Down with the imperialistic conspiracy of capital! Long live the international republic of proletarian Soviets!"

Could anything be plainer? Such was the conviction, the religion, of Lenin, Zinoviev, Trotzky, Chicherin, Rakovsky, Litvinov, Joffe, Bukharin, and the entire group. Some of these were Jews, but the majority of the Communist leaders were Russians, many of them people of education and intelligence. The character of the revolution they led was essentially Russian. They planned the leadership of Russia in the crusade for World Revolution, and it is as a Russian movement that we must judge it. Indeed, many of the characteristics of the Bolsheviki which seem most incomprehensible and offensive to western nations are in the last analysis Russian characteristics. We must now pass by the Hungarian revolt and disturbances in practically every country in the world to note the course of events in Germany.

In October, 1918, the sense of impending disaster and the restlessness of German society had prompted Joffe to engage in vigorous propaganda from the Russian Embassy in Berlin. On November 5, he gave to Cohn, of the German Department of Justice, a large sum of money to be used as might seem best. His own activities were soon stopped and he was sent out of Germany by the new German Government which had seized power early in November, 1918. The "bloodless revolt" of the German people, and the abdication of the Kaiser, which was

announced even before it took place, came just in time to check the minor local revolts which broke out all over Germany at the end of October and in the first part of November. In some cases, as in Bavaria, elements of separation were at work alongside of the Liberal revolt led by Kurt Eisner. His power fell with his assassination in the end of December. A few days later the murder of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg deprived the German Sparticists, or Communists, of leaders.

This was at a time when foreign aid was particularly needed by the German Bolsheviki. Miliukov asserts that a secret agreement providing for an alliance between Soviet Russia and a Bolshevik Germany had been signed by Radek and Liebknecht. Whether this is true or not, the fact was that Liebknecht was rampant for revolution during November and December, 1918. "A dictatorship of the proletariat, the definite initiation of Socialism, an alliance with proletarian Soviet Russia, revolutionary war if necessary, and the struggle for international revolution—these are aspects of the second revolution indicated by Liebknecht. . . ." Joffe declared on January 1, 1919:

> Truly revolutionary methods of the truly revolutionary struggle are to deceive one's class enemy, to violate and destroy a treaty [Brest-Litovsk] imposed by force, but never to sin against the revolutionary proletariat and never to violate the obligations assumed with respect to the revolution.

Under such circumstances the new German Government was alive to the danger of the union in arms of Russian Bolsheviki and German Spartacists. The new Government at Berlin consisted in the main of a group of Liberal intellectuals, among whom rested the strong conviction of the danger to Germany from Russia. They were of the same mind in this respect with the Germans of 1914 and 1915, whom many of us recall in Germany as preaching the danger to Germany of the untold millions of Slavs to the east, who by sheer numbers might overwhelm Teutonic culture. They were anti-Bolshevik and they were also anti-Slav. Thus they protested against Russian assistance to the Spartacist movement:

> There were discovered irrefutable proofs that this movement was supported by official Russian resources and Russian organs and that Russian citizens took part in it.

To this Chicherin entered a general denial, but acknowledged that Radek was in Berlin, and, as usual in such affairs, countered by charges that German officers were opposing Soviet rule in the border states. During March the wires were kept busy trying to free Radek, who had been appointed, while still in prison, Ukrainian envoy to Berlin. Finally, with strikes and demonstrations breaking out all over Germany, on April 7, 1919, a Bavarian Soviet Government was set up for a brief time. To this Chicherin promptly wired a congratulatory message:

> We may rest assured that the day is not far off when the revolutionary Socialistic allies will join forces with us and will similarly give support to the Bavarian Republic against every attack. Every blow aimed at you is aimed at us. In absolute unison do we carry on our revolutionary struggle for the weal of all workers and exploited peoples.

The Third Internationale sent a similar message. At the same time Chicherin complained that the German Government at Berlin was sending out "distortions of the truth" regarding the pacific intentions of Soviet Russia toward Germany. He appealed for the support of the workers of Germany to prevent the further attacks by the German Government on the truthfulness of the Russian Soviet Government. The Bavarian Soviet failed, and as the Spartacist movement in Germany quieted the news from Moscow sank back into the normal propaganda, aiming to persuade the German workmen that their interests were identical with those of Soviet Russia. Later in 1920, the lines were gradually drawn that led to the Rapallo treaty between Soviet Russia and Germany in April, 1922. *Realpolitik* was once more in the saddle.

Throughout these months the ideal of world revolution was dominant. Germany was the key to the situation, and only those who debated the question as to whether Germany would or would not turn Bolshevik, while the stories of Spartacist uprisings came in over the wires, can understand how serious was the situation.

Toward the close of 1919, as the victories over Yudenich, Denikin, and Kolchak came toward their culmination, the general tone of the Bolshevik press and of speeches and wireless messages was one of triumph. And small wonder! The Soviet authorities

had almost freed Russia of civil war. They were immeasurably stronger at home than they were two years before. To be sure, the failure of the Hungarian and Bavarian revolts had shown that they could not as yet take Europe by storm. But the Third Internationale now settled down to a period of vigorous propaganda carried on by agents in all parts of the world. For this funds were available in large sums; the methods of intrigue and espionage were freely used; and the variety of their lines of attack was evident. Unrest of any description was to be fomented; strikes and labour troubles were hailed with delight. Wherever there was trouble of any sort the Bolsheviki hoped to see an opportunity for their programme. Thus Zinoviev proclaimed:

> The Proletarian Revolution is moving forward with powerful steps. In the unprecedented wave of strikes, which has started in Europe and America, the old rotten trade organizations and their "leaders" struggle helplessly. . . . Our Third Internationale now already represents one of the greatest factors of European history. And in a year or two the Communist Internationale will rule the whole world.

There was a sarcastic and belligerent tone to the humblest papers. Thus—"It is time to bring this criminal diplomacy before the court of the people and pass a severe, pitiless sentence on it. Brothers! Take to your arms . . . and defend the rights of the people against violence and profanation." Or again—"But with you, Messrs. Imperialists, we shall carry on conversations just as you do with us. Behind every word—force; behind every condition—force; behind every demand—force. We are on guard."

Propaganda trains were sent east and south in the newly recovered parts of Russia to distribute literature and to organize the work of the revolution. Encouraging messages were claimed from Korean revolutionaries, from Buenos Aires, Mexico, and Spain. "Petrograd and Moscow are becoming the Mecca and Medina of Moslems;" "Soviet Russia has now become the lighthouse, the source of hope and call to move forward for the proletariat of the whole world." The wireless telegraphers and sailors were appealed to in order to forward messages of propaganda from Russia. Thus the year 1920 was hailed as the year in which "omnipotent Soviets of Workmen's and Red

Army Deputies" would bring the victory of Communism "in Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna and Rome"!

Such extravagant claims must not, however, obscure the fact that throughout Europe the misery and distress which the World War had brought in its train effectively prepared the ground for Bolshevik propaganda by making the people in almost every country dissatisfied with existing forms of government and conditions of life and ready to accept almost any scheme of social reform, no matter how wild and impracticable it might be, provided that it broke away from the political and diplomatic traditions of the past. Nor was such unrest confined to Europe. We can all of us recall temporarily unstable conditions, as shown by the Winnipeg strike in 1919 and the I. W. W. strike in Oregon. The whole world had been at a terrific "party", on a debauch of war, which affected every aspect of life. Now came "the morning after".

The Bolsheviki hoped by propaganda and by "boring from within" to prepare for more sympathetic relations with the working class in Western Europe. At the same time, by championing the rights of subject peoples in Asia they fostered native sentiment and even religious bigotry. Thus they proposed to incite against the European races the antagonism of a continent. At the same time restoration of normal relations with the rest of the world was becoming increasingly important on economic grounds. For this reason the Soviet Foreign Office sought to dissociate itself from the propaganda of the Third Internationale. As we shall see, it became an extremely important matter in 1921–23.

Along these lines was the plain statement of Radek. He defended Joffe for his propaganda in Germany in defiance of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, on the ground that Russia "destroyed the treaty because it was based on robbery and violence" and because Joffe "was only doing his duty" since Imperial Germany was working for the suppression of Soviet Russia. He went on to say:

> If our capitalistic partners abstain from counter-revolutionary activities in Russia, the Soviet Government will abstain from carrying revolutionary activities in capitalist countries; but we shall determine if they are carrying on counter-revolutionary agitation. There was a time when a feudal state

existed alongside capitalist states. In those days liberal England did not fight continuously against serf-owning Russia. We think that now capitalist countries can exist alongside a proletarian state. We consider that the interests of both parties lie in concluding peace and the establishment of the exchange of goods, and we are therefore ready to conclude peace with every country which up to the present has fought against us, but in the future is prepared to give us in exchange for our raw materials and grain, locomotives and machinery. The guarantees which our enemies are demanding from us lie in the interest of both parties.

This was a bid for trade, and by inference showed that the Soviet Foreign Office was in command of the activities of the Third Internationale. On the other hand, at the same time Lenin declared by the victory of Soviet Russia in the recent civil war, that—

This proved the invincible and inexhaustible source of our strength, permitting us to say that as soon as we accomplish Communism in our own country by means of the dictatorship of the proletariat and by means of a concentration of strength in the leading party, then we can expect world revolution.

"The moral victory of the proletarian revolution over bourgeois society" was felt in the increasing curiosity of the world regarding what was going on in Russia. "It is one of our principles that Communism must come from within each different country. We should only retard the development of Communism if we tried to force its adoption from without." Thus Chicherin. But Bystriansky ten days later said: "The world is round, once wrote Karl Marx to Engels, and, therefore, the workmen's revolution for its victory must encircle the entire globe."

Certainly at the time of the Polish war Russian leaders had no hesitation in appealing to the nationalist patriotic spirit and at the same time declaring: "The Red Army took up arms not for seizures and annexations; as it is the army of the triumphant social revolution, which triumphed in Russia and which must win out also in Poland." So also the reverse was true in Persia where it was charged that the British failed because they were unable to command their own labouring class to unite for the extension of British power. All of these cross currents of opinion and expression were drawn into one stream as the Second Congress of the Third Internationale met at Moscow in July, 1920.

Here was reaffirmed the essentially belligerent character of the Third Internationale. Its autocratic control became apparent in its twenty-one Theses and Statutes. The tone of the speeches and the range of topics all showed clearly that the World Revolution was still at the forefront. Soviet Russia's endeavor to remodel society on lines that had already been laid down by Lenin and Trotzky and the rest of the small group, who were responsible for the direction of policy, still stood out as the dominant motive. "The Soviet Republic of Russia is proud of the fact that it is guarding the world revolution and that the Red Army is defeating all enemies, and thereby clearing the way for the victory of the world proletariat." That was the key note, and the fact that Russian armies in July, 1920, were rapidly advancing on Warsaw did not diminish the tone of triumph.

In the long run the authority of the Central Executive Committee of the Third Internationale was increased, though at the expense of a decrease in the membership of Communist parties throughout Europe. There was a profound disappointment in Bolshevik circles regarding the failure of the idea of world revolution to materialize. Consequently those who favoured more radical action were much stirred. On the whole, however, the drift toward the Right in 1920–21 was apparent. More conservative councils prevailed even in the Third Internationale. Certainly the need of economic reconstruction in Russia became apparent. Later, this was to result in the compromise of the New Economic Policy which was launched in Russia in the spring of 1921. The need of commercial organization, the development of trade agreements, and the struggle for recognition abroad were to modify in practice the radical attitude of the Third Internationale. Thus the prophecies of a coördinated world-wide revolt of radical forces which had been so frequently made came to nothing. Soviet Russia was thinking more and more of bread and butter and less of revolution. The Red Army was increased in efficiency and decreased in size. It became a threat, an instrument of policy, and less and less an active army in the field.

There followed during the early months of 1921 a lively contest at Moscow as to control over the entire foreign system and

policy of Soviet Russia. Chicherin demanded that Soviet representation and policies abroad should be entirely in the hands of the official diplomatic agents of the Foreign Office. A conference at Bremen had asked that the work of the Third Internationale should be left free from the restrictions and more cautious bureaucracy of the official representatives of Soviet Russia. In particular the dispute traveled beyond to fundamental issues of the greatest importance as to whether a general vigorous assault on Western Europe should be undertaken in 1921. The victory of Lenin and Chicherin in favor of the authority of the Foreign Office was fairly complete; and care was taken to free the Foreign Office from technical and official responsibility for the activities of the Third Internationale.

That this is possible in point of practice is extremely doubtful. The net result of this dispute which involved nearly every one of importance in Soviet circles was a demonstration of the power of Lenin. Even Zinoviev, who was much alarmed by serious disturbances at Kronstadt, came over to the side of moderation. These disturbances further handicapped Trotzky, for the Red Army was forced to take an active part in their suppression. The decision, therefore, to subordinate the work of the Third Internationale was of far-reaching consequence. It is probably responsible for the amicable settlement of disputes which broke out in May, 1923, between Soviet Russia and Great Britain. This, however, does not mean that the ideal of world revolution was given up or that the Third Internationale was deprived of vitality. On the contrary, throughout 1921–23 its propaganda kept up and its organization attempted to move steadily toward its own goal. But the actuality of world revolution is delayed.

It was clear, however, that the New Economic Policy, as advocated by Lenin, was carrying the day. A resolution was passed favouring concessions to foreign capital in return for facilities for foreign trade and investment of capital in Soviet Russia. Such a victory for Lenin and Chicherin was accompanied by the decision, already suggested, that the Third Internationale must take into consideration the special circumstances of the time, must not oppose the foreign policies of the Soviet Government abroad, and must further the alleged impression

in foreign countries of the independence of the Soviet Foreign Office from the Propaganda Section of the Third Internationale. At home in Russia the mention of world revolution became almost parenthetical as the task of reorganizing the economic life of Russia absorbed the attention of the Government. Thus Lenin in December, 1921, said:

> Our great asset, our enthusiasm with which we broke our enemies and which we will be remembered by in history, is now useless to us. It is in fact a drawback and the new economic policy cannot work with these old methods. Now we need patience and perseverance.

We notice, however, that neither in this extract nor in hundreds of others is there the same *élan*, the same faith in the prompt coming of the world revolution. Not even in the violent proclamation of May 1, 1922, which placarded the walls of Moscow, were the words "world revolution" used. Such a thing would have been impossible a year or two earlier. It demonstrates again the authority of the Soviet Government over the Third Internationale and indeed in every branch of Communist endeavour. The idea and the ideal are there; but it is no longer proclaimed from the housetops. Thus Trotzky:

> Rally closer to the mass reserves! Whatever storms, harbingers of proletarian victory, there may come, the Soviet frontier is the trench line beyond which the counter-revolution shall not pass and on which we shall remain at our posts until the reserves will arrive and the Red Flag of the European Socialist Union of Soviet Republics shall be hoisted to the mast!

It is the expression of hope, not of determined, aggressive intent. Trotzky is more recently quoted as abandoning the United States as a field for world revolution propaganda. However, a proclamation also recently asks the question:

> The Communist Internationale is unswervingly fighting against capitalist robbers in all countries of the world. Could it then sanctimoniously turn away from national liberators in the struggle of colonial and semi-colonial countries?

The Third Internationale is always ready for trouble; its propaganda is always available; the world revolution is only in abeyance. Meanwhile the Soviet Foreign Office is in control with its policy of commercial negotiation and political recogni-

tion. Thus in the Ruhr disputes, and in the present chaotic conditions in Germany, there has been vigorous difference in Russia as to the policy to be pursued. The Foreign Office has opposed action which might check the restoration of more normal economic conditions. The Third Internationale, on the other hand, has advocated violent measures. In a proclamation of January, 1923, the Third Internationale addressed German workmen as follows:

> All of you are now being threatened by the danger of being dragged into a new butchery for the interests of capitalism. Therefore, oppose your Government with your will to fight against capital; to fight for the power of labour and for the European league of Socialist republics. The bourgeoisie is ready to murder millions of working people, to tear them to pieces, to make them cripples in a fresh struggle over the division of millions in profits. So unfold the mighty banner of universal war by all the exploited ones upon the exploiters, the kings of finance, and the diplomats. . . . Down with the new imperialist war! Long live the government of the workers and peasants! Long live the revolutionary league of Socialist Governments! Long live the proletarian revolution!

The situation, therefore, resembles that of 1919 with this difference, that in 1919 the solid middle class in Germany was opposed to "Red Revolution"; in 1923 it is a question whether that middle class any longer exists. It remains to be seen whether those German Socialists who are opposed to the Third Internationale can control the situation to extend their own political and social power. It is doubtful if the German Communists are numerically strong enough to gain power; and without their assistance the Third Internationale will be unable to exert more than a benevolent attitude toward disorder and bloodshed.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

ANOTHER ISTHMIAN CANAL?

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

Marine Superintendent, The Panama Canal

BALBOA was amazed when he first stood on the western hill of the Isthmus and looked out over the beautiful island-studded Bay of Panama. If this illustrious Spaniard had been able to set the clock ahead four hundred and ten years and look today from the same spot, he would be still more astounded to see the great ships steam through Gaillard Cut, down through the Pacific locks and out on the waters he claimed for his royal master, the King of Spain.

Although Balboa and practically all the explorers who preceded and followed him were searching for a sea route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it remained for a nation yet unborn to defy Nature and cut the great ditch through the backbone of the two Americas. At the expense of remarkably few lives but much treasure, this youthful nation succeeded in the stupendous enterprise of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific after a nation a thousand years older had failed. And even now, when the Canal has been in operation less than a generation, this ambitious people is beginning to talk of yet another connecting link between the two oceans. How pretentious even to speak of a second Canal, when it took the world nearly four hundred years to make up its mind to dig the first one!

Taken full and by, America is not a far-sighted nation; yet, if articles in the public press mean anything or if the subjects discussed at Cabinet meetings show any signs, she is beginning to look well ahead, in this instance, to the time when the Canal at Panama can not take care of the ever-increasing traffic. This budding tendency to look well into the future is warmly welcomed by those charged with the operation of the Canal, for their lives revolve around the passage of ships, and they realize what great pressure it will take to convince Congress that the capacity of

the present Canal must be increased from time to time, not to speak of the greater difficulty of persuading it that, eventually, a new Canal will be necessary. Both political and strategic arguments were at hand to force the decision for the first great ditch, but even then it took a bold spirit like Roosevelt, with his masterful management of men, to convince his countrymen that the work had to be undertaken when it was.

Not even the wildest flight of imagination can visualize anyone wishing to indulge in the expensive pastime of cutting the second big ditch before it is needed; yet, as it will take ten years to do the task, the new Canal must be started a decade or more before the present Canal reaches its capacity. The time when the Panama Canal will reach its limit of passing ships from ocean to ocean depends on two things—first, the growth of shipping, and, second, the trade routes the growing shipping will take. As to these, it is a dangerous thing to prophesy concerning future growth of shipping, and a far more ticklish proposition to predict the trade routes increased shipping will take.

About one-third of the Panama Canal tolls are levied at present on the oil traffic from the California fields to the east coast of the United States and Europe. No one can tell when the source of supply of oil in California will be exhausted or when some new field will be found on the shores of the Atlantic. When either of these two things happens, there will be a sudden drop in the passage of tankers *via* Panama; though, of course, this drop will be partially offset both by the natural increase of water-borne trade between our east and west coasts and by the flow of oil to supply the west coast from Atlantic sources when the supply in the West gives out. In addition, an oil supply is being developed along the west coast of South America, principally in Peru, which must always pay tolls to the Panama Canal in reaching the markets of Europe and the east coast of the United States.

In predicting future traffic by way of Panama, there are really no data on the Isthmus from which a conservative estimate can be made. Soon after the Canal was completed, there was a series of slides in the Cut which held up traffic and prevented shipping from taking normal routes. Then the War came on, and every ship that could be so used was diverted to the trans-

port of food, war supplies, or troops to the great battlefields of Europe. Only recently has commerce begun to flow in its natural channels, but there has not been so far a sufficient length of time to be of practical use in making prophecy as to the future flow through the Canal at Panama.

I have, therefore, taken the increase of traffic through the Suez Canal from 1880 to 1910, and assumed that the increase at Panama will be at least as rapid. As a matter of fact, the west coast of the United States is developing so fast that the use of the Suez rate of increase will probably be too low, so that the Panama Canal will certainly reach the limit of its capacity to handle ships requiring transit at least by the years predicted if not at a much earlier date.

Using the same increase of shipping that Suez had from 1880 to 1910, the future traffic through Panama should be as follows:

Year	*Average ships per month*
1925	430
1930	540
1935	650
1940	760
1945	880
1950	990
1955	1100
1960	1210
1965	1320
1970	1430

There are two seasons on the Isthmus, the rainy season, from about the first of May to the middle of December, and the dry season, from the fifteenth of December to the first of May. Soon after the wet season begins, the artificial lake at Gatun, at the upper level of the Canal, starts to rise and continues rising until its surface is 87 feet above the sea. At that height, excess water must be spilled out through the gates of the dam at Gatun or it would overflow the locks and interfere with the operation of the Canal. When the dry season comes in, the water is wasted by evaporation under the hot tropical sun, and used to make electric power to supply the Canal Zone and in filling the locks when ships pass through. As there is a relatively small inflow

of water into Gatun Lake during the dry season, the lake level begins to fall and continues to do so for about four and a half months, until the wet season again comes in.

When the Canal was completed it was dug to such depth that there was a channel 47 feet deep in Gaillard Cut when Gatun Lake was at its high level. This seemed ample depth for ships around 1910, but in the pressure to make both financial ends meet, shipowners have loaded their vessels deeper and deeper until they now pass from one ocean to the other drawing as much as 34 feet. This means that when the lake is at its maximum height such ships have thirteen feet of water under their keels, but when the lake falls to eighty feet above sea level these deep draft vessels have only six feet of water under them. Six feet of water under the keel is near the limit of safety, for, as the depth of water under a ship's keel decreases, she becomes more difficult to handle. As the narrowest Canal channel is in the Cut, the navigation of which is ticklish at best, a reduction of depth here brings with it danger that some poor-handling ship may run into the rocky banks, sink, and block the channel.

It is certain that shipowners are not going to reduce the draft of their vessels; so, in trying to predict the time when a new Canal will be necessary, we shall assume that, in order to have sufficient water under ships' keels for good handling, the lake should be allowed to fall only seven feet during the dry season, maintaining a depth of 40 feet in the channel through Gaillard Cut. It is also reasonably certain that when one particularly long dry season comes, such as will prevent deep draft ships from using the Canal, it will cause enough criticism of the lack of capacity of the link between the two oceans to compel drastic action to relieve the situation.

There is a fuel oil power plant in the Canal Zone which could be enlarged and operated during the dry season to save all the water now lost in the generation of hydro-electric power. Assuming that this will be done and that we shall again be faced with a dry season as in 1920, the longest and driest on record, there will be enough water in Gatun Lake to lock through 975 ships a month.

From the table it can be seen that we shall reach 975 ships a

month in 1949. In other words, only twenty-six years from now something must have been done toward increasing the present capacity of the great ditch at Panama. As the present limit to the number of ships that can pass through the Canal hinges on the amount of water that can be stored in Gatun Lake, it will plainly be seen that by 1949 we must provide more water storage for locking through the natural increase of shipping, or we must dig a new Canal.

The dry season capacity of the link between the Atlantic and Pacific can be increased by building a storage dam at Alhajuela, thirteen miles up the Chagres River from the Canal prism, at a cost of something like six million dollars, and further increased by providing a small storage reservoir near the Pacific locks to prevent sudden temporary reduction of depth in Gaillard Cut when drawing off the great amount of water to fill the Pacific locks. The cost of the second and smaller project would be about a million dollars.

With these improvements, the ultimate capacity of the Panama Canal will be reached in 1979. By that time the Canal will be using all the water that can be obtained by additional storage, so that prior to 1979 America must have completed, ready for use, a second Isthmian Canal. It must be cut in some other locality than the Isthmus of Panama, as the present Canal will be using all the water obtainable there. Sometime between 1949, when the capacity of the present water supply will be reached, and 1979, when the Canal will be accommodating all the shipping it can ever handle, an increase in lock capacity will be forced upon us.

Operating full tilt, day and night, the two sets of parallel locks can accommodate all the shipping that can be cared for by the ultimate supply of water in this locality. Occasionally, however, a set of locks must be placed out of commission for renewal of valves, painting the metal parts, etc. During these repair periods, which sometimes last as much as three months at a time, the capacity of the Canal for the passage of ships is reduced to about 1260 ships a month. According to the predicted increase of shipping, in 1962 this number of ships a month will be anchoring at the terminal ports awaiting passage, so that by 1962 we must have completed a third system of locks parallel to the two now in use.

During the first five months of 1923 the average tolls collected from each ship was $4,506.87. Now, according to the predicted rate of increase in passage through the Canal, we shall average, between 1930 and 1950, at least 9,120 ships a year. Taking tolls from these ships at $4,506.87 each would yield a gross annual income of $41,102,654.40. Under the administration of Governor Morrow, economy of operation is steadily increasing, and it is believed that, eventually, the cost of Canal activities will be reduced to about six million dollars a year.

If we charge the cost of the present Canal to naval strategy, and write the debt of construction off the books, as is proper, the net annual revenue from Panama tolls during the period 1930 to 1950 ought to average about thirty-five million dollars. In one generation, then, the tolls turned into the United States Treasury from the Isthmus should amount to about $700,000,000—nearly twice enough to build the new Canal when it is needed.

Summing up, we see that if Panama traffic increases as fast as that of Suez increased between 1880 and 1910, a big addition to the present water storage will be required by 1949, that additional locks will be needed by 1962, and last, but not least, that America must build a second Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans before 1979.

It required fifty years of advertising to give the American people even a lukewarm feeling toward the necessity for the first Canal. The long trip of the old battleship Oregon, when she was so sorely needed in the Caribbean Sea, brought home to the people the strategic value of the Canal; but, even then, it needed the sheer strength and magnetic personality of a President like Theodore Roosevelt to convince America that the great work had to be done "Now!"

Without Roosevelt there would be no great ditch across the Isthmus. It will be only a short while until more water storage and more locks will be imperative necessities, and within the span of a reasonably short life we must pour vast millions into the construction of another waterway between the two oceans. Will there be a second Roosevelt ready to make America do it?

A. W. Hinds.

GOVERNMENT BY GROUP PRESSURE

BY ERNEST R. GROVES

THAT politically we are going somewhere everyone knows. But who knows where? At this time of government drift two facts stand out clearly from the fog of uncertainty. As a people we are increasing the powers, the activities and the cost of government. It is to most observers equally evident that we are doing nothing to improve the personnel of the governing officials. Indeed many who are loudly asking for more of government activities, at this point or that, are clearly not at all concerned with the outstanding necessity of having the quality of government keep pace with its quantity.

The tendency toward increase of governmental enterprises and authority is so pronounced that even the dullest citizen has been made conscious of it. The Government in one form or another seems omnipresent. The increase in government activities has had momentum sufficient to push aside political habits and theories that for more than a century have been characteristic of the American. Of course the war added force to the drift toward more government, but the movement was under way before April, 1917. The war gave an unexpected opportunity to the advocates of more government to advance their lines and dig in. With the coming of peace they were found far ahead of their former position, and so thoroughly established that even the returned soldier who was expected to lead the attack upon bureaucratic power, once safely out of France, has made merely a feeble protest followed by demands that the Government use its authority for his advantage. Surely the returned soldier has had no change of heart. Temperamentally he is as hostile to federal coercion as when he swore vengeance in France. He has discovered his helplessness. Government control and government regulation seem to have come to stay. Why not, he says, make the best of what appears inevitable, and at least get a share of the possible benefits?

It is strange indeed that so little effort is being made to increase the efficiency of the governing group. The powerful machinery which the Government represents remains in the hands of professional politicians who control the admission to this governing class by an apprenticeship which is so uninviting to the average man of ability that he can hardly be forced into office. It is certainly true that few college students and fewer able college students look forward to entering political life. The price one pays for political preferment has become common knowledge and the ambitious, confident student hesitates to set out upon a long journey of subserviency and partisanship. He feels as a rule that business offers a squarer and more favorable opportunity. If business does not attract him he goes into a profession. Rarely does he plan a government career. And yet it is obvious that when government is extending its powers in every direction there is the greatest need of drawing into the Government the most promising of its young citizenship.

It is even more startling to discover that at the very time when governmental function is extending itself in so many directions and when there is so great a clamour for more and more Federal control, there is also rapidly developing a new political condition in American experience, a decided, widespread skepticism regarding political parties. The newspapers reflect it daily. Candidates are voted for with a surprising lack of enthusiasm and assurance.

Even party discipline in Congress itself is difficult to maintain. Political issues and political leaders are relatively pushed into the background. Other interests have the right of way. No audience, however friendly, appears to take any political speeches seriously. Indifference seems best to sum up the general public attitude toward a class, now largely professional, who for the most part manage the great government machine which in size and power is being so greatly enlarged.

Some years ago, as many readers will remember, the railroads of the country had for several months a series of train wrecks. It was not difficult to locate the trouble. The locomotives recently added to the equipment were heavier and more powerful than they had been. The rails, however, over which they had to

travel, had not been strengthened in proportion to the new strain they had to meet. During the winter there was widespread trouble with the rails, some spreading and some crumbling because of the weight placed upon them. The officials were not slow to learn their lesson. They insisted upon rails being manufactured equal to the new operating conditions. Suppose the railroad management had adopted the policy of choosing men increasingly less skilful and intelligent as engineers of the new locomotives. They would have been in the predicament in which we find ourselves with an increase of government and a decrease in its personnel. Of course the railroads tried to select the most efficient operators they had for the new locomotives. It should be equally clear that government power cannot be extended safely unless in some manner the public discovers how to increase the social responsibility and efficiency of the governing officials.

Government bureaus, like most institutions, tend to grow by pressure from within. It would seem as if it were the proper task of the reformer and "uplifter" to protect the people from institutional ambition by creating more and more exacting standards for government operations.

An effort to conserve public welfare by attention to the quality of government service would completely change the viewpoint of many of our social workers. The logical force of evidence staring them in the face would hardly fail to convince them that our present need is not more government but better government. Even if one belongs to the school that wishes government to take over more and more social responsibility and social control, he ought to discern that in the light of present facts the immediate need is improvement of government personnel. To develop government beyond its power to function efficiently would seem to prophesy the disastrous experiences of the railroad officials. In such a case, however, the average citizen will merely grow more skeptical of the politician, and the uplifter will probably ask for more government officials to correct the failures of those already acting.

It certainly seems strange that those who agitate for some new government activity so often frankly confess their distrust of

government enterprises already under way. In such cases it would seem as if the mind of the advocate was too bent upon working out his pet scheme to face facts squarely.

The complexity and innovations of modern life have necessitated, as all will willingly grant, new forms of government responsibilities and undertakings. Along with these efforts to adjust government to present-day conditions so that it might continue to do what for long it has been doing, has come the demand for the extension of government into new fields with no emphasis upon the problem of preparing it for its new efforts and with little interest in the possible effects of the new policies on the behavior of individuals.

Doubtless this is in part explained by the inability of the average person to follow in detail the work of the Government so as to see the costs of its accomplishments. It has become an axiom in human experience that any government enterprise sooner or later costs more in the energy put forth to accomplish a result than if the matter were handled by private, competitive organizations.

However, as in many experiences during the late war, few are able to see the activity from beginning to end and especially to appreciate its cost, and so only the final result is impressive. The onlooker gets vividly the idea of the omnipotence of government but no understanding at all of its omnifarious waste, or its inherent tendency to degenerate into a static, red-tape institutionalism. The question, therefore, is not what the Government can do, but what it can do with social efficiency. Surely, the answer depends in part upon the attention given to government by the citizenship, upon the social esteem in which the governing officials are held, and upon the attractiveness that a government career has for those now attracted by business.

This is the crux of the entire situation. Those most anxious to extend government are seldom ready to admit that the success of government is related to the problem of discovering those richly endowed intellectually and bringing them into the various forms of government service. It seems rather that with the crusade for more government usually goes an attitude that frowns upon the suggestion that great individual differences in mental

capacity exist in any social group. The root of much of the craving for more government is the belief, widely prevalent as a result of much preachment, that individual differences are inequalities artificially fostered by political institutions. The conclusion follows that it is the business of government to legislate against inequalities, and when the issue is frankly stated advocates of more government are also largely advocates of more conformity.

To argue for artificial distinctions or inequalities would be an effort of folly. One can only say that to some extent they will exist in any social group, however undesirable and however great the effort to be rid of them. Natural inequalities are different indeed. They have an evolutionary value and no Government can socially prosper that wars upon them. It is easy to see, nevertheless, how it comes about that we have at present such pressure for government undertakings which attempt to equalize individuals.

Public well-being demands that governments exercise certain functions, not because of their special efficiency in doing the tasks, but because the necessity of equal treatment of all requires that the enterprise be a public one. The postoffice is a good illustration of the latter type. The step between giving all equal treatment in a matter of common utility and using government to iron out differences in native ability is not great for the dreamer or agitator, but it actually means the destruction of the basis of progress.

The influence of present governmental tendencies is already showing itself in practical policies. The interests affected by government policies are so many and the possibilities of special favors so great that it is of the utmost consequence to every industrial group, whether composed of labor or capital, to impress its will upon the officials in power. This struggle for control of the government machine as a means of advancing group interests is undermining party government. Already the historic parties have lost much of their political substance. Without regard to party affiliation each organized interest tries to control legislation and to replace officials not subject to its pressure. To attempt to dominate a party has become a political anachro-

nism. The individual legislator is sought after, and such pressure is put upon him that he is made in large measure a delegate who champions a series of efforts to make use of the immense government equipment for the advantage of some economic group. This is making Washington, and to a lesser degree State capitals, mere registration centers for group pressure. If this tendency continues, political life will become intolerable for those who attempt on the basis of personal conviction to legislate for public welfare.

Government by group pressure means government by minorities, for the group specially interested in some government measure which is expected to give it an artificial advantage is in a position to exercise more pressure than other citizens who are largely unorganized and individually less concerned about the proposed legislation. Thus it becomes possible for relatively small groups to impress Congress, and in the medley of the various measures passed the general public is helpless in any effort to show its attitude toward any particular bill. The Congressman is, as a rule, more anxious to discover the amount of pressure that can be exerted for or against a definite bill than to learn the general public attitude toward it. As a result each legislative session brings into being a mass of measures unrelated and often inconsistent, but each satisfying some organized group who expect to obtain an advantage from the system, and who forget the others actuated by the same motive. Since the different groups are working at cross purposes, the total effect is often not at all what the separate groups expected and so they appear next session with new proposals.

The basic difficulty in our present political tendency is the fact that it is a policy that assumes public separations and group compartments. Prosperity and social welfare are both fundamentally circulating conditions. No class stands alone. No interest lives by itself. No industry can win artificial government help and keep its advantage. It merely teaches other interests to seek the same means of prosperity and the final end is disregard of economic law, and loss for all.

The dishonest man expects gain because he assumes others will be honest. The special interest intends to get an advantage

by pressure on governing officials because it supposes it has an exclusive "pull". As a matter of fact both dishonesty and "pull" are contagious and the result for both the fraud and the lobbyist is largely self-deception.

When it comes to government, multitudes cease to think in terms of causes; they tolerate only their desires. As members of groups—labor organizations and capital alliances—we feed our class appetites upon programmes chosen with little serious effort to survey, with unbiased minds, the entire field. We adopt ideas made possible because of our detachment from the great social unity, and struggle for a supremacy which is really self-deceiving. More knowledge will reveal the true state of affairs. Until economic and social laws are popularized and the results of previous political experiments made known without bias, we shall continue to suffer from political programmes that are emotional wishes rather than calm judgments.

ERNEST R. GROVES.

FRANCIS PARKMAN: 1823–1893

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

On a fresh afternoon in May, in the year 1846, a tall, young man, mounted on a sorrel horse, rode through the checkered sun and shade of the thinning forest, a day's journey out from Westport—now Kansas City. At the border of the wood, he halted and looked out over "the green oceanlike prairie, stretching swell beyond swell to the horizon." He dismounted, as he tells us, tethered his horse and lay down on the grass to await his companions and to think about the scene before him and the purpose which had led him here.

This young man was Francis Parkman. He was in his twenty-third year. He had proposed to himself no less an undertaking than that of writing the vast history of the struggle between the English and French for the occupation of North America; and he had come to the western prairies to follow the Oregon Trail, with the intent of capturing from reality the color, gesture, and customs of the vanishing Indian, whose portrait was to form a leading feature of his great design.

Nothing in Parkman's remarkable career as an author is more striking than the fact that at this early point he saw clearly before him the colossal outline of the masterpiece on which he was to spend the entire seventy years of his life. Four years before, while still a student at Harvard, he had begun to dream of this undertaking:

> Before the end of the sophomore year, my various schemes had crystallized into a plan of writing a story of what was then known as "The Old French War"—for here, as it seemed to me, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged than in any other passage of our history. It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night.

From this time forward, two ideas possessed me. One was to paint the forest and its tenants in true and vivid colors; the other was to realize a certain ideal of manhood, a little mediæval, but nevertheless good. . . .

I remember to have had a special aversion for the Reverend Dr. Channing, not for his heresies, but for his meager proportions, sedentary habits, environment of close air and female parishioners, and his preachments of the superiority of mind over matter; for while I had no disposition to gainsay his proposition in the abstract, it was a cardinal point with me that while the mind remains a habitant of earth, it cannot dispense with a sound material basis, and that to neglect and decry the corporeal part in the imagined interest of the spiritual is proof of a nature either emasculate or fanatical. For my own part, instead of neglecting I fell to lashing and spurring it into vigor and prosperity.

As one reads Parkman's early diaries, a certain hardy perversity, a humourous but firm and rather grim detachment, manifests itself in the diarist's mental life. Born on Beacon Hill of a family of means and distinction, he had lived in the midst of a spacious and altruistic hospitality. As we learn from his biographers, he was tall, with flashing eyes, soldierly carriage and attractive manners. He told a good story. He could dismount and mount a horse at a gallop. He was greatly admired by his young contemporary kinsmen and friends of both sexes in Boston, admired at Harvard, a member of the Hasty Pudding, fiery in argument, an entertaining if somewhat haughty companion, a mettled youth, with a large share of the gaieties and agreeable nonsense of youth in his fortune.

In his course of opposition to the ideals of Dr. Channing he overstrained his heart in gymnastic feats in his junior year at Harvard. At the beginning of his senior year his physician found him still too ill from this disability to pursue his studies. "I was thereupon," Parkman says, "ordered to Europe, where I spent the greater part of a year, never losing sight of my plans, and learning much that helped to forward them." He returned from his European journey in improved health. He took his A. B. degree; and to please a parental wish completed the course of the Harvard Law School.

The necessary studies of these years, in themselves a sufficient occupation for most of the young men engaged in them, were for Parkman but a concession from the labors and researches entailed

by his more important plan. At about this period he determined to write the history of the conspiracy of Pontiac.

The reader will recall that chronologically this work forms the last volume of the great series beginning with the journeys of De Soto in the south and Champlain in the north. But curiously enough the Indian conspiracy, which was to be its final picture, was the first volume of the panorama which Parkman produced. Seeing the design of his consecutive histories as a unified whole from a very early point in his work of composition, he proceeded from the first by a rather singular method. The various books which formed the entire construction were not written and placed according to their natural sequence. It was as though he had been a scene-painter who kept several sections of his whole design blocked out and standing around his studio, and worked now on this portion of his composition and now on that.

The Pontiac history was a record involving peculiar difficulties. Under the strain of Parkman's work on it combined with his study of the law his health broke again:

> I now resolved to execute a scheme which I had long meditated. This was to visit the wild tribes of the West and live among them for a time, as a necessary part of training for my work. I hoped by exchanging books and documents for horse and rifle to gain three objects at once—health, use of sight, and personal knowledge of savage life.

Such had been the history of Francis Parkman and the progress of his dream up to the point of his entrance on the Oregon Trail in the Spring of 1846. He and his cousin, Quincy Adams Shaw, had found a guide, Henri Chatillon, and a muleteer, Deslauriers, at Independence in Missouri; and with three riding horses, three led horses, a wagon and two mules, they set out for Fort Laramie, and later Fort Bent, in Colorado, on their classic journey, not to return until the following October.

Among the many other values of *The Oregon Trail* for its interested reader its chief excellence of course is as the notebook of the future historian. Here, in his long days and nights in the Ogillallah lodge, in his rides with the Hail Storm and the Horse, his experience of the courage, the superstition, the treachery, the cruelty, the filth, the freedom, the stupidity, the triviality and dignity of the Red Indian, are the palette and dashes of

pigment from which Parkman was later to mix the immortal colors of his great realistic and unsentimentalized portrait of the American savage.

But the book has another, lesser value, which has dowered it for countless readers with a more seizing if lighter attraction. It is, as far as I am able to judge, the first authentic record of our undying, national passion for going camping. The reader of today will find in its fascinating pages all the familiar and recognizable sensations of camping—its joys, discomforts, triumphs and difficulties, set forth as if the story were narrated of an American camping expedition of last month. The hobbled horses jumping so far at night that the next morning's start is delayed—the inconveniences attendant on pitching camp after dark—the annoying proclivity of nature for sending down thunder showers at four or five in the afternoon—the wide freshness of the sky, the earth, the illimitable peace of returning to your ancient heritage—the prevalence of flies—even the familiar surprise attendant on the inevitable re-entrance to civilization and the odd sight of one's camping companions as they finally emerge in the changed and confining garb of townspeople on hotel piazzas—all these ageless phenomena of the days and ways of western camping survive in immortal tradition in *The Oregon Trail.*

For graphic and humourous description, precision in observation, good judgment in comprehending situations and character, *The Oregon Trail* is an astonishing feat for a youth of twenty-three. The distinct drop and inferiority of its latter chapters are due no doubt to Parkman's greatly weakened physical condition at the time of the experience these chapters recount. But they tell us certain things we should not otherwise have known concerning Parkman's mental limitations and mental growth as the author of American histories.

Parkman had gone west for the purpose of knowing the lives of the inhabitants of the West; and he observes them without shrinking from the imputation of intrusion, shares their hospitality for knowledge of their domestic customs, and is even asked to absent himself after he has pushed between the shoulders of the outer row of spectators at a sacred Indian rite. But the

tireless seeker of information from his fellow-travelers cannot tolerate the least request for information concerning himself and his young kinsman. The crime against delicacy which finally cuts off Doniphan's Missouri Volunteers from all consideration as they cross the Plains on their terrible march, and causes Parkman to cease speaking to them at all, is that they dare to inquire from him the name of Quincy Adams Shaw, a thing, it seems, too sacred for him to disclose:

> We soon had abundant evidence of their rustic breeding. . . . "Are you captain?" asked one fellow. "Whar do you live when you're to home?" and to crown the whole, one of them came confidentially to my side and inquired in a low voice, "What's your partner's name?"

One is glad to hear that the names of Mr. Parkman and Mr. Shaw were not so unduly impressive to Doniphan's Volunteers but that "we could overhear them muttering curses." In short, Parkman sees these men on their lonely and perilous march in a manner hopelessly trivial and snobbish.

All along the trail Parkman and his companions had met the representatives of those who were in time to possess the prairie, the emigrants of the covered wagon, the backwoodsmen of the Kentucky and Missouri mountains, who were to become the plainsmen of a later period and who embodied then the spirit of the plainsmen, the spirit of the patient, the plodding, the thing which could march on day after day in neighbourly persistence through flood, fire, hardship, Indian outrage, through birth and death. Although Parkman had himself but recently learned the ways of western camping and was not so expert but that he had lost himself on three occasions, yet his despite of the ignorance of these more newly-arrived travelers is extreme. He condemns not only their ignorance but their poverty, their shabby clothes and "domestic tailoring." To the future historian these backwoods settlers and incipient plainsmen, of the stuff which produced Lincoln and Grant, are but ill-conditioned and uncouth creatures of a lower class with whom the scion of an excellent Boston family prefers not to come into contact. Their griefs, their sufferings, their struggles, their epic—which was to be for posterity the most significant story of *The Oregon Trail*—remain totally unappreciated by Parkman.

"This was youth," some one will say. "Besides it doubtless is easier to understand the power of the first plainsmen now in vista, than when one saw them in their hour of trial." There is a little in these considerations, but not much. Parkman did not need our own contemporary knowledge nor more years to save him from some of the stupidities and shallowness his work records on the subject of some of his acquaintances of the western trail. We have in this book, before the appearance of his invaluable histories, not only the artist's palette but a considerable account of the faculties of the artist himself at the outset of his career—a portrait which one does not prize the less for its striking tale of youthful prejudices and impenetrations.

Parkman returned from his five months' journey and his long encampment in the lodges of the Ogillallah with his eyesight permanently enfeebled by the desert glare, his health irreparably broken by the dysentery and fever which had scourged him throughout his indomitable efforts, and with his mind filled with impressions of truth which were to make him, in some respects, peerless among historians.

He went back to invalidism and the care and foreboding of the oculists. In the next months he dictated the entire text of *The Oregon Trail*, which was published serially in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1848. The shades of the plainsmen as well as of Dr. Channing were to have their revenge upon Parkman's philosophy of life; and he was now to learn something more both of the ways of inevitable ill-health and of plodding patience. Before completing *The Oregon Trail* he had returned to the section of his series of history afterwards entitled *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*—a section which as we have seen he had begun two years before his western journey. The documents collected for *Pontiac*—

> were read to me by friends and relatives at times when the brain was least rebellious, and I wrote without use of sight, by means of a sort of literary gridiron, laid on the page to guide the hand. For some months the average rate of progress did not exceed three or four lines a day, and the chapters thus composed were afterwards re-written. If, as I was told, brain work was poison, the dose was homœopathic and the effect was good, for within a year I could generally work with the eyes of others, two hours or more a day, and in about three years the book was finished.

Before this time, in 1850, when he was twenty-seven years old, Parkman had married the daughter of his physician, the distinguished Dr. Jacob Bigelow. A short space of happier fortune and better health followed for him. He immediately began collecting the materials for *Pioneers of France and England in North America;* but by 1853 his old enemy again attacked him. Pain and agonizing torment in the head and brain, a condition of sight approaching blindness, the necessity of protection from the sun and of living in darkened rooms—these were the miseries which were to pursue Parkman through the remainder of his life. The entire substance of his superb work was built up in the brief intermission from these cruel inflictions of fortune.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac was published in 1851. For a long period afterwards no literary work was possible to him, not even, as he says, "with the eyes of others," nor with the use of his gridiron. Shadowed as it was by illness, yet Parkman's married life was exceedingly happy. His wife, we learn, had a temper as courageous as his own. He had inherited a competence sufficient for comfort if not ample. They had three children. But before he was thirty-five, new misfortunes thickened about him. His son died in 1857. His wife died in 1858.

From this time forth his biography is a record of invalidism with brief intervals of Spartan effort on his lifelong task. The Civil War came and went. His daughters grew up and married. He extended the wonders of his flower-garden at his summer place; produced the *Lilium Parkmanni*, which measured twelve inches from petal-tip to petal-tip: assumed a partnership and entered into commercial floriculture for a brief experiment soon ended. Sometimes the great design had to be abandoned for months at a time. Sometimes he was so far recovered as to be able to make journeys to Europe in quest of documents.

Concerning Parkman's "case" there was much disagreement among doctors. A great deal has been written on the subject of which the lay reader has not skill to judge; and must leave to contemporary psychopathy. Parkman's regard for physical prowess has in it a strain of morbidity and irrationality. His career was founded on an anomaly, an inconsistency serious enough perhaps to cause a neurosis. He had throughout his life

a general disapproval of human helpfulness, an objection against all civilized effort for the aid of the weak or the suffering or poor, or for the relief of prisoners. It was a terror of the same kind as that permeating Henry James's presentation of the Woman Suffrage movement of the nineteenth century in *The Bostonians*. But while condemning kindness and disparaging the powers of women, Parkman was for fifty years virtually dependent on the strength of these elements of existence for the practice of his art.

The reader between the lines who knows the limitations of sight and health which fate had placed upon the historian will remain astounded at the labours of research performed for him by others. While part of this was done by paid amanuenses, readers and copyists, the lion's share of this effort was accomplished by members of his family, his chief assistant being his youngest sister, Miss Eliza Parkman.

The amount of documentation, the mass of verification, behind the least of Parkman's histories, is almost inconceivable to the reader carried along smoothly in the flow of their brilliant narrative. Henry Dwight Sedgwick says in his sympathetic biography:

> For *Montcalm and Wolfe*, besides books, pamphlets, *brochures*, memoirs, reports, documents, and all the multitudinous forms of print,—brevier, long primer, small pica, not to forget bourgeois, nonpareil, Garmond, and Cicero, and all the other outlandish types of foreign lands,—six thousand folio pages of manuscript had been copied from the *Archives de la Marine et des Colonies*, the *Archives de la Guerre*, and the *Archives Nationales*, at Paris; ten volumes of copies had been made from the Public Record Office and the British Museum in London; and on the heels of these he had to listen to the slow deciphering of cramped writing, crabbed writing, hasty, blotted, blurred writing, faded writing,—all sorts of writing, abbreviated by caprice and the waywardest fancy, naturally bad, worsened by time, by the corruptions of moth and dust and all the foes of history.

Parkman struggled with the creation of the history of the American forest as Gilliatt struggled to save the machinery of the wreck between the Douvres in the sea-cave in *The Toilers of the Sea*. He says in 1865 in the preface of the first edition of *Pioneers of England and France in the New World:*

> To those who have aided him with information and documents, the extreme slowness in the progress of the work will naturally have caused surprise. This

slowness was unavoidable. During the past eighteen years the state of his (the author's) health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has also retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all.

The publication of *Pioneers of France and England in the New World* was followed two years later (in 1867) by *The Jesuits in North America*, and by *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* in 1869. Five years elapsed before the appearance of *The Old Régime in Canada* in 1874, with its amazing picture of the government administration of the day. Then came *Frontenac and the New Régime* and the tale of the *coureurs* in 1879. The great feat of composition embodied in *Montcalm and Wolfe* was completed in 1884.

For many years the sales of Parkman's books did not pay the expenses incurred in writing them. But gradually the tide turned. Each succeeding volume brought him wider audiences; and he had always been a historian for historians, for writers. John Fiske calls *Pontiac* "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that have been written since the days of Herodotus." Theodore Roosevelt says, in asking Parkman whether he may dedicate to him *The Winning of the West*: "Your works stand alone, and must be models for all historical treatment of the founding of new communities and the growth of the frontier here in the wilderness." In another letter concerning the dedication to Parkman of a volume of essays, Henry Cabot Lodge says: "I wished in some public fashion to express the great admiration I feel for your writings and for your services to American history, and also for the courage, character, and will which have enabled you to do such work despite the obstacles with which you have contended and which you have so entirely overcome." Henry James writes that he has been so deeply moved by *Montcalm and Wolfe* that he cannot spell his letter of acknowledgment correctly: and Henry Adams says of the same book that it puts Parkman in the front rank of living English historians, and that it is a model of thorough and impartial study and clear statement.

About the financial success of his books Parkman seems never to have been greatly concerned. He met the lesser and the larger fortunes of his work with the same equanimity. He possessed indeed a noble equanimity and heroic self-control. We have numerous testimonies to these magnificent qualities in the historian's life, but none more touching than that recounted by Mr. Sedgwick from two of Parkman's nieces:

> During all the years from their childhood to womanhood,—in town, when they were not staying in the same house, they lived across the street and ran in daily,—during all these years they never once heard an impatient word fall from his lips, they never once saw an impatient look; they merely could divine that he would not let them be troubled by his pain. This is the triumph of stoicism, of the sweet stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, mingled in no small measure with the teachings of the Galilean Fisherman.

In 1892 Parkman was able to arrange the final block of his great series, *A Half Century of Conflict*, in its antepenultimate place. With a tenacity of purpose unequalled in so far as may be learned in the field of letters, he had completed his great design. A year later he died, deeply beloved as a man of infinite noble patience and courage, widely honored as a scholarly historian, a great writer, the creator of a national treasure increasingly precious.

Francis Parkman came into the world on September 16, 1823—one hundred years ago. Thirty years and more have passed since his series was finished. In reading it today from the first footprint of *Pioneers of France and England in the New World* to the last far-flying arrow of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, the reader has two advantages—the advantage of seeing as a continuous whole the vast sweep of events presented, and the advantage of regarding in vista the beautiful history of the American forest.

To such a reader this superb series will appear not only the work of a gifted historian, a conscientious scholar, but of a great artist. Each of its volumes presents a different aspect of the subject. Savages, priests, nuns, *coureurs du bois*, Governors of Canada, explorers, fur-traders, throng the scene and no two of the *dramatis personæ* are alike. The reader journeys through innumerable virgin forests, in Canada, in Maine, in western Pennsylvania and Ohio and on the Illinois; and he never wearies

of the journey for no two of the forests are the same; and no one ever excelled Parkman in the precision and beauty of his descriptions of the American forest.

It is not only as a narrator but as a discoverer that the historian excels. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* is the most striking instance perhaps of Parkman's gift of historical exploration, though his volumes abound in other such instances equally valuable if less salient. In *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* we have a chapter of human events of great importance but heretofore unrelated and unconnected—and now forming a continuous narrative of well-ascertained truth, a miraculous picture of racial tragedy.

In *A Half-Century of Conflict* and *La Salle* the unique events which form each of these wonderful stories had not before been seen as connected sequences, as phenomena lasting over many years and affecting great numbers of human beings. Obtained from masses of private letters, personal and official correspondence, diaries,—all discoverable sources of information,—these two histories stand out from the silent cliffs of the impenetrable past like colossal statues detached from the living rock of the truth of the centuries by the hand of a master sculptor.

Parkman had a high qualification as a historian in his peerless and stoic curiosity. He clings to no theory of his own; idealizes none of his heroes; idealizes no race, no nation. This quality enabled him to perform among many others two signal services to American history. By the inclusion of the Indians and the French in his picture of North America he corrected a vision of the past, still existent indeed, but then more widely prevalent—a vision of the history of North America, as simply a chronicle of the New England colonies. And he almost destroyed the tableau Indian of *Hiawatha*, the Indian of Wordsworth's—

> He was a lovely youth. I guess
> The panther in the wilderness
> Was not so fair as he—

by his realistic presentation of the American savage. Every volume of Parkman's histories is filled with relentless portraits of the savage nature in its full treachery and frantic cruelty. These qualities are unsparingly indicated by the historian in the presence of his abiding sense of the profound pathos of the

Indian's inevitable tragedy. Nothing is omitted here nor set down in malice. One sees the land as it really was, with its magnificent virgin forest strewn under the murmuring pines and the hemlocks with the monstrosities of intertribal warfare and savage domination, a chamber of silent horrors.

It has been said that no one understands a situation so well as the observer who has polished the blur of a prejudice from the lens of his vision. Perhaps the keenness, calm and impartiality of Parkman's presentation may proceed from some such cause. Certainly as his opinions are shown in his diaries, letters, biographies, and his odd novel, *Vassal Morton*, his views of mankind appear narrow, hard, uninformed and little better than tribal; and he seems not to wish to seek truth concerning these opinions and views but simply to sit and guard them at the door of his tent. In spite of Henry James's deep regard for Parkman's character and admiration of his books, as well as what must have been an instinctive sympathy with his dark grudge against social progress, one cannot help feeling that perhaps something of the outline of Waymarsh "Sitting Bull" in *The Ambassadors* may have been caught from the personality of our great American historian—in my belief our greatest historian.

For however limited and harsh Parkman's prejudices may be in other communications, when he becomes a writer of history he puts away childish things, and speaks with the full range of impartial truth. The creature who writes the merciful, humourous and clear record of the hallucination of Marie de l'Incarnation, the man who relates the full horror of the Indian captivities, and the long humble odyssey of the great Jesuit, Jogues, is a very different person from the trivial contemner of the western emigrants in 1846. There is a determined power of clear justice in Parkman's histories which seems often to shine with the thrilling light cast by barriers burned away.

History is supremely the story of the infinite variety of human powers: and Parkman's success as a graphic chronicler is largely due to his brilliant gift of characterization. Many striking figures rise to one's mind as one thinks of his pages—Champlain, Menendez, Marie de l'Incarnation, La Vérendrye, Wolfe, Frontenac, Madame Frontenac, Sir William Johnson, the priest

Brebœuf and his companion Lalemant, Tonti, La Salle, Pontiac. This gift of characterization is at its height in *La Salle*. One reads each of the histories and re-reads them at a gallop, unable to stop till one has passed to the end of every "tale of blood and guile." But in *La Salle*, when all this seems part of one's consciousness, one turns back again and again to the story of the explorer's inner life, its subtle shadows, fatal discords and wild loneliness. More than any other of Parkman's histories *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* is the story of a man's soul. You are interested in La Salle's relation to his overwhelming purpose as you are interested in Hamlet's relation to his overwhelming purpose. Parkman's La Salle in its poetry, sympathy and insight, as well as in its expression of the hero's bitter analysis of his own shortcomings as the servant of his own intent, rises as a towering figure, one of the most powerful creations imaginable, and comparable indeed with Hamlet. The tremendous close of that history of inland waters, the welter of thick-coming misfortunes in the search for the lost mouth of the Mississippi, the assassination on the bayou, are told and conceived in the manner of the noblest repose of classic art. Something high and spacious, beyond thwarted ambition and the sense of human injustice, speaks in the tone of these thrilling chapters, composed in a realm of the mind—

> From too much love of living, from hope and fear set free.

A perennial objection justifiably arises in this country against the immense vogue in American letters of the insincere, the pretentious, the briefly fashionable. In the midst of this the work and fame of Francis Parkman stand like a rock. Here is a fine achievement in letters whose effort occupied a life of seventy years—an achievement sincere, genuine, and accomplished not in some literary manner of the month or the year but in a style expressive for succeeding generations and all time. Today, a hundred years after the historian's birth, it seems an omen of good hope that his countrymen have known enough to hold in lasting admiration and honor the great work of Francis Parkman.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

VIEW OF TEIGNMOUTH IN DEVONSHIRE

MARCH, 1818

BY AMY LOWELL

["Atkins, the coachman, Bartlett, the surgeon, Simmons, the barber, and the Girls over the Bonnet-shop, say we shall now have a month of seasonable weather—warm, witty, and full of invention."—Letter of Keats to Reynolds.]

It's a soppy, splashy, muddy country
And he is dead sick of stair and entry,
Of four walls cuddling round his chair,
And breathing full as much water as air.
London is so far away
It dreams, like Latmos. He has sat all day
Copying that cursed Fourth Book and he's struck
A snag, and his drying sand won't suck.
His mind's like a seed gone to rot with rain
And—Damn it, there's poor Tom coughing again!

Mr. John Keats crams his hat well on
Over his ears and walks up and down
The soggy streets of Teignmouth town.
Mr. John Keats walks along the streets
Of Teignmouth and asks every soul he meets
If the sun ever shines in Devonshire,
Whether the weather they live with here
Is sometimes what one might really call fair,
With the sun in the sky and a brisk to the air?
The hat of Mr. John Keats is wet,
But his eyes are sharp and ferret-set,
He is seeking the sun with a quicksilver-rod,
Noting the veer in a neighbour's nod,
Gauging the drift of a neighbour's words
As they might be a flock of South-come birds.

Atkins, the coachman, sets his mug
Down on the counter and gives a shrug.
"Lor' love you, Sir, if I was to tell
The way I know, you might call it smell.

I smell it right across the rain,
Dry and gentle; its plain as plain
To-day, I give it a week to run,
This rain, and then we'll have the sun,
As skittish as a piebald colt
And sudden as a thunderbolt.
All full o' notions, that's the way
Of the sun down here on a Summer's day.
Just take my word, before you've said
'Jack Robinson,' you'll be hugging the shade
Of every wall, and sweatin' in
A steam like my team when I bring 'em in.
Well, thank ye, Sir, I don't mind if I do,
Brandy neat is my usual brew."

Smell it, could he? The man's insane.
Smell the sun through a week of rain!
Yet the thought has a kind of glamour to it,
A relish of wit, however you view it,
A rainbow quip for a rainy day.
Mr. Keats, plodding through wet clay,
Is aware of a certain direct effect
Of joy in his heart. He stands erect.
Surely the mist is silvering.
His footsteps sound with a livelier ring.
If anything glitters in Teignmouth streets
This afternoon, it is John Keats.

Mr. Bartlett is hurrying by
At a speed which announces that minutes fly,
But he pauses briefly just to say
"Ah, Mr. Keats, how are you to-day?
The sun? Oh, very shortly now,
We shall be scorched before we know.
Didn't you hear the crows this morning?
They always give one plenty of warning.
And Mrs. Bartlett talks of house-cleaning,
Every married man can read the meaning
Of that. When the women begin to clack
It's a surer sign than the almanac.
The barometer's risen a point or two
Since yesterday, and this mist is blue,
Not grey. I am sorry I cannot stop,
But a surgeon is always on the hop.

If it's not for one thing then it's another.
Of course you're anxious because of your brother.
Tell him he'll soon have all the basking
In sunlight he wants, and just for the asking.
But I must go, Mrs. Green's brought to bed—
Oh, tell him to keep it off of his head."

Smash! bang! Mr. Keats. Another chain
Is snapped, and there's a gold tint to the rain.

Simmons the barber's as shrunk as a pippin
Hung on a beam which you might nick a chip in,
But never could suck for its juice is all dried.
This afternoon he is standing inside
His doorway, just behind his pole,
With the mien of a migratory soul
Perching an instant before departing
Otherwhere, he seems always just starting
To leave, a whirling weather-cock
On the edge of flight, but tied to a block.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Keats," says he,
"Brushing up a bit of good weather, I see.
That's the way, young men can tell
A season's turn uncommonly well.
I've had a full day, the whole town at once.
But when I learnt my trade every dunce
Who could snap a scissors did not dare hoist a pole.
I remember one day when they called out the roll
In the old sixty-third, every man of the lot
Was new shaved and powdered and wound, and my pot
And razors all cleaned and I with the rest of them
As spick and as span I could match with the best of them.
To cut a round head requires some skill,
But nothing to binding a cue, there's a thrill
In a nicely tied cue, I can't see how the girls
Can put up a man who wears his own curls.
But fashion is fashion, the hussy, and I've
Been her very devoted since I've been alive.
And, thank God, she has not yet set her approval
On beards except in the way of removal.
I wish you could feel the delight I receive
When my razor slides over your skin, I'd as leave
Shave a man in his twenties as go to a play,
There's romance in it, Sir, when you see the soap spray

Into bubbles and lather, and your blade cuts a line
And lets through the smooth face like a moon, it's so fine
That I dream it sometimes. I've a soul for such fancies,
Old barbers like shaving as young girls like dances.
And one makes the other. Who would dance a quadrille
With a rough, stubble chin? That fellow who will
Is a hater of women, a thief in the egg,
He's just ripe for a ball attached to his leg.
Why look, Sir, and tell me if fully two-thirds
Of the unshaven men do not end as jail-birds.
Our prisons are full of them, I dare to swear
No convict's without a two-day's growth of hair.
I don't hold with this personal shaving, it's sordid.
A man should spend well on himself, I wish more did.
But no man can cut his own hair, that's a fact,
And a hair-cut requires a vast deal of tact.
A doctor wants his to look sober and grave,
Tradesmen are addicted to a float and a wave,
And again, one must know the sort of commodity
Your client purveys or there's danger of oddity.
A butcher cut like a silk-mercer won't do.
And a military man must carry a clue
To his martial exploits in the style of his head,
While a poet—you're a poet, Sir, I think I've heard said—
Oh, no, Sir, indeed, not a bit more confined,
A poet's hair should seem the least trifle inclined
To a graceful disorder, it should look well when tossed;
If you cut it too short this effect is quite lost.
Oh, I beg, Mr. Keats, not another least snip.
Oh, dear, I do really regret that last clip.
I am glad you are pleased, but I don't think a poet
Should order his hair so that no one can know it.
Still, you look very well, though I should have preferred
More dash and confusion for you. I have heard
That Lord Byron measures his hair with a rule
Before it is cut, and the least thimbleful
Too much taken off sets him all in a taking.
I've been told of men who couldn't cut him for shaking.
The weather will change in less than a week,
I have felt it these last few days on my cheek,
My skin always answers to the slightest degree
Of more or less moisture. You'll hardly agree
That it's dryer and warmer, but my touch is so fine
I can tell a South wind when it's over the line.

Of course they'll say different, these poor rustic churls,
But you be all ready for sparking the girls
By Tuesday. I'll tip you the wink. We old men
Remember our own young days, now and again."

Mr. John Keats has a jaunty swing
In his gait, as he leaves the chattering
Old barber, bowing beside his door.
Of course he feels the sort of core
Of golden sun the mist falls through.
What is a day, what is two?
The sun is coming up from the line
Like a fifty-four with its sails ashine.
He feels the flower-scented South
Like a taste of apricot in his mouth.
He thinks of primroses under the hedge
Where the pathway runs by the sheer cliff edge;
Of the downs above where sheep have trod
Crooked grey patterns across the sod,
And the shadows of turf-walls, cool and still,
Mark who owns where all down the hill;
Of a long slow ocean, so dazzling bright
Its blue is smothered in spangled white.
He thinks of queer sea-paths cross-running,
Smooth on ripple, of the quiet sunning
Of rocks and meadows, of violets
Creeping through grass, of drying nets,
Of poetry read with the sun on his book
And the freckling of leaves for an overlook.
Somebody laughs, somebody calls,
"Good-day, Mr. Keats." It drops from the walls,
A perfume of laughter which flutters and falls.
Lime-tree blossoms by turret stairs,
Laughter of flowers no more than theirs,
Sunny golden acacia blooms
Peeping into maidens' rooms,
Snap a spray and throw it over
The window-ledge to a waiting lover.
Mr. Keats comes to a stop
For the girls are over the Bonnet-shop
Leaning out like waving roses
Over a gate, most lovely of poses.
"Stay where you are, Girls," says Mr. Keats,
"You pose as the dryads of Teignmouth streets.

If Haydon were here he would jot you down
In a jiffy, with your hair wet and blown
And your little laughing faces like pansies."
"La! Mr. Keats, you do have such fancies."
"Fancies or no, I believe it clears.
Don't you feel the sun on your cheeks, my Dears?
Or smell it perhaps? What do you think?
There's a hocus-pocus to-day in my ink
Which would not let me write a line,
And I itch for the sight of a columbine.
Tell me, have you noticed anything
Which points to a near-by Summering?"
"Oh yes," said little Number One,
" All day I have felt the sun,
I saw it on a wheat-straw bonnet
I was making, the sun lay upon it,
And I thought the muslin blue-bells were sweet."
"That," said Mr. Keats, "is proof complete."
Said Number Two, "I pricked my thumb
Three times running, and fair days come
After three pricks, it is always so.
Grandmother taught me long ago."
"I dreamt last night," said Number Three,
"Of a great thick-leaved fuchsia-tree
Full of blossoms, purple and red,
And the blossoms played music over my head
Like bells of glass and copper bells
And wind in the trees when the ocean swells
Flood tide over the beach, and shells
Glisten like rubies with the water sheen
And the sky at the back of the town is green."
"You prophesy in a parable,"
Said Mr. Keats. "Oh, April-fool!"
Cried the girls who were over the Bonnet-shop.
And the laughter was sweet as a lollipop
To an urchin's palate, in his ears.
With a gesture, he brushed aside their jeers.
"But will it clear?" "Of course it will,"
Said the three, "if you patiently wait until
It does." And they laughed in a rainbow chord,
High, and low, and middleward.
And Mr. Keats laughed too, though he knew
That they had not said one word in two
Of what he'd imagined they might have said.

But who cares a button who bakes the bread
So the bread is baked? And a Bonnet-shop
May be what you please, even Latmos top.
So Mr. Keats went blithely on,
Quite as if the round sun shone,
Back to his copying his Fourth Book.
And the girls watched him until a crook
In the street, when he turned it, hid him from sight.
Then they noticed that it was growing night.
So they put their bonnets away, and the three
Lit the lamp and sat down to tea,
Immortal for always, because John Keats
Had taken a walk through Teignmouth streets,
And stopped when one of them said "Good-day."
Clio is odd in her ways, they say.
The coachman, the surgeon, the barber, the girls—
Islands raised out of darkening swirls.
Who else was in Teignmouth that afternoon?
Vainly may we importune
The shadows, only these have come down
A century from Teignmouth town.
These only from the dark are won
Because John Keats had a hunger for sun.

ON WINDOWS

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

EVERY house in this city has a window. What is a window? It is an arrangement of matter which enables ether waves to penetrate it, leaving something behind in their transit. The kind of matter which is thus what we call "transparent" varies for different lengths of wave. If they are very long, or extremely short, they are able to penetrate a great many kinds of matter. And for such waves many unlikely things constitute a window. A wooden partition, a stone wall, even a thin sheet of aluminum, are all able to allow the passage of some waves. But a thick sheet of heavy metal is the most opaque thing known.

Roughly speaking, we may say that every electrical insulator is more or less transparent, and every electrical conductor more or less opaque. The reason for this is not obvious. The fact was suspected by Priestley; but the reason is a discovery of Clerk Maxwell's—a theoretical discovery, discovered by Mathematics, directly he realised the real and essential nature of Light. He found that all ether waves were essentially electric phenomena, and that if they tried to pass through a metal they generated electric currents in that metal, thereby dissipating some of their energy, and were reflected back whence they came. They could not go through it and continue their course on the other side. Or more accurately, the fraction that was able to get through was insignificant, though it depended on the relation between the length of the wave and the conducting power of the material.

All this is true for waves of ordinary size, from the immense waves of wireless telegraphy to the minute ripples which are able to affect the retina, and which are therefore called light. But if the waves are smaller still, smaller even than the atoms of matter, then they can manage to dodge between the atoms, and the substance therefore becomes semi-transparent again, its stopping power depending more on its massiveness, that is, on the weight

of each atom and on the closeness with which they are packed together. We now know of waves so short that they can more or less get through a surprising amount of obstruction. These are the *gamma* rays emitted by radium; though the *x*-rays generated artificially in the laboratory have also great penetrative power, and are only effectively stopped by screens of some dense heavy material, such as lead, or platinum, or gold; whereas they can penetrate what are ordinarily called opaque materials—the common kind of opacity being that which is opaque to visible light.

The substance least opaque to light is quartz. It is far more transparent than glass, and permits the transmission of the kind of rays or waves which are only perceptible by their effect on a photographic plate; many of such rays being stopped by glass.

Every window pane, however, stops some of the light: and the kind of light which gets through depends on the medium through which it has to come. Only a portion of the energy gets through; the other portion is left behind, and merely warms the glass. This is familiar enough in a glass fire screen. Such a screen, standing in front of the fire, allows us to see the fire through it, because it is fairly transparent to the portions which affect the eye; but the greater part of the energy is stopped, so that the light which we receive is deprived of most of its heating power, and the glass screen itself gets hot. A screen of apparently equally transparent rock salt would let much more energy through. It would not deprive the rays of their heating power. It would not act as a fire screen, and the rock salt would remain quite cool, transmitting the energy and not absorbing it.

This sort of thing is what is called in science "selective absorption." Each material selects from the ether waves those particular ones which it can stop or absorb, and allows only the others to get through. By prismatic analysis, that is by studying the spectrum of the radiation which has penetrated an obstacle, we can determine its selective absorbent power; and we find that the absorption depends very much on the chemical properties of the substance of which the obstacle is made. Some gases have the absorbent power strongly developed, while others allow the radiant energy to get through without loss. Dry air is of this latter

kind. And if the atmosphere were composed only of oxygen and nitrogen, the rays of the sun would be able to penetrate it almost completely, the only portion then stopped being some due to very high rates of vibration in the region of the ultra-violet part of the spectrum; for these are stopped by nearly every material substance.

But inasmuch as the atmosphere contains aqueous vapour, it does not possess excessive transparency, for aqueous vapour absorbs radiant energy even when quite invisible and transparent to the eye; and accordingly the direct rays of the sun are mitigated, and the atmosphere is to some extent warmed by the radiation which passes through it, especially when aqueous vapour is very plentiful. A dry, clear, frosty day is clear because of the paucity of aqueous vapour. It has been found lately, by the present Lord Rayleigh, that in the upper regions of the atmosphere there probably exists a layer of ozone which is peculiarly opaque to certain radiations; it therefore gets warm and acts as a sort of blanket or as a trap to the luminous rays. If this is established as a fact, it must have a most important influence on the temperature and habitability of the earth.

Independent of considerations of warmth, however, we can safely assert that if the atmosphere did not screen off any of the solar rays, life would be intolerable. Neither animal nor vegetable life could tolerate the extreme ultra-violet radiation, which would blister and destroy by the chemical action which it was able to induce. Such radiation does indeed act on the upper regions of the atmosphere, splitting up the molecules,—or what is called "ionising" them,—and these rays thereby give up their energy, producing electric charges of opposite sign, and conferring upon the upper atmosphere electrical properties, which have effects some of them known, and others which are still the subject of study.

When the portion of radiation selected and stopped or left behind in glass, or other semi-transparent material, belongs to that region of the spectrum to which the eye is ordinarily sensitive, we get the phenomenon known as "colour," and the glass is said to be coloured. Suppose for instance that the glass is of such a chemical nature that it absorbs the kind of waves which produce

the impression of green, when received by the eye and interpreted by the human brain; then the light which comes through will be preponderatingly red, and the glass will be called red glass; not because its properties have any relation to red, but because its properties are related to the light complementary to red, and because it therefore ignores the red; that is to say, it ignores the waves which produce a red sensation, and allows them to pass through unchecked.

On the other hand, if the glass is of such a chemical nature that it absorbs and quenches, and, so to speak, utilises, waves which would produce the sensation of blue, then it is called yellow glass; because that is the light which it ignores, and which therefore is able to get through it, or, if it is at all turbid, to be scattered or deflected from it, in which case it is not so much transparent as translucent. Ordinary clear glass can be made translucent by grinding its surface. A good deal of the light is then deflected or scattered irregularly, while the rest gets through, without selective absorption in the visible part of the spectrum. But if the glass is coloured, whether it be transparent or translucent, it selects and absorbs some, and scatters or transmits the rest.

The important thing is that the transparent material adds nothing to the light. It does not act by addition. It acts by subtraction: and the colour that we see is the residue, the part which is not stopped. That is how all pigments act, and accordingly a green pigment is that which absorbs the red. A blue pigment is that which absorbs the yellow. A yellow pigment is that which absorbs the blue. And if we examine with a prism the light transmitted or reflected from a pigment, we can see by the gaps in the spectrum what it has absorbed; and the part of the light that we receive is the difference, or residue. Consequently if we mix several pigments together we shall add their destructive powers, and get nothing but a brown or blackish mud, the different parts of the light being quenched by the different ingredients which have been mixed together. So, as all water-colour artists know by experience, if you want bright, vivid colours, you must not mix the pigments together, but use them singly wherever you want to produce a luminous effect; though the luminosity is always less, and never more, than that of the light itself. There

is always some selective absorption essentially necessary for the production of any colour by means of pigment.

Children and people generally would naturally assume that when light went through, say, a red liquid, it picked up colour from the liquid, and had acquired something which it did not previously possess. That is false. It has picked up or acquired nothing. It has left something behind. It is less than white light, not more. If we were to pass a thread or ribbon through the liquid the conditions would be quite different. A white ribbon passed through a red liquid does acquire colour from the liquid. It is dyed. It has absorbed some of the material; and if delicately weighed, after drying, would be found to weigh more than before. The act of dyeing is the addition of colour. Light which has passed through a coloured substance appears dyed, but it is not. And if you pass a beam of light through a succession of different coloured windows there will ultimately be none of it left. They do not add, they subtract. A medium may thus act in two distinct ways. It may act by addition, or it may act by subtraction. A solid rod or thread, passing through it, may select certain portions of its substance, that is to say, of the deposit which it finds there, and pass on sophisticated by addition which it has picked up from the medium. A light beam or succession of ether waves passing through a medium may find that medium obstructive or destructive to a portion of what it seeks to transmit, and the part that gets through is only a fraction of what entered: it is sophisticated by subtraction. Or both these things may occur at once. The original agency may have something added to it and something subtracted from it, so that in the end what emerges is quite different from what entered. And if the medium is turbid, too, the light may be so scattered and dispersed that nothing is recognisable; or, in some cases, so that nothing may emerge at all. The medium ceases to be a medium, and becomes a mere absorbent material, a black body.

All which things are an allegory. And the interpretation is sufficiently indicated by the word "Medium."

OLIVER LODGE.

BACKWATERS OF BERKSHIRE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

HISTORICALLY, Berkshire as a county saw its best days a thousand years ago, in Alfred's time. The Danes, pillaging the Thames valley from the sea to Oxford, had passed its chalky grandeur by. But one fine red morning they marched westward. All the livelong night the Saxons had waited in their battle-burnies hard by the twisted ashtree of Ashdown. Their spears were cold with the dew of the morning, but their hearts like the East, when the Danes came over the shoulder of the downs with the sun. And the shock of their fury gave the redhaired sea hounds sleep under the treeless turf till Doomsday. From any corner of Berkshire you have only to lift your eyes to see shining the banner of Alfred, the great White Dragon of the West Saxons, carved in the highest chalk of the downs to mind men forever of the glory of Wedmore. Popularly he is the White Horse; but he is the most dragonish of dragons that ever guarded treasure hoards of jewels and flagons and got themselves slain for being the first Northern connoisseurs of *objets d'art* by some yellow-bearded prototype of Saint George. At any rate, there he ramps, his coat scraped anew from century to century by descendants of the men of Ashdown, the great seal of Berkshire's day of glory.

Once more the lonely, lovely county of sheep passes for a moment over the threshold of history. Some century later, in the brief heyday of the Danes, Canute sat throned in Faringdon. But of jovial Canute, whose vainglory God's tides alone could humble, as the old legend runs, there remains less trace than of Alfred. Only a great silver drinking horn inscribed with his name keeps his fame in the shadows of an obscure manor house. For the rest, there is some running to and fro of men of arms in Cromwell's time and before—though all the breaking of church glass is always attributed to Cromwell by the countyfolk, since he is the nearest in time—the rest is oblivion. Squires a little more

thickheaded than in other shires, yeomen leaner by virtue of the scanty loam between bracken and downland, many succeeding hosts of poor shepherds living their little days with the music of their beasts in their ears and sun and rain in their faces and God's simplicity in their hearts, passing on through the centuries as peacefully and unnoticed by the world as the stars that march over the downs. So the tale of Berkshire runs.

In this county the world of steam and electricity seems still far away. The towns would be no more than sleepy villages in America. The only industry is the very ancient one to which Odysseus and the other kings came home from Troy, the trade Abraham followed and the other men who discovered the Great Shepherd who is God out in loneliness under the great Arabian stars; shepherds watch the miracle of green grass passing over into the fleece that keeps men warm. The fame of the Berkshire sheep has gone around the earth from this home of the most picturesque and the oldest of men's callings; for, like New England that produces from hungry, sour soil the tastiest of apples, Berkshire out of thin herbage on dry chalk hills has brought forth the finest wool. It is the miracle of the wellspring in the desert, the mercy called Providence.

Though Berkshire lies in a backwater of history, it has one glory that is ever new. There are the downs, great rolling hills patient as time, eloquent in their bareness, majestic in the silence of wide spaces. Other Southern counties have them, but they have been coming up all the way from the Channel to be at their grandest and loneliest here. Berkshire has no need of the sea which makes the magic of many shires. There is about the sweeping downs the eternity of the sea, the calmness of the sea, and, better than on the sea itself, an isolation and solitude that no sails ever break. Here and there are dark patches, forests cohorted in hollows out of the reach of winds. Hidden away in the downs lie villages you may stumble on for an afternoon of as keen delight as any of the great men of great beards ever had in their seventeenth century when new worlds were making the new cosmographers the busiest of mankind. But chiefly upon the downs there are the eternal shadows of clouds marching over the shoulders of the world, a vast silence, a high sense of the en-

durance of things, serenity akin to the massing clouds, and a wistful spaciousness. High, windy birds and clouds surely achieve their majestic effects as fully here as over wide waters. And that nothing may be lacking, the pathetic bleatings of sheep far away give the monotone of the sound of the sea. Perhaps it is only natural, then, that so many of the many windburnt lads the Berkshire shepherd finds time to rear, when they come to manhood and ways that must turn away from Berkshire of the scanty livelihood, turn to the richer shire of the sea.

Because of its loneliness and aloofness from the small ways of men, the downland has the aura of legend that such places gather, even in the face of sunshine and wind. Over its slopes Druids have wandered for their mistletoe and holly, stuff of black magic; Roman legionaries surely have been here, for there is the monument of their orderly genius in empire building, the trim fosses and rightangled company streets of one of their camps, perched on the crest of the downs; Saxon and Dane shocked here, and brave bones bleach in the chalk. So it is to be expected that over the downs of a night goes Wayland the Blacksmith, half a jest and yet half a belief when winds are out trampling the midnight downs. This mysterious Saxon god lingered after Thor had faded into his own thunder and maniacal Tiu and golden-haired Freya were gone forever from memory. So useful a deity would escape the *Götterdämmerung*, would come by night to befriend fair-haired children of those who loved him once, shoeing their horses for a bit of money left on the moors. Not a god of beauty or music, but one who shoes horses well. . . . So homely the first and the last of the pagan deities of our race. There is a mysterious stone, too, with holes where one can blow an eerie trumpeting. The strangest beliefs about it seem gospel truths when plaintive curlews are weaving runes on twilit skies.

But there is more than legend and loneliness in Berkshire. There are villages that artists would love and philosophers choose to dwell in. They would be the old Greek sort of philosophers, men seeking the unities of the universe in fire or water, in laughter or tears. Such men would find their first principles inside whitewashed walls, under thatch with red wallflowers and mosses. Pythagoras in Berkshire would have chosen window

geraniums instead of beans for his philosophic touchstone; Anaxagoras, primroses between flagstones. The people of these villages have gotten the blowing of cottage roses into their souls, floods of Berkshire sunshine and fleeting shadows into their eyes; they are half creatures of earth's symphony, air and water, fire and earth move elementally in them; the winds play upon them and the clouds above their downs. Their villages, each with its little square towered church keeping the old faith among the elms, the kingdoms of the rooks, drowse away the years by sleepy waterways. Little worlds of all lusty loveliness of manhood, all white purity of motherhood, and the blue serenity of childhood, large enough for all joys and sorrows between the cradle and the grave. They lie at the ends of lanes, off the straight highways the Romans built on the ridges of the downs. You must go down to them in their hollows of hawthorn and peace. And going, you leave hurry and distraction; you come under green witchery of contentment; quiet lives lived as men have lived them for a thousand years, in fields hallowed with the bones of their fathers, in houses sweetened by long pageants of children.

There is Tubney. I suppose not twenty tourists in the world know this little place of the odd name. Yet a philosopher lives there. He has old copper teakettles for sale; but he never sells them, for the world does not go by his shop. He does better; he treasures them so, shines and polishes and thinks about them so long that half the wisdom in living they have seen in many homes is his and more than half the comfort and ease they have magically given to sweethearts and grandparents sitting in the firelight. I doubt if he would consider selling a single one; unless it were a question, as it was in my case, of a gift for one's first-born child, born in the June dream of Tubney and needing to take away into the world a talisman for happiness through all the years to come. One could not do better than be born in Tubney; one had deserved the best. And in Tubney of the great elms, each a forest in itself spreading cool pavilions of green and gold, is a man with the laugh of a boy out of school and the beard of Methuselah tangling the grass as he mows. He uses a sickle and an implement for raising the tuft of grass to the stroke such as one sees on Egyptian bas-reliefs. He taught me more than I shall ever learn from

books about the secret of remaining forever young. He ought to turn alchemist and write books about elixirs. I never really realized the greatness of Abraham Lincoln, either, until a shepherd with bluest Berkshire eyes told me between clicks of his shearing shears all the worship he had for that kinsman of Cincinnatus and Cato. I fancy he had read all the books ever written on Lincoln; certainly he knew every homely detail of a life lived three thousand miles away in a land he had never seen. He staggered me with dates and figures of our Civil War. And unerringly he found every wellspring of nobility in Lincoln's character; and, sure enough, each was a wellspring such as time does not know how to change, as one may find in Berkshire, in Latium, and in Illinois. Here in the flesh was a "village Hampden". Across seas and years the Lincolns, the unsung and the sung, had touched hands. In Tubney, too, I saw my first field of poppies. It is as idle to try to describe that as the way the skylark sounds as he circles out of sight. I can only add that it had the whole blue and distant glory of the downs for background and tides of sunlight upon it. I shall always remember the gipsies, too, who had halted their caravan beside it; kindred souls of the passionate vagrants of the fields. The caravan had boxes of geraniums and lace curtains at the windows, a dog with all the wisdom of the roads lying under the steps; and there was a rabbit, strangely like the ones I had seen in the fields all the afternoon, smelling like Esau's pottage as he turned and roasted on the spit. A dark woman tended him and a little boy with eyes like stars in January.

One can multiply the Tubneys. Only each succeeding one has graces and schools of philosophy quite its own. No wonder the Scholar Gipsy made it a point to visit the inns on the lonely Berkshire moors. They are seats of philosophy second only to the groves and market places of ancient Athens. No other shire has such inns, or so many of them. Every village has its church, of course, and perhaps a few cottages, sometimes only one or two; but always there is the inn. At Newbridge there are two, and Newbridge has no cottages at all. It is a fine place, though, and quite in the English character in its name; for, now that London Bridge *has* fallen down, it is the oldest bridge over the Thames. One could do worse than live at Newbridge. The

bridge has its halo of history; Cavaliers routed Puritan pikemen upon it. It has beauty; seven lichened arches through which the swallows skim. And it has an inn on either end. The *Rose* offers the browner ale; the *May Bush* the riper wisdom in the mouth of its host. You may pass from strength to strength. A very proper sort of bridge.

Farther down the river Godstowe has no cottages, either, only the ivied ruins of the nunnery where bloomed the Rose of the World for Henry the King,

Rosa mundi, non rosa munda,

and the *Trout*, the jewel of inns. Hither, or so the old host declares who wears the beard of Sir Francis Drake, the nuns from the cloisters nearby, in days when holy faith and mellow brew went hand in hand, used to come for their daily cup. In his seat inside the great fireplace, with its spits large enough for the red deer of long ago and winches for turning them, this man has rubbed elbows with all wisdom. Men are his books. The past is all ruddy flesh for him. In another age he would have written such a book of all wisdom as that of Vincent of Beauvais, starting with sticks and stones and beasts, passing thence to man from Creation to the Last Judgment, setting down all one needs to know to be wholly wise. As it is, he abridges it into an evening's conversation over a fragrant pipe in the firelight. And there is something of the whole sweep of the universe in his talk. He always ends by speaking in awe of the demigod who came into his life once, a Texan undergraduate at Oxford, who spent a vacation at the *Trout*. There was a man out of the golden age; and his locks, to hear his praises sung, must have dripped ambrosia. For he strove with the rustics of the countryside and vanquished them all at both of the very ancient and golden games of quoits and boxing. And he defeated the host himself at skittles, that mediæval game, played on the wooden-paved alley in the *Trout* yard, in which one bowls an impossible egg-shaped ball at inconceivably grotesque wicker pins. That was enough. The host had never been beaten before. So the man from Texas joined the company of Perseus and Castor. The host's cup was full, then; but it overflowed when the American beat the host's wife at draughts. She also had never lost a game

before. . . . Like Socrates and many another great and wise man, the host has a single fly in this amber we call life. It is his wife. Somehow, years ago, the breeches of the house got shifted. . . . But, after all, it is philosophy only that matters. And perhaps it was for the best, for even a philosopher could not make the strawberry jam the host's wife concocts; whole ripe berries, unbroken and unbruised, poised in a suspended June-time in solid nectar!

There are so many inns and all so different in ale and talk and games that one needs a year to get a nodding acquaintance even. The one at Dry Sandford—to set it off from Sandford of the River, though a lusty stream turns a mill wheel of centuries in this place called dry—is a house of shepherds; tall, lean men, lithe as the dogs that worship always at their feet, brown, and wrinkled like November pippins with all the four winds of the year, with eyes that grow bluer and tenderer with age, very soft of voice but hung with flails for hands and all whipcord and hickory at thigh and shoulder. They speak and laugh like children, when they will, but drink their ale solemnly and know how to sit together in silence by the hour; for they have learned that greatest of the arts among men, the perfect communion of silence among friends. Lonely nights and days on the downs have taught them that. There are no finer or truer blue men walking the hills; or men more full of the sun and the winds of the world. They know best how to make much happiness out of their few possessions in life, wives and children, roses and bacon, sunlight, and ale and faith.

In Berkshire, peerless hunting county by right of open run and springy turf, it would never do to pass by the inns of Faringdon. There are two of them, the *Crown* and the *Lion*. Why there is not the third, the *Unicorn*, to complete the trilogy of actors in the old couplet on the battle of the English royal beasts for the diadem, I cannot say. Surely somebody's oversight. At any rate, there they are, coaching inns of the old kidney, huge, rambling, with an arched entrance through which can pass a coach-and-four, built around courtyards large enough to hold an army of grooms. The rooms are all on different levels, of odd sizes, whimsical, but all have casements opening on the sweep of Berkshire hills. To get

to your room you must take an old-fashioned candle holder and travel miles, seemingly, while your head is full of the dewy stars the ale has lighted, "upstairs, downstairs, in the lady's chamber", for so tortuous is the way. And old furniture smells of bygone glory. Below stairs, in the great public rooms, whole joints appear at table, even in these lean-kine years since the War, and unbelievable whole salmon to threaten one's soul with the cardinal sin of gluttony. The tankards are also out of another and more heroic time. Oxonians who have "floored their sconces", drained the lesser cups of their colleges at one draught without a tremor, come to grief thereby. It is at these tables that the men in soiled "pink" sit from midnight to cockcrow, after long runs over the Autumn downs behind the hounds; here they compare spills, feast, and make the rafters forget the passing of the years with the immortal *John Peel*,

With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

One would need Homer's gift to catalogue the Berkshire villages and their quiet charms. No one would forgive the omission of Wytham—Wytham under the high greenwood that is so full of the sleepy witchery of cuckoos calling, Wytham where all the cottages wear thatch overgrown with roses white and red, Wytham of the largest and tastiest and heavenliest strawberries in Christendom, Wytham of the children whose hair is red from being so perpetually in the sun. Nor would one dare to pass Hinton Waldrist by. For there is the birthplace of the best roses in the United Kingdom; and there families are known by the pedigrees of their *Irish Elegences* and *Longworth Dawns* rather than their coats-of-arms. Rosebushes are worshipped like ancestors and passed on in families like estates. At Hinton, too, stands a ruined cottage, called Blenheim Palace by the rustic wags, which is said to be haunted. Long ago a man slew his wife in the house, and from that day to this, so a venerable water carrier told me as he rested his pails from his yoke, all the apple trees in the yard have yielded only blood-red fruit. Literary folk will shudder if Fyfield is not mentioned, where Arnold's maidens danced their May Day dances about the great elm. But shudder or not, that May tree is in my own quainter Tubney of

the great trees, and yards outside of Fyfield; and, anyway, it is in its dotage now, fallen away to a stump. Much closer to my heart is Bablock Hythe, not because the poet sings of it, but because I still owe an indignant waterman there a penny for pulling me in his punt hung on a cable across the "stripling Thames". I could have done it for myself, and, in any case, I had no money with me. I have a keener recollection, too, of Marcham. I was allowed by the good people of the manor house there to dig in the ruins of the abbey outpost which they use to store potatoes in; and I unearthed some lovely fragments of old glass and pieces of leads from the panes and the bones of a dinosaur, I think. Though they politely gave me tea and I as politely praised rather doubtful bric-a-brac in the shape of ostrich eggs or elephant tusks, I could not seem to fire them with enthusiasm for my dinosaur. I am afraid he is still pathetically mixed with potatoes. Perhaps dinosaurs are no rarity in Marcham.

Berkshire, more than most shires, keeps green in the memory. It is an humble county of forgotten villages and of men, judged by the graspers of the world, obscure. But it is a place that gets into the heart; it gets into the marrow of one's bones. It remains like a thought that will come under a starry sky of man's unity and loveliness in all his humblest ways and loves, joys and griefs. It is a place one can no more forget than the sea. It is a beauty one has loved.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

WILLIAM BLAKE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE French Revolution, an event of which the reverberations were destined to dominate the history of two-thirds the inhabited world throughout the nineteenth century, and up to the interval of the Great War in the twentieth, was permitted by one of those ironic dispensations of Providence of which history affords so many examples, to have more intellectual and spiritual effect on France's next-door neighbour than upon France herself. In that country the result of the Revolution was that the bourgeois class took the place of the old aristocracy, and Napoleon, with his purely military genius, replaced the faded glories of the bygone days of Louis the Fourteenth. It was in conservative, reactionary, phlegmatic England, ruled still by the old land holding aristocracy, that the Revolution went immediately to people's heads and produced in literature and the arts generally the effect of a spiritual explosion. Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, as well as Turner and Constable, could not have been what they were had the Revolution not unconsciously inflamed their ardour; and the same is true in a still greater degree of the one man who, though largely unknown to his contemporaries, was the most important precursor of the whole Romantic movement in England, and whom we now see to have been, either as poet or artist, at once more radical and more logical in his revolt than any other.

William Blake was born in the year 1757, the same year in which Swedenborg, the strange Northern mystic and visionary, declared that he had been admitted into Paradise, and had received confirmation that the prophecies of the Last Judgment contained in the Apocalypse had all been fulfilled and that the Dispensation of the Holy Spirit had begun. His father, a respectable hosier, was himself one of the first members of the Church of the New Jerusalem which had come into being as a result of Swedenborg's doctrine, and which had recruited its members largely from dissentient sects. There is a sort of ingrained

Calvinism perceptible in Blake's writings and character that leads one to suppose that before he became a Swedenborgian his father may have been a Presbyterian. As a young man, he may himself have seen Swedenborg, who had lived in London during his last years, and who died there in 1772. Blake grew up, the second of a family of three sons and one daughter, in any case, in an atmosphere profoundly impregnated with the spirit of Swedenborg's teachings, and, like his great predecessor, he possessed the gift of "vision", with this exception, that according to his own account it was natural to him from his earliest days. He was wont to say that he had "seen God Almighty putting his face to the window" at the age of four, and "a treeful of angels at Peckham Rye" at the age of seven.

Most of Blake's admirers and critics have spent pages in the effort to describe exactly what he meant by this faculty of "vision", without realising that in its essence this faculty is something common not only to him and Swedenborg, but also to every imaginative man upon earth who tries to pierce behind the veil of appearances and to state in some artistic or philosophic form the essence of reality. We may therefore accept Blake's visionary faculty, without supposing that it was anything else than a normal faculty, shared by him with thousands of others known and unknown, who do not exercise it so constantly. He spoke, as Crabb Robinson noted, of his visions in the tone of ordinary speech; mentioned seeing Socrates or Jesus Christ in the same tone that you and I speak of seeing Smith or Jones; and probably with better reason, for Blake may really have seen further into the character of Socrates or Jesus than you or I see into the inmost nature of any of our neighbours.

In any case, we must be prepared to accept the visionary form of Blake's writings if we are to understand him at all. When we have once done so, it becomes apparent that in his case the visionary element was entirely subsidiary to the revolutionary nature of his message. Even as regards the dates of his writings, it is clear that, if the French Revolution had not happened, Blake would have been in all probability merely a minor poet and water colourist, with a turn to eccentricity. Apart from the *Poetical Sketches*, *Tiriel* (the most Ossianic and least interesting

of the mythical books) and the fragment of *An Island in the Moon*, he wrote nothing up to 1789, when he was thirty-two years old. But this year, the year of the outbreak in France, produced the *Songs of Innocence* and *Thel*. In 1790 appeared *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, a document of primary and decisive importance in the history of his intellectual development. It is apparent that here Blake was risking everything, and ready to appear before the world as the thoroughgoing preacher of the sacredness of rebellion. The year following he projected a great poem in seven books on the French Revolution; the first book being, as appears from the unique copy preserved, actually set up with a view to publication, but not published. Despite the announcement following the title-page, that "the remaining books are finished and will be printed in order", I cannot believe that Blake actually wrote more of this poem than we possess.

Yet, as in the case of all honest artists, Blake was unable to keep silence, though the public wanted none of his work. In 1793, the year of the Terror, he wrote *America*, to which he prefixed the significant words "A Prophecy", and the same year he wrote in his manuscript notebook this sentence, so poignant in its revealment of deep suffering and despair: "I say I won't live five years, and if I live one, it will be a wonder." And this note takes on added significance when we reflect that it was about four years after this that he sat down to the great task of producing in carefully written MS. the masterpiece by which he hoped to be remembered if he was to pass out of the world, the poem *Vala*.

As it happened, life had other things in store for Blake, like many great men before or since his day; the crisis passed over, and a change of scene and occupation produced in him other fruits. In 1801, he was rescued from poverty and neglect by Hayley, who, thanks to Flaxman's recommendation, constituted himself his patron. It was probably about this time that Blake presented to Mrs. Flaxman, in testimony of her husband's kindness, the illustrations to Gray's poems which have recently been discovered. Hayley, as is known, took Blake and his wife off to the country, where Blake had an interesting if somewhat hectic time for three years, ending up with quarrelling with his patron, and being committed for trial on a trumped-up charge of

sedition brought against him by one Schofield. In later years, he was wont to refer to this period as "his three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean". Yet it was not so much a slumber as an awakening of the poetic fires within which had died down. During this period *Vala* was rehandled, in the light of fresh developments that occurred to Blake, and then became *The Four Zoas, or the Torments of Love and Jealousy in the Death and Judgment of Albion, the Ancient Man*, a title we shall have to refer to later in the course of the necessary discussion and clarifying of Blake's thought. It suffices to say here that the new development of his thought was destined to make his work less personal and autobiographic on one side, and even more complexly allusive and figurative on the other. *Vala* or *The Four Zoas* was never printed, but long fragments and ideas from it were used as the ground-work to the later *Milton* and *Jerusalem*—works both of which bear the title-page date 1804, though *Milton*—which exists in three copies only—was not off the press until 1809, while *Jerusalem*, the single hand-tinted copy actually printed by him, did not appear until 1820.

The later years of Blake are of interest mainly to students of his development as a designer, in which field he has been somewhat better served by his critics than as a poet. Yet he was not altogether silent, though his works have come down to us only in manuscript. The Pickering MS. dates from the period of his residence with Hayley at Felpham, and is fairly accurate and complete. But the poem which well might have been Blake's final masterpiece was never, so far as we know, actually finished. It exists only in rough drafts in the notebook which Rossetti bought for ten shillings, and the second of its sections, partially incomplete, is headed with the title which might well stand as the title of all Blake's literary work: *The Everlasting Gospel.*

In all these works, the fundamental quality of Blake's mind is his uncompromising rebelliousness. He is in revolt against the hypocrisy that parades itself as morality, the injustice that masks itself as law, the make-believe that calls itself religion. His attitude to all of these things is the attitude of the eternal protestant. It was not for nothing that he admired, most of all the English poets, Milton; for Milton too is the eternal protestant

among poets, perhaps the only great protestant poet except Blake himself. It has been said that Milton's Satan is Blake's God; perhaps it would be better to say that Milton's Satan is Blake's Los. For Los—an obvious anagram for the Latin *Sol*, meaning in his peculiar mythical system the light of the human imagination shining backwards upon and consequently reflecting the light of the sky—is the true hero of the Prophetic Books. As regards God, it is almost correct to say that Blake had no God except the God comprehensible to man, the divine spirit of humanity incarnated historically in Jesus, and capable of reincarnation in Everyman.

Nor does Blake's rebellion end here. Having systematically denied God, he must next deny Nature. It is all Satan, all negation. "I assert that for me the natural world does not exist." Undoubtedly this view did not represent Blake's view at the outset of his career. It is only in the later works that it becomes predominant. The early prophetic books are full of pleas for the utmost abandonment to nature. The basis of all Blake's early teaching is to be found in the phrase "Everything that lives is holy." *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* is a plea for free love. *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* have the same theme. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is an attack on conventional morality and piety, brilliantly anticipating Nietzsche in many of its conclusions. Only with the revised *Vala* and in *Jerusalem* and *Milton* does the new view present itself and become important.

And the denial of nature in Blake leads fundamentally to the denial of sexual love. Sexual love became, in Blake's last years, the fall of man. Not that therefore marriage was commendable as an attempt to repair the fall. On the contrary, "He confessed a practical notion, which would do him more injury than any other I have heard from him. He says that from the Bible he has learned that *eine Gemeinschaft der Frauen statt finden sollte*," or, to put this into plain English, that all women should be held in common. Nor is this idea in any way contradictory of Blake's non-denial of the senses. Sin was only error—the fall itself was only error, and all should be forgiven.

But it is in *The Everlasting Gospel* that Blake's mind takes the

final step of rebellion. When he wrote this poem, he apparently realised that whatever the value of his message, no one of his day would greatly care for it. So he left it a series of fragments. The hero of this poem is not one of Blake's myths, but Jesus Himself; and Blake's problem is here, the same which has tortured so many other modern thinkers. Assuming that Jesus of Nazareth as presented in the Gospels (whether He actually existed historically or not, is of minor importance)is the most perfect type of man possible, then the churches which were established in His Name are not Christian, because they render unto God the things that are Cæsar's and to Cæsar the things that are God's; they enslave the soul, and degrade the body, whereas Jesus aimed at liberating both. Blake therefore asks a series of questions, Was Jesus gentle, was He humble, was He without sin, was He chaste? only to answer each one in the negative. If He was gentle, why did He deny Herod, God's high king, and Caiaphas, God's high priest? If He was humble, why did He attack the Pharisees? Blake even goes further and asserts

> This is the race that Jesus ran;
> Humble to God, haughty to man,
> Cursing the rulers before the people,
> Even to the temple's highest steeple,
> And when He humbled Himself to God
> Then descended the cruel rod.
> "If Thou humblest Thyself, Thou humblest Me;
> Thou also dwell'st in Eternity;
> Thou art a man: God is no more,
> Thy own humanity learn to adore."

This is daring enough, but worse is to follow. Jesus was not only not sinless; He committed every crime in the calendar. As regards Jesus's chastity, the last wonderful section of this poem confronts Jesus and the Magdalen. And Jesus utters these words which are the core of all Blake's thought:

> Good and evil are no more,
> Sinai's trumpets cease to roar!
> Cease, finger of God, to write,
> The heavens are not clean in thy sight.
> Thou art good, and Thou alone,
> Nor may the sinner cast one stone.

To be good only is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou angel of the Presence Divine,
That didst create this body of mine,
Wherefore hast Thou writ these laws
And created Hell's dark jaws?
My presence I will take from Thee:
A cold leper Thou shalt be.
Thou that wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in Thy sight,
Tho' Thy oath turned Heaven pale,
Tho' Thy covenant built Hell's jail,
Tho' Thou didst all to chaos roll,
With the serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move,
And the breath Divine is love.

That the man who uttered these words declared himself a criminal, asserted that what are considered as crimes upon earth are the glories of heaven, and died singing and shouting for joy, need surprise no one. For the fact of the matter is that William Blake was either a madman or a saint, if we understand thereby that madmen and saints are the only people who succeed in getting the better of human life as the respectable and worthy, and infinitely dull and tedious, majority conceive it. Yes, Blake was a madman to declare that the vision of Christ which he saw was the most bitter enemy of the vision of Christ other people saw. Why did he go out of his way to collect enemies, if it were not to love them? But his madness, like Hamlet's, was not without method (while the sanity of most people is entirely so) as we shall shortly see.

Blake realised that any truths that he might utter were certain to be unpopular truths. The world in which he found himself was a world in which it was thought sinful to give free rein to sexual desire, though God had Himself planted the sexual instinct in man's body; in which it was sinful to love one's neighbour as oneself, for to do so might be covetous; in which it was sinful to be proud of one's own achievement, for pride was the sin whereby the angels fell (as if it were not equally easy to fall, Blake might have retorted, through humility). It was equally sinful in Blake's world—which in all its essentials has not changed to-day

—to give freely to the poor, because to do so might only lead them to become discontented with their lot; or to hate war, tyranny and bloodshed, because the church which had been developed from St. Paul's doctrine had counselled obedience to the State.

For this reason, Blake chose to speak darkly and in parables—finding as usual his justification therefor in the Gospels themselves. He called his chief books in poetry "prophetic", meaning thereby that some future age would be able to decipher their plain meaning from the complex "allegory addressed to the intellectual powers" in which he had chosen to embody it. The basis of this allegory is that man is potentially perfect only when all sides of his nature are in harmony. These four dimensions of the perfect human spirit (for Blake was the first Einsteinian) were reason, emotion, animal life, and imagination. They were called the Zoas, a name obviously derived from the Greek word for "lives". To be able to exercise all four simultaneously was to be Albion, the Fourfold Ancient Man, who lived in Eden at the beginning and was destined to live in Jerusalem (or Paradise) at the end. But between these states of perfect human creation and redemption stretched for Blake, as for Jesus Christ, the story of the Fall. This according to Blake had come about through the exaggeration of one side of human nature at the expense of others. Luvah (derived from the Hebrew word meaning "heart"), the human emotion, had seized the chariot (power) of Urizen (from the Greek οὐρίζειν, meaning to limit, cramp, bound, imprison) the human reason, and as a result everything had fallen into disorder. The reason (Urizen) had become cold, heartless, selfish; emotion (Luvah) had then been thrown into the furnace of sex by his female counterpart, Vala—which I take to be an anagram of the Latin *Lava*, the spirit of animal life; Tharmas (an anagram of the Greek ἄσθμα, the "breath") had nothing to do but mourn; and Urthona, the all-transforming imagination (perhaps derived from the New Testament spelling ἄνθρουπος, "man") became bound to a female, Enitharmon (from ἐνάριθμον, "reckoned, counted, numbered"), or in other words became mortal. As a mortal, he took on the form of Los, of which I have spoken above. Los was identified with Blake himself, the imaginative artist par excellence.

The mythological system briefly sketched above is fairly clear and consistent, and does not require for its understanding the very elaborate and misplaced ingenuity of Blake's most celebrated editors, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats. Unfortunately, however, Blake himself gave these editors every temptation to hazardous conjecture through the number of subsidiary figures he has brought into his myth, and the confusion in which—perhaps due to lack of education or pressure of other work, or too direct dependence of inspiration unchecked by reasoning—he saw fit to leave his *Outline of History*. The early prophetic books are admittedly fragmentary, and make few attempts to explain the elaborate symbolism which was always latent in his mind. Believing as he did, that art consists in minute particulars and not in generalized form (a belief which is only a half-truth at best), he strove to give his system significance by creating a whole pantheon of subsidiary figures: Thel, Theotomon, Rintrah, Bromion, etc., etc. According to my friend, Mr. Edward O'Brien, to whom I am indebted for valuable suggestions, all those names are readily derivable as anagrams from Greek, Latin, or Hebrew. Blake may have possessed a polyglot New Testament and obtained them from its pages. But the difficulty with the earlier prophetic books is that they represent various independent sides of a complex reality that slowly developed in Blake's mind. *Vala* or *The Four Zoas*, the lack of a definitive and final edition of which is an outstanding disgrace to scholarship, is an attempt to give the cardinal myth in some final form, but it was never entirely completed. *Milton* and *Jerusalem* are only new elaborations, carried out with such bewildering multiplicity of detail that the mind is bewildered and lost. In *Jerusalem*, for example, we are given a complete symbolic geography of England, in which each town, according to whether it is in the north, east, south or west, is ruled over by some "emenation", or descendant of the Four Zoas. Here ingenuity triumphs over inspiration; and we are left in the position of a man having a bunch of some hundreds of keys in his hands and being required to know which lock each one fits at any given instant. Blake's mythological and symbolic system is in reality the greatest bar to the understanding of his fundamental thought, which was magnificently simple and re-

quired no such elaboration. For all his mythological heroes (and especially Los) are, in a sense, Blake himself or Everyman; just as all his female characters are phases of the eternal female he discovered in his wife. Had he not in the comparatively simple *Everlasting Gospel*, and the still later *Ghost of Abel*, made return to a more reasonable mode of stating his message, there would be some excuse for those who consider him eccentric, or even insane. *Jerusalem*, for example, is one of the most obscure poems ever written, though it becomes clearer if it is read after reading all the preliminary prophetic books in order; and it becomes still clearer with every successive re-reading, though in it from beginning to end Blake's mind moves through chaos.

Another and a more serious defect in Blake's system arises from his denial of nature above mentioned. Being, as he was, a man of highly strung imagination, and believing as he did that "it is better to believe vision with all our might and strength, though we are fallen and lost", he made the profound mistake of supposing that nature provides no help to the visionary imagination. "I assert that for me the natural world does not exist"—this remark of his later years reveals exactly where Blake went wrong. He committed precisely the error of early mediæval and monastic Christianity, which, seeing too clearly the miseries of this world, attempted to substitute for human life a period of trial, leading to a better world. But he did not see the paradox which modern science, no less than the Apostle's Creed, teaches us; that in whatever world we are, we cannot exist without matter in some form, without limitation and embodiment. Whitman and Patmore, each in his own way, saw the flesh and spirit, as one, not as apart; and their attempt to transcend life leads to life ever more rich and abundant; whereas Blake's way, the way of the imagination unaided and unbounded by reality, leads, as he himself admitted, only to eternal annihilation of all selfhood.

Yet we can forgive Blake even this final heresy, because we know dimly what he suffered. He was born a full century, at least, before his time. The political revolutionaries whose energies he admired—"energy is eternal delight" is one of his finest sayings—were one and all materialists, without imagination, without God. And the religious people of his day were one

and all living in a state of reactionary negation, worshipping either the "selfish, cold" Urizen as God, or bowing before the Cross and Tomb instead of looking for the living risen Christ among mankind. The naïve egotism of his various addresses and manifestoes to the public are one index to the state of his mind; another and not less clear is the profoundly unforgettable note that he was to leave behind in his papers: "Tuesday, Jan. 20,1807, between two and seven in the evening, despair." When that note was made, Blake was nearly fifty years old.

That he triumphed over his despair we not only have the fragments of the *Everlasting Gospel* as well as the Dante and Job series of illustrations to remind us, but also we have the public interest in his work to account for, which, though Blake has not yet been a hundred years in his unmarked grave in London, is continually busy with new editions of his work, or new studies of its author. That interest is, I suggest, not merely motivated by curiosity in an extraordinary man. We have arrived at a time in the world's history when scientific theory and religious faith have begun, not to oppose, but to give support to one another; though many of our scientists and religious leaders fail to observe the fact. We have therefore come to the junction of art (which reposes in faith) and science (which reposes in knowledge). The synthesis of these two contrasting ideas, the artistic and the scientific, might produce a great poem. But to put a poem of that sort into concrete form needs not only experiment with all kinds of new utterance, but a personality strong enough to see the abstract concretely, and to write it in the form of "allegory addressed to the intellectual powers". We must therefore re-adopt Homer's prerogative, and recreate a mythology. Hitherto Blake's attempt has been the sole one in the field. And his triumph in it might have been even greater had he been given a lifetime to devote solely to poetical work.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

HATRED

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

CIVILIZED society has not yet abolished any of the vices, perhaps because it would be dull without them; but it does its best to eliminate passions, and in one case has virtually succeeded. Hatred as a passion, as something which takes and shakes a man, has no longer any real existence for the spheres of our life in which urbanity is the rule. In such regions to avow your love is rather like undressing in public, but nobody is shy of proclaiming a hate, because what passes with them for hate is not the crude stuff. Love always retains some of the primitive, all conquering sway that Sophocles wrote about in another highly civilized society two thousand five hundred years ago; and even today no drawing-room is without apprehension that the creature may break loose. It is not altogether a disagreeable apprehension: the discouragement of love is never whole hearted; everybody, someone said, loves a lover, and at any rate every decent person does. But hate with its acrid atmosphere carries discomfort into sensitive circles; its sudden explosion affects people like a bad smell, and so manners, much more powerful than morals, have brought it very tolerably under control. The task has been easier because hate is not a necessity of nature; breeding earth has no use for it; and it runs counter to that instinct of association which is part of man's gregarious temperament. Thus it lacks the physical basis on which love is founded, whether between man and woman or child and parent, and which spreads out till it colours even the clannish bond with something of kinship. Yet one dare not deny hate's antiquity; it springs where love does, it dogs love like a shadow; jealousy is its first and fiercest form, growing as rank among kindred as among lovers. Cain was jealous. But, as society is well aware, Cain lived and killed a long time ago; the world has grown wider, kinsmen who hate can easily avoid each other, and under social pressure they do so, instead of troubling company with

manifestations of their rancour. Further, this concession to urbanity starves hate, deprives it of its natural food; for, as the Irish song says, I love my love for his way of walking, I love my love for his way of talking, and the same is true of hatred. As love fastens on whatever is individual and charming in bodily gesture, so you hate a man for his way of clearing his throat, or some other annoying and ugly trick he has. But in truth, when his whole being is an offence to you, every action of his is a new grievance and the nearer you live to him the more you loathe. From the town, where we have no fellowship with our neighbours, hatred, properly so called, has been almost banished; but it thrives profusely in Bœotia, which borders upon Arcady. In a dull countryside you will not find man or woman readily owning up to a hatred, and still less will they parade the emotion. Hate prefers to be disguised when it is the true passion and hopes for its effect; indeed, sooner than be avowed, it will hide like the ostrich. Only in a society which does not fear this Bœotian obsession could Dr. Johnson's phrase be applauded. For, as everybody knows, when the doctor said he loved a good hater, that was part of his humour. No one was ever less likely to approve the person who would willingly inflict harm on another to gratify his own passion—and that is what hate means. Johnson might hate a Whig, or an atheist, or an ungrammatical writer, but if you had produced before his eyes a suffering human, all thought of Whig, atheist, or scribbler would have vanished. Intellectual aversions and repugnances of taste do no great harm. But I have known a prominent man who became possessed of the power to ruin a very insignificant political opponent. It was pleaded that the victim had wife and children. "Isn't the workhouse good enough for them?" was the reply. That, now, was a good hater; but would Johnson have loved him?

The truth is that Johnson was a typical Englishman, and the English are of all peoples the least prone to hatred. Whether they have succeeded by their good nature, or are good natured because they have succeeded, may be argued; but the fact is that they have felt for a very long time no continued need of hate. For whether hate be natural or no, man has always found hate proper to be cultivated for his extra-natural purposes, in politics

and theology. Without these departments of activity, hating might be a lost art in civilized manhood, gone like the power to track game or light a fire by rubbing two sticks; but through them it has been always and probably always will be maintained and held in honour.

I need not dwell on theology further than to recognize that Christianity has always attempted to inculcate hate for the sin and love for the sinner. But Christianity, especially in practice, keeps a strong Judaic tinge, and the Hebrew mind for all its subtlety never essayed this distinction which should rank among counsels of perfection. In politics we are on clearer ground. Nobody there affects to behave like a Christian; indeed, we are all aware how necessary it is to be on guard against amiable weaknesses, the seductions of decent feeling. "I never can hate a man properly after I've met him," said one of the most human and also the most effective Irish politicians to me, giving his reason for avoiding intercourse with his opponents. He was joking, yet only half joking; he knew his own dreadful liability to like and to be liked: he knew that the House of Commons tends to deaden by personal contact the intensity of party passions and to blunt the sharp outline of party beliefs. In that institution you inevitably become aware that the other side are not monsters of iniquity and that their opinion has something to be said for it. Is this a merit or a defect? Merit, no doubt, if your purpose belongs to the ordinary political processes of a well established state; but defect, if you mean revolution. Ireland tended more and more to believe that Irish politicians who went to Westminster lost something; and it was true. Except in rare and specially gifted individuals, hatred was sapped: and it would be foolish to deny that hatred is a driving force. No revolutionary movement has been able to dispense with it: the weaker the insurgent force, and the more strongly established the power which it seeks to overthrow, the greater will be the need of this stimulus. Very little hatred seems to have entered into either of the two English revolutions, which were made by a body of the people conscious of their strength, and exempt from the touch of hysteria which attends on desperate enterprises. Where there is no fear there is not much hate. Napoleon fright-

ened England into a hysterical passion for a while, and at the beginning of the last war the English, before they were certain of their resources, sought the aid of this dope—as also did Germany; though Germany's hysterical passion came perhaps less from fear than from the sudden jolt of an ugly surprise, upsetting the moral balance. Probably most Englishmen would agree now that England presented something of the same phenomena when matters went unexpectedly wrong in the South African War. But as the great European struggle developed, the Great Powers realized that their strength lay elsewhere, and the hymn of hate was little sung either in Germany, France or Britain. It has been otherwise with those movements and those peoples that felt themselves overmatched. In Russia, who doubts that hatred was necessary to keep up the fight against autocracy? But let me speak of what I know. Neither O'Connell nor Parnell, I think, regarded the Irish movement as revolutionary in its essence, and certainly Redmond did not; but a large proportion of the English people by so regarding it made it so. Ireland in a long wrestle was galvanized again and again to a sort of demoniac fury by preachers of hate, until finally we bit and kicked and tore ourselves loose. When Redmond, who tried to dispense with hatred, had failed, other people by their success proved once more hate's efficacy as a motor engine.

But the drug habit is as dangerous in morals as in medicine, and every revolutionary party is a forcing ground of private hates. It would be a fortunate conspiracy indeed in which conspirators reserved their fiercest loathing for the power or person against which they conspired. I never saw an Irishman shaken as with epilepsy and foaming at the mouth in a denunciation of English rule; these manifestations arose from a difference between old colleagues. When revolution has succeeded, we know in Ireland, as probably they know in Poland, in Slovakia, in Russia and a score of other countries, what is the cost of a victorious hate. If the victory is a just one, if the revolution has been really due, the last and worst of injustices is that the victors come out demoralized by their victory. Where hatred has had free play, human nature is left like the soil of an old battle line, upheaved, blasted and poisoned, the underworld brought on top,

a surface which kindly growths abhor; and the rankest weeds take swift and spreading possession. What grows when hatred has been let loose is revenge, and private vendetta springing out of public feud is at once as natural and as unnatural as the horrible vegetation that covers old mine craters in front of Vermelles.

We in Ireland were always disposed to despise English political life for its seeming lack of sincerity and its real lack of fierce passion. There was no doubt an almost indecent discrepancy between the denunciations of public aversion and the private relations of good fellowship among British politicians. Yet on the whole the House of Commons was the most civilizing influence I have known, because hatred throve so ill there; and its most successful gladiator, who was also the most publicly hated man in his day, had the least capacity of all politicians for personal hate and the most power to undermine it. Mr. Lloyd George, I think, hated no one; and Mr. Balfour at one time fell from leadership, it seemed to me, because he could not hate Mr. Lloyd George; his intelligence was too accessible to seduction. Stupid men are the best haters, because hatred is most solidly based upon misunderstanding. Party politics, in the interest of the public gladiatorial hate, inculcate deliberate concentration on points of difference, and avoidance of the possible spheres of agreement. The suppler, more adventurous, intellect is more easily beguiled on to the forbidden ground, and once understanding begins sympathy is apt to follow.

Yet hatred, whether public or private, has vision; it possesses peculiar penetration into the vices of its antagonists; it has a terrible eye for rottenness. The Irishman, brought up to a long transmitted feud, has a grim comprehension of England; he can see and foresee all the shortcomings which beset the British temperament. But he will very seldom understand where an Englishman can be trusted to go right, and consequently will never get the best out of him. All fruitful coöperation is based on the expectation of good—expectation of evil is sterile, and that makes hate a barren passion. It is never an inspiration, never a creator of art, or of beauty in any shape; but it does desperately increase concentration. Benevolence is never focussed on one point like malevolence; it has too darting an activity; hatred

is a fish that haunts slow stagnant waters. It can hunt in packs, too; I have heard a description of a sick salmon being devoured alive by eels. Parnell's last months were like that.

The French are too quick, too brief, really to be haters, in spite of some awful studies in Balzac, whose Cousin Bette is malignant, persistent, triumphant stupidity incarnate. But as a people the Germans will always outhate them. Few things are more characteristic of Germany, and less characteristic of England, than the dull old Hanoverian hate; hatred of father for son, son for father—but especially of father for son. In the minds of the early Georges there were no gusts of intellectual curiosity or wandering adventure to divert the mind from what it chewed upon. Agility is not a virtue but it is a very useful habit; and it should be possible to invent a moral equivalent for physical drill to prevent the growth of morose brooding. Probably the religious orders have planned one; but still Browning's soliloquy of the Spanish cloister is a dreadfully credible study of hate in idleness. That monk had never been hurried. And I have known a man kindly, humourous, a thinker, and by his profession specially a Christian, yet become cankered, sour and unwholesome because a hate took hold of him. He had suffered injustice, and yet worse men have often borne worse hardships better: but in his lethargic body and slow ruminating mind the evil seed got too long a chance to establish itself, struck deep, and overspread all. But his passion was ineffectual—it harmed no one but himself. Hatred may further a vicious man's purposes; it is of no use to a gentleman and can only spoil him as my friend was spoilt. Mr. Galsworthy in one of his finest works, *The Man of Property*, shows the process by which a dull creature destroys a clever one. Bosinney has no more chance against Soames Forsyte than the fly against the spider. The Man of Property wins not only because all the material odds are on his side, but also because he has the more concentrated emotion. The hate of those who want something against those who have it is never so intense as that of those who have property against those who want it. The Tory hates the Radical better than the Radical hates the Tory, because hatred against those who, as you conceive, withhold from your abstract rights is very much less vivid than the possessors' hate of those who would

deprive him of his concrete possessions, things or privileges which use has made familiar — which are part of him. Property in the defensive is like the bear with her whelps. But, for Soames Forsyte, the issue is complicated because the challenged and invaded property is a woman, his wife, and according to tradition his hatred should be all the fiercer. Yet, and Mr. Galsworthy sees this, he cannot enjoy his triumph because he is too civilized and particularly too civilized in an English way. His hatred's victory is Pyrrhic because he has been bred to the traditions of a gentleman. Decidedly the English are bad haters.

I feel my view borne out by Mr. Conrad, who knows the passions better perhaps than any writer living, and knows them, also, with the most cosmopolitan mind that literature ever brought to its task of creation. The most poignant study of hate that I recall in his work, comes in *Victory*. There the triumphant hater is a very despicable German, whose hatred does not seek a direct physical fulfilment through bloodletting — which is the Latin fashion—but achieves its end by a series of manœuvres. The novel characteristically does not tell us what became of this successful hater, pitted against a man having honour, strength and courage, yet so over-civilized as to be incapable not merely of revenge but of self defence. There is a danger in refining away hatred, for it is one of the mainsprings of action. Victory goes to the uneducated girl, whose love renders her more resourceful than any of the haters.

Shakespeare, who drew cruelty so often and with such varying skill, is in no way more English than in his lack of concern with this tremendous passion. Capulets and Montagues are merely cat and dog to each other, and there is really not much more subtlety in the portrayal of Shylock's feeling against Antonio. In all the plays Iago is the only real hater; he can twist every virtue of the Moor into a vice. He is hate, as Othello is jealousy. Yet his master passion is not studied with the same intensity as the Moor's. We find Iago's hate full grown; we watch its workings; but we see the birth of jealousy in Othello and its death also. I do not recall anywhere in Shakespeare the growth of a hatred sketched even as the growth of Desdemona's love is sketched by retrospect in Othello's speech to the judge. Caliban again is

hate, hate at its most brutish; there is no nobleness entangled with this slime. Shakespeare was not at all of Dr. Johnson's opinion. He was too near nature, too little over-civilized, to speak pleasantly of good haters. Yet perhaps Mercutio is one, in Johnson's meaning: I could imagine the huge dictionary maker having a lusty detestation for a puppy "that fights by the book of arithmetic." But in Mercutio there is none of the black, corroding venom, which may be shameless and self-avowed, as in Iago or in Caliban, yet which may also filter itself disguised into a chalice consecrated to worship or to patriotism. Considering the range of Shakespeare's scrutiny, it is notable that his imagination should have worked so little on this common and terrible corruption, and I think the true reason is that he was so English.

I think also that the English have succeeded because they have been comparatively so free from this obsession. A man hag-ridden by hate is in a poor way to prosper. If you spend your life taking thought how to do some man, or some nation, an ill turn, your mind, vaulted in by its preoccupation, will miss sight of those occasions when a friendly and profitable bargain may be struck, or even some good turn done that in all probability will beget another.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

WHY THE WORLD GRINS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

To the older generation, few things are more puzzling than the new vogue for the perpetual grin. In actual life it is not unreasonably disturbing. Friends at home are not forever smiling in each other's faces; in public, people, if nobody is looking, have intervals when their mouths are in repose. But this reticence makes it more difficult to understand why in photographs, in pictorial supplements, in advertisements, men, women and children now appear to meet every event, every emergency, every minute of the day, with a grin.

Not so many years since a sterner breed of Americans would have frowned upon the fashion as a sign of levity, and probably would have thought the pillory or stocks not an unfitting fate for the offender. In lands and centuries where laughter was held in higher repute than by our Puritan ancestors, it was kept within limits of time and place. The Greek had his tragic as well as his comic mask, and the conventionalized smile was with him the symbol of a passing mood rather than the record of an expression habitual to rational human beings. For long painters made laughter on canvas the special privilege of satyrs and bacchantes, revellers and Pierrots, and a smile as faint even as the Mona Lisa's was so rare in serious portraiture that volumes have been written to explain it. Grinning matches were once popular in England, but only at country fairs and for a prize. Now, the tragic mask is banished to the storeroom of ancient modes and manners, Mona Lisa would be smiling with the crowd, and prizes are not needed to draw everybody into the universal grinning match.

All the world laughs all the time, as if at the photographer's classic command: "Keep smiling!" until tears would be a welcome innovation. It is like a horrible contagion spreading from country to country, worse than the dancing craze that scourged medi-

æval Europe. All nations, all classes, all ages, however violently they disagree otherwise, agree in their willingness to fling dignity to the winds and to grin for the camera. Royalty, though, or perhaps because, fallen on evil days, grins with the proletariat, nor can exile discourage it. The clergy have borrowed the trick and mastered it so well that grey-haired prelates may be seen stretching their mouths from ear to ear as they wave a farewell from the deck of an ocean liner. Statesmen must conform and an unfortunate President smiles until the muscles of one's mouth ache in sympathy, and a legislator as venerable as Lord Balfour exchanges the seriousness of youth for unceasing elderly mirth. People cannot start on a journey or arrive at the end of it, cannot expose their nakedness on the sands of Palm Beach or Coney Island, cannot get married, cannot assist in any ceremony, cannot perform any duty, without showing their teeth and rivalling the Cheshire cat's abandonment. Actors, prize fighters, Congressmen, football players, novelists, painters, travelers, clergymen, film favourites, society leaders, nobodies—all are alike in their appreciation of an apparently inexhaustible joke. And the same outward expression has become the beginning and the end of the abomination of advertising. Chewing gum, liniment, union suits, pancakes, cocoa, shoe polish, shaving soap, pepsin, hair tonic, patent heels, chocolate, cereals, all the things we wear, all the things we eat, all the noxious things we drink in our dryness, all the things that come into our houses, all the things that beguile us out of them—all and everything must be approved with a grin. Some may call for a broader grin than others. It would take a wiser woman than I to say why bread should open the mouth until a fraction of an inch more and it would split, why coffee should call for a mere society smile, while collars demand unmitigated gloom. But collars are the rare exception. For most things, advertisements without some sort of a grin would miss their appeal and lose their punch. Posters by the wayside, in the subway, on the housetop, would have us believe that the whole population of our country gets out of bed grinning, spends the day grinning, goes to bed grinning. It seems almost impossible for the camera or the poster man to catch anybody who is not grinning. And the few who,

like myself, are so behind the times as to feel no particular desire to join in the grinning, cannot read their papers and magazines, cannot take their walks or drives abroad, without being rebuked for their old-fashioned solemnity by the standardized spectacle of the standardized grin of the age.

To share in the grin is probably not to ask why but to accept it as no less a matter of course than each day's rising and going down of the sun. Not to share in it, however, is to wonder if with years one has dropped out of the race, or if the fault lies in one's own deficient sense of humour. Surely, if all the world is grinning, it must be for some reason, good or bad, and it is not mere idle curiosity to try to find out what this reason is. There was a philosopher who laughed—who believed laughter better than sorrow—as well as a philosopher who wept. Tell me what a man laughs at, the moralist has said, and I will tell you what that man is. To discover the secret of the present universal grin might therefore help one to understand one's fellow mortals and, incidentally, lighten the gloom for those who are more inclined to tears. Certainly, when I consider dispassionately conditions, either at home or abroad, I get no glimpse anywhere of comedy or farce. Europe on the verge of financial bankruptcy and moral collapse, threatened with a period of darkness by comparison with which the Ages we call Dark were Light itself—Europe in the throes of tragedy does not strike me exactly as a joke. Having no clue to the fun of it, I turn from France to England, from Germany to Austria, from Russia to the new Balkan shuffle, from Italy to Belgium, hunting for comedy in vain, unless the spectacle of Europe in ruins is comic, and jazz, the music for a new rollicking Dance of Death. The East, Near or Far, does not provide me with amusement on a less niggardly scale, and I am so dull as to think that none save the cynic or the madman in his cell could smile over the triumph of the Unspeakable Turk whose final banishment from Europe was to be the supreme achievement of the war. I could not honestly say that mirth is the harvest to be reaped in Soviet-pursued India, in Japan armed to the teeth, in China, forced to barter the ancient civilization that belongs to it for Western complications and turmoil and uplifting little to its taste.

In my own country the prospect to me is not particularly side-splitting, unless one can laugh at the spectacle of America complacently prepared to cure all the ills the rest of the world is heir to and unable to cure any of her own—America spending her thought, ingenuity and power in dashing the wine cup, or rather the "rum" cup, from our thirsty lips. Indeed, I sometimes think the American should go clothed in sackcloth and ashes, rather than the ready-mades of the Department Store, to so pitiful a plight has America been brought by undesirable aliens and politicians and dry laws and cranks and uplifters and tyrannical minorities and cowardly majorities and timid legislation and spread of corruption through nursery government. Is it really a matter of mirth that the fine old American tradition is being rapidly forgotten, that the much boasted-of American liberty is being hedged about by petty restrictions, that the American future is being handed over to the riff-raff of Europe now crowding out the real American? I would like nothing better than to share in the laughter; I would go far to meet gaiety. But the more I reflect upon the puzzle, the more convinced I am that the cause for the universal grin cannot be discovered in the world itself, and that people who could think it was would be well qualified for Blackwell's Island or The Tombs.

Of course, an alternative is that people laugh just because they know things are desperate—just because theirs is the wisdom in which is much grief, and if they did not laugh, they could but weep. Their Rome burns, set on fire by their own folly, ignorance and inefficiency, and they out with their fiddles in emulation of Nero. But then Nero, who was not grieving at all, knew that his Rome was burning, and I question whether the multitude who grin today have as much as a suspicion that anything is wrong with their Rome, that it is on the verge of a worse abyss than Nero's. Not even charity, well blindfolded, could detect a trace of thought or reflection, a hint of the slightest desire to think, in the half-naked mayors and millionaires, brides and bankers, grinning by the sea, or the fur-wrapped actors and flower-laden movie stars grinning as the steamer leaves the dock, or the grey-haired man beaming over his bottle of liniment, or the blonde beauty capturing ecstasy in her chewing gum. And yet

travelers and bathers as a rule are chosen from among our richest, or most distinguished, or most notorious citizens—the liniment man and the chewing-gum blonde are types selected as the best qualified to lure our eyes and open our purses.

The man who laughs in his sorrow is a philosopher, but his is the philosophy of laughter which is born of observation and knowledge, and neither one nor the other is required by the things which absorb the attention of most people today. If the great educated public observes and knows anything going on around it except business, sports, and so-called amusements, it is uncommonly careful to keep the fact to itself. I cannot look anywhere at our great educated public opening its morning or evening paper without my heart going out in sympathy to the editor, whose most brain-racking daily problem must be to dispose of the daily news as unobtrusively as he knows how, unless a "story" can be made out of it. It is to the sports page the great educated public instinctively turns, unless an unusually sensational murder or rape, burglary or raid on "rum", fills the first. Only when the news is sensational is it paying policy to give it precedence. Nor has the political sensation long drawn out a chance. Take recent examples. The Turks when they first went to Lausanne, and the French into the Ruhr, filled the most conspicuous columns, but they retired to a back seat, or page, as soon as likelihood dwindled of immediate war or disaster. Even the convenient discovery by the propagandist of a switch under the Poilu's coat could not whip the French occupation of the Ruhr into its original prominence again. And yet the intelligent believed and still believe that the future of Europe hangs as by a thread on what comes eventually of the Turks at Lausanne and the French in the Ruhr.

To the great educated public, news without a "kick" in it is no news at all, and the newspapers must supply the "kick" or risk the bankruptcy court. That, no matter what happens, sports unaided can supply the "kick", I have never doubted since the day the news of Antwerp's fall came to London and the posters of the newsboys I met in the streets announced only the far more important "Tsarevitch Results"; or since that other day in the spring of 1918 when I found half a dozen people before a Phila-

delphia newspaper office reading the bulletin from the retreating Allies while, across the street, hundreds hung breathless on the football bulletin supplied by an enterprising tradesman. Defeat, humiliation, ruin, are insignificant details compared to the finals from the football field or the racing track, to the thrill of the bet won or lost. If war cannot compete with sports, what chance is there for peaceful politics,—unless "rum" is involved,—economics, or international problems? Besides, the papers deal with other matters of more immediate and pressing interest. The latest adventures of Mutt and Jeff, of Percy and Ferdie, of Father, of Pops, require the attention of the great educated public before it is free to trouble about any adventures for which Washington or Westminster, the Quai D'Orsay or the Wilhelmstrasse, is responsible. How true this is nobody can question who has watched, as I have, the great educated public reading its paper in hotels and restaurants, in trolleys and trains, in subway and elevated. Always it is to the page, if not of sports, then of comics, that its eyes are glued.

Nor is the newspaper the only straw to show which way the wind blows. Our self-appointed leaders shun as assiduously as the great educated public anything approaching observation or knowledge of fact. There is no vanity and vexation of spirit for the new prophet who looks at his world not as it is, but as he is cocksure it is going to be made in double-quick time by a fast approaching, spiritually ennobling Renaissance such as no man has ever seen. Economists and social scientists and social meddlers can dismiss anxiety as lightly, for, deaf to alarm signals, they hear only their own loud talk of business booming, prohibition breeding virtue, crime disappearing, criminals emulating the prodigal son in repentance, religion resuming its sway. Not disaster but the millennium is at hand for the earnest women who yearn over the Bolshevist as a new savior of mankind, for the idealists whose faith is firm in the miracle-working power of the League of Nations or the World Court, for the visionaries whose eyesight is so distorted that they see England and America in staunch fellowship shouldering the burdens of the universe. When the professional preacher preaches that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, scepticism is not for the flock,

and in vain does the occasional Jeremiah lift up his voice to call upon all who pass by to stop and see in what a Fool's Paradise they are living. Eat, drink, and be merry, was of old the philosophy of men who remembered that tomorrow and death follow close on the heels of today. The new philosophy is for men to eat, drink when a bootlegger is handy, and grin, and forget even the possibility of a tomorrow with catastrophe in its train. Most work nowadays is kind enough to dispense with thought, and the habit of not thinking encouraged in working hours is not easily broken in playtime. The new generation cannot be accused of trying to escape thought, since it has not got so far as to think thought a nuisance. Our forefathers indulged in thought and were rewarded by a tiresome consciousness of the duties and responsibilities of life. But a fancy for so useless an indulgence has been outgrown and, by not thinking, men are now privileged to take life as one prolonged jest. No other conclusion can be reached by the puzzled and persevering student of a grinning generation.

For, if the further the student pursues his researches the less possible it is for him to find either anything funny in life as lived today, or any trace of revolt against life's abundance of sorrow, what other explanation remains for the fashionable grin except sheer vacancy of mind in the people who have adopted the fashion or endure it? They do not protest because they do not think about it, are not conscious of it, and this makes its popularity the more disheartening for the unfashionable remnant to whom it is an offense. Absence of thought is becoming, if it has not become the crowning glory of the civilization of which our pride is to boast. It is a curious and melancholy fact that the result of the thinking of the small minority who continue to think is to help the large majority to do without thinking. Modern methods of education are pointed to as one of the chief signs of modern progress. But if they have disposed of the pale, anæmic, round-shouldered scholar supposed to be the result of cultivating the mind at the expense of the body, by cultivating the body at the expense of the mind, they have turned out in his place the "flannelled fool" to whom the brain will presently become as superfluous an organ as surgical fashion has made our appendix

and our tonsils. Science has advanced further in the last hundred years than in all the preceding centuries, solely, I am sometimes inclined to believe, that the mental inertia of the educated may be complete. The most amazing inventions are putting the final touches to the general demoralization. For what did Daguerre and Muybridge toil save to send the mentally indolent generation of today to the Nirvana of the movies? For what did Franklin fly his kite and Morse forsake his art save that radio might do away with the least little need of thought the movies have spared? Already, librarians will tell you, radio is emptying the libraries; already, clergymen lament, it is emptying the churches. When amusement or edification is to be had by pushing a button or pulling a string, or clapping something on one's ears, when our education can be entrusted to our subconscious self under the charge of radio, why then every inducement for mental and physical effort flies from a lotus-eating world.

I know that vacancy of mind as the first step to spiritual bliss has long been preached and practised by mystics of many lands and many creeds. To what other end does the Dervish dance, the Yogi sit staring at his middle, the saint scourge and mortify his flesh, the neo-Rosicrucian in motionless discomfort chant his endless refrain? But when, day by day, I look at the faces of the people opposite me in subway or elevated, their gum-chewing jaws moving in cow-like content, I cannot imagine that they have set up spiritual bliss as their goal, if indeed they ever knew there was such a goal to aim for. Nor do I detect any suggestion of spiritual aspiration in the faces of those other people who grin so scrupulously for the camera. Indeed, sometimes I begin to fear that with the modern civilized man vacancy of mind is on the point of reaching its triumphant culmination, with neither any conscious intention on his part, nor any ultimate object. This is why I cannot see in the popular grinning photographs and posters anything but a symbol of mental deterioration and decay; why I groan in spirit, instead of smiling in return, when I meet the grin of the gentleman with his liniment and the blonde with her chewing gum, of the half-naked idlers at Coney Island and the over-dressed tourists on their way to the European "rum" cellar.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

GOLF AND CHARACTER

BY J. A. MacCALLUM

In a moment of unusual candour a noted Anglican divine has admitted that when he plays golf he forgets his wife, children, church, country and God. The singular thing about this confession is not its uniqueness, but its universality, for it is equally true of every man who has caught the genius of the game. Therein lies the mystery and fascination of golf, but, alas, also its danger; for like belladonna placed in our eyes by the oculist, this intense absorption reduces the personality to a state of quiescence and transparency where its every quality is unbared to the idle or curious gaze of any irreverent onlooker. The Freudians tell us to beware of recounting our dreams, less we betray our hidden infamies.

Golf is, however, a much simpler key to character than dreams, for it requires no technique to interpret the telltale facts it brings out into the light of common day. Let none who is afraid to be known for what he is without adornment and without excuse, a naked soul, become a devotee of the game. It is a spiritual spectrum which reveals with scientific accuracy and certitude the elements of which personality is formed. In the market place our contacts are restricted to a limited area of experience. We are not particularly interested in the origin, courage, temperament or religion of our customers. So long as they keep their credit good they may consult whatever oracles and worship at whatever shrines they will. It is no concern of ours whether our tailor is persuasive or truculent in his family manners, or talkative or taciturn when his plans miscarry. But when we unite in the intimacies of golf, it is impossible to be disinterested in each other's character, for it is a part of our immediate environment and, in fact, is thrust upon our attention.

Perhaps the most common weakness which golf reveals is an exaggerated eagerness to win. True, much can be said in

favour of this ambition, which is grounded in the age-long struggle through which our present position of semi-security was attained by our pugnacious ancestors. But the amenities of civilized life require that we should take some thought of the rights and feelings of others, including even our competitors. After all, why should I claim the rewards of preëminence as over against my neighbour? And when I have done my best, why should it be a matter of distress if he makes a better score than I? A minimum of reflection will show that all men have not equal talent in all directions. Thus every one must be content with second place in some of the activities of life and with at least a few of the minor prizes. The Duke of Wellington was both generous and wise in admitting that when it came to mending shoes his cobbler was a greater man than he. Thus, if my rival comes out ahead of me in his score it should cause me no pain. I ought to be content with the consolation of knowing that I have a much higher intelligence quotient than he, or a greater talent for art or a better appreciation of nature, and am therefore domiciled in a finer and larger world. Yet this is not the way the matter works out with most men. They want to win, and exhibit the same deadliness of purpose which characterized their ancestors in the days when to lose a fight was to die. It may even be that in golf this desire is the resurgence of racial memories of long forgotten battles in which life was held by narrow margins. Whatever the explanation, golf reveals a greed for victory not in keeping with our modern gospel of brotherhood and coöperation.

Sometimes, indeed, this eagerness to excel others takes on such unlovely forms that it brings positive and immediate censure upon its possessor. Not long ago a distinguished jurist was in a game when his opponent lost his ball. He immediately took out his watch and waited patiently until the legal five minutes had expired. Then he promptly said, "Your five minutes are up. Here is your ball." A man so lacking in chivalry as that should shun golf as the plague, because of the fierce light it will surely throw upon the leanness of his soul. Though he should live a hundred years and never render a decision that will be reversed, he cannot escape the ignominy of that revelation.

On hearing this story we feel instinctively that there can be little generosity, sympathy, courtesy or any other virtuous quality in his character. He is a machine rather than a man. The searchlight showed his soul as bare "as a rain-washed bone". His fellow members were inclined at first to put him out of the club, but in the end, since what he did was legal, they decided he was within his rights and that his punishment would be greater to retain him, and keep within their rights by refusing to play with him. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Golf here as everywhere is a transcript of life.

The selfishness of our nature is also revealed in another though more human form in failure to remember the count. Happily most players are immune from this crude temptation, yet in every club or considerable company of golfers there are a few who have an unenviable reputation for such lapses of memory. Often the men who are given to forgetting are apt in keeping an eye upon their opponents and checking up their count. But the true golfer watches himself and not his neighbour. That is not his business, but this does not mean that he will be the unwitting victim of another's deception. There is a psychic element in the game which sooner or later will reveal the slightest tendency to dishonesty. Let no man delude himself with the idea that because a hill intervenes between him and his adversary, he can forget a "foozle" or change a "lie" without it being recorded against him. Though he is not suspected the first or even the second time he does so, sooner or later he will become aware that the atmosphere freezes when he appears among his fellow players at the club. The underlying reason is that in golf no one can be cheated except one's self. In reality the contest is not with your neighbour but with Fate. It is an accidental thing whether my score is over or under that of the man with whom I am playing. My real opponent is Destiny's proxy, Nature, who is always ready to take advantage of the slightest deviation from the line which is the shortest distance between two points. She is rigidly exacting and watchful to charge me with another stroke or more in payment for each of my blunders. And Nature never can be cheated, because her score card is automatic and is none other than the soul of the player himself. There every stroke is

registered indelibly, and whether the superficial record he keeps on a piece of cardboard corresponds with this count or not is a matter of small concern except to himself. Primarily it is the index to his integrity and only secondarily to his skill, and it never alters the real relation between his opponent and himself.

The state of quiescence which golf induces reveals also a widespread intellectual poverty which upon analysis is disturbing to the popular conviction that we are a highly intelligent people. Wherever golfers foregather when the day's contests are over, they are given to much talk about their failures and successes. One need not be a "highbrow" to feel a deep sense of depression as he overhears the conversation current in the dressing and dining rooms of any country club from Kennebunkport to Hollywood. The indigestible luncheon inadvisedly eaten by the player, or the extra cigar in which he foolishly indulged, accounts for his poor game. "If" and "I" are the words most in use in these deliberations. "If it had not been for the 'slice' which I developed on the sixth hole and which continued with me until the sixteenth, I would have played a brilliant game. You should have seen me last Sunday. I spent the week-end with a friend on Long Island. He is a member of the Excelsior Club and we played the 36 holes. Every drive I made went straight down the centre of the fairway, every approach was a gem, and every putt within four yards of the pin sank. But today I was all off. I don't understand what has come over me." This is the cardinal theme in every club, and is embroidered with numerous monotonous variations gathering around the Ego of the player and conditioned by many an "if". It is a sad confession for a golfer to make, but the wise man faces the facts, and after all the responsibility is not with the game. The one reform to which the intelligentsia among golfers must address themselves is to oxygenate the rarified mental atmosphere which at present prevails in the average country club, and which causes a slowing down of the intellectual processes and a stifling of the imagination in so many devotees of the game. This reform is essential if golf is to realize its highest possibilities as a vehicle of social usefulness.

Thus practically every weakness of spiritual structure, however minor in character, is revealed by golf. The man of sanguine or

mercurial temperament, hasty temper, self conscious manner or boastful disposition, is soon known to his fellow players. But fortunately golf throws into relief the nobler qualities of personality, though we are not so apt to dwell upon these. Rather we take them for granted on the same principle that the newspaper has little or nothing to say of the domestic virtues prevailing in homes unbesmirched by scandal. The weaknesses of men are no sooner discovered than they are bruited abroad. Knowledge of their strength is of slower growth, but eventually a man is known for what he is. Golf speeds up the process of evaluation and often opens the door to a wider circle of friends or admirers than would ordinarily be possible, a circle that sometimes reaches far beyond his knowledge. Here and there the unusual generosity of a strong player is shown by his willingness to help one less mature or gifted. The native selfishness we all share is exhibited in the desire of every man to play with those in his own class or slightly above it, so that it is indicative of superior virtue to be willing to spend one's time with a weak player. All the raw materials of the caste system of India are latent in any group of golfers. That these do not crystallize rigidly is due to the men of generous spirit who are willing to help others of inferior skill, and also to the fact that underneath all accidential distinctions the spirit of golf is democratic. No sooner does a player break through his limitations and reach a higher class than he is welcomed as an equal. If from a score in the nineties he jumps to par, he is accepted on his new credentials as a matter of course, nor will his old friends on the lower level envy him his new honours, however sad they may be in parting from him.

Courage and self control are also qualities which golf brings out with inspiring frequency. He who is weak in spirit is disheartened when he falls far behind his opponent, but the man who plays the game for its own sake rather than for victory over a rival is never unsteadied by initial defeat, and often retrieves the ground he has lost. The ruler of himself wins many a hole against men of more showy gifts. It is a humiliating though common experience, to be beaten by a plodder who is incapable of a brilliant shot. Tranquillity in every circumstance, whether for the moment one is winning or losing, is the secret of success.

The observant player on any course need not lack for inspiration. If he will look around him he will see many an example of courageous self-control. In the possession of these virtues by so many of our countrymen we have the surest guarantee against the overthrow of our civilization by the sudden adoption of half-baked theories of government.

So far the burden of my argument has been based upon the conviction that golf primarily reveals character rather than creates it. In this it is like war, which is often blamed for the moral breakdowns following in its wake. In truth, however, war does not create but simply uncovers the latent weaknesses of human nature. Golf is similar in this respect. Unlike other games, it voluntarily sets up hazards to test the courage and poise of the player. Here he has to carry a stream, there a sand pit or bunker, and as he faces the difficulty his powers of coördination are subjected to a rigorous test. Every golfer of modest skill knows that there are few hazards he could not negotiate were it not for the subtle derangement of his psychic mechanism induced by the subconscious fear of failure.

Yet it should not be inferred that golf is of no value in nurturing and strengthening character. We can disregard the behaviouristic psychologists who hold that there can be no intellectual growth after physical maturity has been reached, and take the common sense view that the future is always big with spiritual opportunity. This is obviously true in youth. The increasing numbers of golfers among our boys and girls is a good omen for the future of the nation. To learn to conform to a high standard of conduct in so concrete a school in the most formative years must leave an abiding impress for good upon the soul. To realize that it is the "proper thing" to be patient, courteous, considerate and meticulously honest, will surely increase the place that these qualities hold in the personality. And though a man has reached mature years before taking up the game, it is reasonable to believe that it will exercise a modifying influence upon any native crudities of character with which he may be handicapped. The fact that the player forgets his troubles and ordinary enterprises for a considerable time each week and brings his mind to a focus upon an altogether different interest, "far from the madding crowd," must

generate within him the reserves of power that will enable him to win in his real battle against Destiny in that great war in which "there is no discharge".

The critic will ask, with reason, why I have singled out golf for this preëminent place among the many outdoor sports, all of which exercise so valuable a ministry in the development of character. Why should golf be regarded as superior to tennis, football or baseball, either in revealing the elements of personality or in nurturing its virtues? The answer is that golf is a game of deliberation in which seasoned judgment plays a dominant part. These other games are swift in action, and since they are coöperative, must be played in subordination to the common purpose. In golf the contrary is true. We play a lone hand, for as we have seen our real opponent is Destiny. The game itself is individual, though its effects are social. Its psychological orbit is thus much wider than that afforded by any other sport. Besides it has the tremendous advantage of having scarcely any limitations of age. I have seen a boy playing upon the links so young that when he became tired he petulantly dropped his bag, where it would have remained were it not picked up by an older brother; and I have been beaten by a man over eighty years old. Tennis, hockey, baseball, football, polo, and even cricket, are for the young and virile, but golf is for anyone who is able to walk around the course. It is indeed a parable of life.

When through education and reflection the public has come to see that golf is not merely a pastime or recreation but an instrument of creative power for the analysis and development of character, it will take its rightful place in the new and harmonious commonwealth that man is engaged in building. It will then be recognized as the moral substitute for war through which the inherent belligerency of human nature will be sublimated, and our descendants, looking back upon our social, religious, racial and international strifes, will think of us as "Ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times."

J. A. MacCallum.

THE HORSELEECH HATH TWO DAUGHTERS

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

In every age there are certain words and phrases that break away from the staid, rhetorical phalanx of their fellows, and get into the "plane of perpetual apparition", astronomically speaking. They peer out at us from every page of magazines and newspapers and fall from every lip and pen, until they die, like a ragtime air, of their own popularity. "Pragmatist", "pacifist", "proposition", "camouflage", "propaganda", "scrap", "gesture",—figuratively used,— "sphere of influence", "open door", and "drive" are only a few of many possible illustrations in point.

Probably most of us give a sigh of relief when these overworked words are finally whistled down the wind, though we may have a wondering fear lest we shall eventually kill off half our vocabulary by an intemperate use of words once in good and regular standing. But before such words are cast into the discard, they should be carefully interviewed by historians and philosophers; for they are highly significant key-words of the era that wooed them to their decline. With his finger on any of these key-words, a good diagnostician can take the pulse and temperature of the age that used them. But any extended research into this fascinating study of verbal pathology I shall leave to the historian and philosopher, while I confine my attention to the study of sundry activities which have culminated in what is known as a "drive".

In the spacious days of our ancestors, the word "drive" might have pleasant associations. Even were it a drive of a hammer, and not in a sleigh, or surrey, the word carried no terrorizing suggestions. But the pastoral drive of our forebears is the scorch of "the automobility", and the hammer's drive has fitly given its figurative significance to the more or less philanthropic form of suction from which none of us escapes.

So much for the recent literal derivation of the word. Its spirit, however, has a much older ancestry; for a drive is one of the lineal descendants of one of the horseleech's daughters, mentioned in that incomparable Book that seems to hold the roots of all modern experience. In the hard-won wisdom of Proverbs, we read that the horseleech hath two daughters, crying, "give, give". Many centuries have passed since Solomon gave a bad eminence to these two daughters, by embedding in the amber of his metaphor their dominant characteristic, and the world has been too busy to bring the genealogical record of the horseleech family up to date. We have, nevertheless, overwhelming evidence that those daughters belonged to a most prolific race, and one whose individual representatives have remained painfully true to type, as Solomon writ it down. One would hardly dare conjecture how many millions of the progeny of those daughters are now extant in every country of the world. Nor could one measure, save with an elastic trope of fancy, the accretions of strength and persistence which the centuries have added to the salient habit of the Leech family.

Suffice it to say, that there is hardly a city or hamlet in the world where the Leech tribe has not many representatives, easily identified by the ethical birthmark limned by Solomon. Their ancient cry is still the *vis a tergo* of church drives, college and alumnæ drives, club and "community chest" drives. Each succeeding year they seek out many inventions, to bait with novelty and curiosity the hooks with which they catch their gudgeons. Nor shall you escape the centipedic tentacles of the drive by retiring to any remote fastness of the earth; for even there the long postal arm of Uncle Samuel will reach out and grasp your buttonhole. You will be asked to order (from samples enclosed) a sweater, a raincoat, or a particular brand of soap, to the end that a certain percentage from the sale shall help some church or college drive or some of the many scores of relief societies that deserve the promptest attention that can be given to them.

In addition to the legitimate and non-legitimate public drives that are always with us, there are thousands of private drives, initiated by students, who entreat you to help them over the

corduroy road of an excelsior life, by subscribing to some periodical, or by investing in a new brand of face-cream, guaranteed to erase from your face all the thumb-marks of Time. The distinguishing feature of this form of drive is its unabashed assumption that, though the springs of pure generosity may have been drained dry by worthy or unworthy competitors of the driver, one may yet extract a few drops of very much alloyed benevolence, which bears the same resemblance to pure altruism that the second and third grades of jelly (made by forcibly squeezing the fruit-pulp) bear to the first clear self-distillings, made without any external pressure.

All these amiable distractions are interesting, because every human being who offers them, and his hopes and dreams, are interesting. But people with an excelsior programme of their own are finally forced to choose between carrying out that programme or a little of the ninety and nine other programmes outlined by colleges, clubs, churches and private drivers. A very little elementary arithmetic makes it clear that if twenty-four hours, or their nominal cash equivalent, be divided by ninety-nine, the quotient will hardly be sufficient to live on.

Naturally, the multifarious demands of the Leech family are no great tax upon those who have nothing to do and plenty of time and money with which to do it. But it is far otherwise with those who "scorn delights and live laborious days" for larger ends than they may care to unfold to any of the Leech clan. Even in Emerson's day, we find the trail of the Leech family in many an entry in his *Journals* and the *Essays:* "There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these (the Leeches) aim, but do not arrive. Why should all virtue work in one and the same way? Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient for us country folk, and we do not think any good will come of it. We have not dollars. Merchants have. Let them give them. Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Laborers will lend a hand. The children will bring flowers."

It sometimes happens that one who is physically or financially handicapped may have to make a choice between carrying out one's own programme, which may have ends that justify

it, or letting one's self be paternalized by organizations which have a dozen programmes that would defeat one's own. The "hustling" church of today, that advertises its wares, and has a great many different kinds of wares, comes near being an entangling alliance and may well give one pause, if one allows it too large a "sphere of influence". If one attends church, Sunday School, prayer meeting, church lectures, church movies, church receptions, church bazars, church dramatics, church suppers, church missionary meetings, Ladies' Aid, and a more or less similar programme of one or more clubs, one can hardly keep that single eye, commended by Scripture, in carrying out any altruistic plans of one's own.

If one has no plans of one's own, and the problem of earning one's living does not enter into the case, one may be willing to be cogged into the machinery of the various functions already mentioned, just as millions of young men were made cogs in the machinery of military Germany. But if it becomes necessary to choose between running by one's own schedule and being run by the schedules of others, one must cheerfully accept the probable criticism of those who forget that the natural uses of human beings are as different as the uses of the trees of the forest; there are some that are good for building ships, some for barrels and hoops, and others for capable butter-tubs. Emerson and Franklin found that they could use their own particular kind of mental and moral timber to better advantage outside the church than in it; and the fact that these two men gave more to America, and the world, than perhaps any other two Americans, amply justified their decision. Yet there were undoubtedly many three dimensions minds who passed their three dimensions censure on the men of four dimensions, quite blind to the fact that while a lamp may properly be placed upon a table, the place for a star is in the sky, where its light may shine for all.

Because Emerson and Franklin were fearless, they dared to obey the voice of God rather than that of men, and time and their works have justified their course. We need a renaissance of this brand of courage, not to incite withdrawals from the church, but as a check on the sometimes too presumptuous demands of the class described by Emerson: "those who know

your business better than you do." Churches and clubs have a somewhat corporate conscience. When they wish a thing done they seldom consider any differences in the physical or financial condition of those whose time and talent they tax. Many a club paper has been requisitioned from those physically and financially depleted to furnish entertainment for robust leisureful people, whose days are chiefly spent in the quest for self-amusement. The club paper may be a legitimate and profitable method of dispensing entertaining wisdom. But it may also be one of the most iniquitous of the minor taxes levied by the Leech contingent, and a promoter of selfish sloth in those who will not plant, weed and hoe their own intellectual gardens, but prefer to eat the literary "garden sass" of their neighbours. This mental sponging is especially epidemic in dear old Boston, where lecturers, good, bad and indifferent, are thick as buttercups in a June meadow. As a consequence, there are many among the idle rich and mentally indigent (though the two conditions have no necessary alliance) who never allow themselves the labour of a self-originated idea, but indulge in one orgy of lectures after another, until their thoughts are little more than a saturated solution of other people's ideas.

Akin to the over-indulgence of the lecture-going habit, is the mania for belonging to half a dozen or more clubs, which "spread one out so thin" that there is danger of a futile mental and moral evaporation. Yet is this no brief against a good church or a good club, whose programmes are not so elaborate that they usurp the time when one might win wisdom from birds and brooks, or the still tuition of the stars. One may have engagements with the woods, clouds or mountain peaks that should supersede all others. "The sky is the daily bread of the eyes," wrote Emerson, who did not overlook the fact that the outer eyes are only transmitters to the inward eyes, which are "in a wise man's head", according to Ecclesiastes. We may never know how much of that iridescent shining, which transfigures Emerson's best work, was the indirect lighting of the skies; or how much the stellar illumination of essays like *The Over-Soul* and *Spiritual Laws* was due to his habit of going out and looking at the stars before retiring.

But the paternalism of our age, which legislates us into virtue at the expense of liberty, would leave us little chance to consort with Deity or his vice-regent Nature, if we did not now and then stoutly resist the ancient Leechian cry when it insists that we hitch our wagon to a rushlight instead of a star. A particularly odious phase of the Leech habit is declared in our treatment of foreign guests, who come to our country little dreaming what heavy imposts have been levied upon every hour of their days among us. When someone showed Marshal Foch the appalling programme of receptions, banquets, parades, collations, and more receptions, where he was scheduled to appear and make a speech, even this dauntless hero of the world's greatest war exclaimed, "I see no mention made of my funeral."

But his pungently apt comment made no change in the programme. The delicate consideration which underlies true courtesy was nowhere apparent in the schedule, which thus put through the most fatiguing paces the weary hero, to whose own inclinations the programme should have been rigorously trimmed. Of course, Marshal Foch was too gallant a gentleman and of too heroic fibre to flinch before any social battles that might let him off with his life. But when one reads of such drastic hospitality forced upon guests of our Republic, one would not blame them, should they sometime rebel and cry, "Unhand me, gentlemen; or, by heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

The same cry is justified whenever the paternalism of church, state, club, or an officious individual, attempts to rob a man of the inalienable right of opening his oyster—the world—his own way. The Almighty has no fears when He makes men, who "abdicate a manifold and duplex life" and distil wisdom from "hours dialed by flowers on the hillside . . . and the long September day between sun and sun that holds centuries in its rosy and yellow deeps". Nor would He ever attempt to hobble the free moral agency of those who turn their backs on the whole dry earth and all its gauds that they may go down to the sea in ships and taste the wild tang of its mystery. But the little, tyrannical mind forever echoes the old error: "We rebuked him because he followed not with us," and as persistently forgets the reproof that followed the rebuke of that early paternalist, who would run in

one mould all men and their gifts to the world. Some must raise melons and others meditations, for the world needs both on its bill of fare.

Yet would it be unjust to give the impression that all the members of the Leech family are *personæ non gratæ* to those who have an altruistic goal of their own. Some of them, on the contrary, have been among the finest forces of every age; for they have attached to the tremendous power wheel of their dominant habit humanitarian instincts that have utilized to noble ends a force that other members of the Leech family have squandered on selfish and trivial aims. Among the most praiseworthy members of the Leech clan have been the leaders of relief societies for sufferers from war, famine, flood and pestilence. The directors of all such movements have in their veins a purified strain of the Leech family that makes us understand why it was endowed with its racial trait. Among modern representatives of this preferred stock is Herbert Hoover, whose "give, give," is so wholly directed to righteous ends that his branch of the house should be granted a crest with the motto, *miseris succurrere disco.*

If we may judge from the wide dissimilarity between the aims of the Leech descendants, either Solomon must have overlooked a marked difference between the two daughters known to him, or one of them must have improved the Scriptural stock by crossing it with several notable altruists. But the other daughter has passed down, with baleful increments only, the outstanding trait that caught the appraising eye of Solomon. Of all the nefarious descendants of this nefarious daughter the worst is War, whose "Give, Give!" has multiplied the comparatively peeping "give, give" of the Leech original, as with a megaphone of a million feet in diameter, till its fearful blasts have shaken the uttermost rim of the world. Other descendants of the tribe may cease from the repetition of their clan cry, when the sun goes down. Not so the god of destruction, who levies by night as well as by day, and bonds, with the guilty, the innocent generations unborn.

Yet strangely enough, despite the world illusion that men are anywhere free, this most monstrous of all leeches, the vampire war, is allowed to live, though every man, woman and child, in

so-called civilized countries, is bound by some of his million fetters. If once this vampire were destroyed and the treasures of life and substance, supinely yielded to him, were restored to uses befitting human beings, the world would know a liberty that would unlock the gates of the millennium. But at present, every soldier, whose time and talents are dechanneled from their natural course, to serve the brutalizing arts of human slaughter, is a slave, whose bondage is far more heinous and fatal to the weal of mankind than that from which the coloured race was freed. Every mother, whose sons are demanded as sacrifice to the vampire war, is a slave. Every woman, who yields to the inhuman demands of this monster the life of her husband or lover, and her natural future as a wife and mother, is a slave.

Every citizen, man, woman or child, who pays a war tax is a slave to this still victorious god of Destruction, who has muttered through all the ages his blood-curdling chant:

> Give, give, give! by day and night—
> (I hear the evil man-made monster cry)
> Your husbands give, your sons and sweethearts all,
> To feed my fires, to bleed, to suffer and to die.
> Give me the spring of youth and feeble age
> That I may steal their fresh or frosty breath;
> Give me your faith to break with flippant scorn,
> Your hopes to blast with bitterness and death.
> No tithe of all my shameless tax withold,—
> A million, million hearts give me to break,
> Your peace-lit homes to burn and devastate,
> Your life, your land, your liberty I take:
> Yet only whetted still my insatiate lust—
> Give me your all to trample in the dust!

Is it then possible that among all the colossal forces of the world, that were mobilized to obey the ghastly demands of this monster, there is yet none wisely strong enough to destroy him forever? Here, then, is the opportunity for the descendants of the nobler daughter of the Leech tribe. Let there be a world-drive against war, a drive in which every sane man, woman and child shall be asked to do something. Military victories could not have been achieved without system and an organization of millions of troops. The same law holds with the battles for

perpetual peace, which cannot come by means of a few weeks of diplomatic chess-playing in any country, good as that may be as a beginning of something better. With all due appreciation of the high motives and ability of all these fine chess-players, they have not yet given their full attention to the crying need of the world, which is the total abolition of war. Limitation of armaments touches the core of the greater need little more effectively than a single man with a garden-hose could put out a city fire that had been burning twenty-four hours.

"The good is the enemy of the best," chiefly, because it decoys time and attention from the greatest vital need to a minor and inadequate aim. *War will not be abolished until there is an aim to abolish war.* A far more hopeful promise of a movement that may help end war is given by the insurgent youth of Germany, who are banded together in revolt against the restricting bondage of militarism, school, and modern industry, and especially against the blind men who made and defend *the war.* These fresh shoots from the old roots of the earlier *Wandervoegel,* almost exterminated by the blind Prussian war-lords, may yet save Germany from her baser, suicidal self. When young men, whose watchword is truth and purity, hold their meetings in the forests, on the hills, and under the stars, we may expect no roof-bound expedients in their programmes, but the heaven-lit clarity of vision, which is sometimes vouchsafed to youth alone.

But too much—fortunately not all—of the world's grey-bearded wisdom is hobbled by custom and fear; a fear whose caution may be more fatal to mankind than the boldest experiment ever hazarded by daring youth. Fear never houses with creative ability. A new, constructive plan must courageously tear away all the old, rotten underpinning that undergirds that death-trap structure, War. The world needs no more experience to teach it that small boys should not be left to play with matches or loaded guns. *Delendum est bellum!*

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE gentle art of damning the public has recently been practised with great zeal, by both Capital and Labour. The employees of a large public passenger transportation company in New Jersey went on strike for higher wages; whereupon the managers of the company made no effort to fill their places or to compose the dispute, but simply suspended all operation of their numerous car lines, saying, "It isn't our funeral." True, hundreds of thousands of the public were put to serious inconvenience and loss; but what of that? "The public be damned!" At about the same time the workmen in the anthracite coal mines demanded higher wages and various other changes in the conditions of their employment, threatening unless these were promptly granted to go on strike; and refusing all proposals of arbitration, and saying that they were not interested in the doings of the Coal Commission of the United States Government. Obviously, such a strike would doom millions of the public not only to inconvenience and loss but also to almost intolerable suffering, culminating in many cases in sickness and death. But what of that? The labour union leaders were intent on "giving the operators the trouncing of their lives". "The public be damned!" It would be interesting to know how long these various arrogant autocrats of industry suppose the American public—and the public throughout the world, since the same damning is indulged in in other lands than ours—will be content to play the part of an insignificant *tertium quid*. There is reason to think that feelings of resentment and resistance are already widespread and are nearing the point of making themselves decisively felt. The public will one day cause it to be realized that it is not merely the third party to all such controversies, but that it is also the first party whose interests are to be considered. It will do so, too, without any leaping from the

fryingpan of industrial controversies into the fire of Government ownership or Socialism. Since the Constitution was ordained and established "to promote the general welfare", it is a matter of course that the general welfare can be promoted, justice be established, domestic tranquillity be insured, and the blessings of liberty be secured, without going outside the principles and provisions of the Constitution.

It was a tragedy of sentiment that the exchange and deposit of ratifications of the treaties made at the Washington Conference did not occur until after the death of President Harding. The making of those treaties was the supreme achievement of his Administration and one of the greatest achievements of any administration, and it would have been most fitting for him to witness in the flesh—surely, he did witness in the spirit—the final formality in the process, which gave the world the material execution of that unexampled agreement. It is impossible to ignore the contrast which is presented between those treaties and the Covenant of the League of Nations. We were told that if America remained outside the League she would be powerless for the good of humanity, and especially could do nothing to safeguard the world against a recurrence of the horrors of war. Yet, standing resolutely outside the League, acting with independent sovereignty on its own initiative, this nation has effected such an actual reduction of armaments, such a limitation of further construction of armaments, and such a guarrantee of peace among the nations, as all the forty-odd nations in the League have not so much as dreamed of attempting. We are still too near in time to the achievements of the Washington Conference to appreciate justly their vast importance. The progress of events will disclose it, and will confirm us in the faith that sophisticated covenants and denationalizing entanglements are futile and vain by the side of direct negotiations, face to face, between Powers which maintain their sovereignty unimpaired and which respect each other as themselves.

The bitterest cynic could scarcely devise or desire anything more suited to his mood than much of the current comment upon the

problem of war debts, particularly that which emanates from pacifist sources. The two countries which are to receive first and supreme consideration, and to whose interests the interests and welfare of all others are to be, if necessary, unhesitatingly sacrificed, are—most beatific association!—America and Germany. Every discussion of possible abatement or reduction of debts begins with the fundamental premise, inflexible and impregnable, that every cent due to America, excepting perhaps from Germany, must of course be paid in full. That is axiomatic. That is a *sine qua non.* Other Powers ought to be willing at least to consider foregoing their claims. Great Britain ought to cancel France's debt to her; and for France to expect Russia to pay the debt which she contracted long before the war, for building and equipping her railroad system, is simply a monstrous exhibition of militaristic imperialism. But for America to cancel even a part of the debt which France incurred in waging a war for the protection of America from Hunnish conquest —not by a long chalk! What do you take us for, anyway? We lent the money, and we want it back again, every cent, with interest. And then, whenever the talk turns upon the question of compelling debtors to fulfil their obligations, there is another like premise laid down, to dispute which would savour of the Unpardonable Sin; to wit, that whoever may or may not be coerced, Germany must not be. Not the slightest pressure must be applied to her. Not the slightest security or guarantee of any kind must be required of her. And if she says she cannot pay, that ends it. Her words are words of verity, and all her talk is truth. In brief, the one country which incomparably above all others would be able without suffering to cancel the debts due to it, must in no wise be asked to do so; and the one which incomparably above all others is morally as well as legally obligated to pay, must in no wise be required to do so. I said in my haste that this would suit the cynic's mood. No; it would drive him to envy and despair, as so immeasurably surpassing his most acrid imagination.

The controversy between Great Britain and France over German reparations is developing a uniquely practical method of

diplomatic negotiation. In newspaper disputes and criticisms the "deadly parallel" has long been a familiar and effective device. It was left to M. Poincaré, with his mathematically logical mind, to employ it in his correspondence with Mr. Baldwin. The businesslike flavor of it must have commended it to the British statesman, and of course the genius of his race enabled M. Poincaré to do the unprecedented thing in a manner as void of offence as any of the old style periphrasis ever could have been. After that there was just one thing for the British Prime Minister to do. That was, to quit writing and have a face to face talk with M. Poincaré. Throughout the entire controversy three important elements have been conspicuous and dominant. One is France's implicit conviction of the righteousness of her course on the Ruhr and her confidence in its ultimate success. The second is the embarrassing position of the British Government between the clamour of unemployed labour on the one hand, demanding that pressure on Germany be relaxed in order that trade with that country may be greatly exploited, and on the other hand the precedent set be Mr. Lloyd George in affirming the legality of the Ruhr occupation. But over and above these is the third, to wit, the resolute purpose of both Powers to maintain the *Entente*. That it will be maintained, no matter how sharply the two Powers may differ on some details, it is impossible to doubt. Neither France nor Great Britain is minded to throw Europe again upon the threshing-floor of the world.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that there was not to be conceived a subject on which a book might not be written and published, and in this I am confirmed by the appearance of a volume dedicated to the proposition that Pasteur was a plagiarist and impostor, strutting in the stolen plumage of Béchamp. This astounding proposition seems to be based, so far as it can be said to be based at all, on the fact that Béchamp, whose scientific studies have always been held in high regard by the world, made some interesting discoveries in fermentation, especially in relation to acetic acid, and also in the chemistry of albumen, and did so contemporaneously with Pasteur's work in the same field. Indeed it may be that Béchamp did some of

his work before Pasteur, since he was the elder man. Against that one circumstance, which in itself proves nothing at all, may be set half a dozen, any one of which should be conclusive. Pasteur's work was not confined to a single great discovery, but comprised several achievements of prime importance, widely different in character and separated far in time. Did he steal all these, successively, from Béchamp? Several of his achievements were made under direct commission from the Government. Is it conceivable that in such circumstances he could profit from the work of another, without the Government's detecting the imposition? He was through most of his career the subject of extraordinarily keen hostile scrutiny and criticism. Is it possible that his enemies could have failed to detect any fraudulent practices on his part? It is, moreover, contrary to human nature to suggest that so great a scientist as Béchamp would for fifty years or so sit silent and unmoved while another man was appropriating credit for his achievements; and it is contrary to all that the world knows of Pasteur to suggest that so modest, unselfish and sincere a man as he would live a lie. I shall after this not be surprised to find in the list of forthcoming new books announcement of a two-volume treatise demonstrating that all sunbeams are really extracted from cucumbers.

Kipling was right in picturing Romance as being very much at home among the mechanical contrivances of this most practical age. Some of the current performances of science rival in daring imagination the utmost flights of romantic invention. The attempted flight of Kai Kaous to heaven finds a more worthy analogue in the act of astronomers soaring miles high, above the clouds, to observe an eclipse of the sun, and to study not only the sun as it is obscured by the moon's disc but also—for the first time—the shadow cast upon the earth by the same phenomenon. There is a challenge in wonderment to Vathek's entrance to the halls of Eblis in the venture of men shooting the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and maintaining communication with the world by means of radio from the depths of that fearful abyss. Nor is it an idle or an unromantic thing for aviators to carry mails from the Atlantic to the Pacific

Coast within the space of a trifle more than a day. Such deeds as these surpass the romance of fiction with the greater romance of everyday truth. But much as they fill us with wonder at the resources of nature and of science, still more do they do so with their exposition of the power of man to discover and to utilize those resources, and to enter into the very arcana of creation.

The first general election in Ireland under the constitution of the Free State, happily assuring by its result the maintenance of that constitution and the treaty from which it sprang, will be followed closely by a general election in India, to choose the second Indian Legislative Assembly, in place of the first, whose term of office has expired. This election will be observed with intense interest because of some attendant circumstances. There is undoubtedly deep resentment throughout much of India at the Kenya business in Africa, in which the desirable highlands are reserved for white colonists, and Indians are compelled, if they go thither at all, to remain in the far less desirable lowlands. Such discrimination against the citizens of one of the equal members of the Commonwealth of Nations has aroused widespread feeling, and is expected to provoke many to go to the polls, to elect representatives who will devise, if possible, retaliatory measures. There is indeed need that something shall rouse the Indians to take part in general elections, if the whole system is not to degenerate into a farce. The total population of India is more than three hundred millions, and the qualified electors number only about one million, or one voter in three hundred. That is bad enough, but there was something worse in the conduct of the last—and first—election, three years ago, when only about one-sixth of the qualified voters took the trouble to go to the polls. A Legislative Assembly supposedly representative of a nation of over 300,000,000 people was constituted by the votes of scarcely 167,000 persons. It is of course desirable that every qualified elector shall exercise his prerogative. Only in that way can the Legislative Assembly be made to command respect as really representative of the people of India.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THIRTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Charles Richet. New York: the Macmillan Company.

Scientists who have seriously taken up what is called "psychic research" have always had to contend not only with the inherent difficulty of their subject matter but also with an intolerant attitude on the part of other scientists and the general public. Every science, to be sure, has had its mythological period. Since chemistry originated in alchemy and astronomy in astrology, it should not surprise us that "metapsychics", as Professor Richet chooses to call the branch of knowledge to which he has devoted so much effort, finds its beginnings in Spiritualism. The difference is that, whereas the other pseudo-sciences flourished in a period of general ignorance and superstition, the "occult" aspects of psychic research were brought forward at a time when men's minds were thoroughly accustomed to scientific modes of thought and to an objective matter-of-fact way of looking at all things. "Spiritualism" thus fell into deserved contempt, and the connection of psychic research with the discredited cult was too close and too recent to be promptly shaken off. It was doubtless inevitable that a man like F. W. H. Myers should have entered upon the investigation of occult phenomena chiefly with the object of proving (or disproving) survival of bodily death. So the first experimenters in chemistry sought the philosopher's stone, and those who first studied the laws governing the stars aimed at the prediction of future events. Whether scientific proof of immortality be something more or less illusory than the philosopher's stone, we are not at present entitled to say. The point that has become clear is that the search for such proof is no longer either the necessary motive or the most promising objective in metapsychic investigation. And while it is unintelligent—and in the case of the living not merely unintelligent but cruel—to sneer at such men as Myers and Lodge for their preoccupation with the beyond, yet it must be said that the emphasis they have laid upon this phase of the subject has proved rather a hindrance than a help to a just appreciation of the facts.

The truth appears to be that "metapsychics" is a science just emerging from the mythological stage and entering upon the stage of exact and impartial examination of phenomena. It has hardly reached the stage at which hypotheses are feasible. In particular it needs to be wary of adopting as its leading hypothesis and its reason for being the idea of disembodied intelligences. Conceivably *any* science may reach conclusions profoundly modifying our conception of human destiny; but its immediate goal should be simply truth.

To lay the formal foundation, or rather to outline clearly the ground plan, of the new science of metapsychics is clearly the purpose of Professor Richet. His book is thus not at all of a sensational character. It is possible, indeed,—though not easy,—to write entertainingly of the occult without merely peddling marvels or catering to the love of ghost stories. This, however, is not precisely what Richet has attempted. His book is largely a collection of observations, patiently accumulated, rigidly classified, and carefully criticized. It partakes of the dullness which the layman without special enthusiasm for bare truth is apt to feel when he delves into the detailed facts of any science.

The originality of the work consists, first, in its classification of the phenomena, and, secondly, in its severe exclusion of mythology, and, indeed, of every unnecessary hypothesis. The phenomena of metapsychics are divided into the subjective and the objective. The subjective class includes simply various manifestations of *cryptesthesia*, "a faculty of cognition that differs from the normal sensorial faculties." The objective class comprises *telekinesis* —mechanical action at a distance without contact—and *ectoplasm* (materialization), which is "the formation of diverse objects that seem to emerge from a human body and take on the semblance of material realities—clothing, veils, and living bodies."

If these alleged phenomena are not true, then we must attribute to the professor of physiology in the University of Paris—to say nothing of other men of science who have reached similar conclusions—strange credulity and extraordinary inexactness of observation.

But what is the interpretation of the facts, if facts they be? Professor Richet's answers are largely negative. The spiritist doctrine he criticizes and dismisses. "Telepathy," as an explanation of the phenomena of cryptesthesia, he regards as a mere impediment. "*Telepathy* implies a hypothesis; *cryptesthesia* has the great merit that it does not. If A sees his [absent] dying friend at the moment of death, it is a hypothesis to say that the thought of B has been transmitted to A. But it is no hypothesis to say that A has some special sensibility that makes him aware of the death of B." Except for the relative simplicity of the term *cryptesthesia* (hidden sensibility) it makes no difference how we label the facts. "Although the pole-star is many millions of miles beyond Sirius, both are equally inaccessible. To read my thought seems as difficult as to read a letter (open or closed) on my desk two miles or two thousand miles distant." Similarly Professor Richet, unlike Flournoy, attempts no explanation by means of the subconsciousness. Facts that can be completely explained by subconscious action belong, he would say, to normal psychology rather than to metapsychics.

We are left, then, with an accumulation of observed facts and a very little knowledge of the conditions under which they occur. "There is a small number of subjective intellectual facts (much less numerous than spiritualists suppose) which neither pantamnesia nor the subconscious elaboration of

remembrances can account for." A limited number of objective facts is equally well attested. That is all.

On the whole, the chief interest of Richet's book is that it states precisely what reason there is for supposing that the range of human intellect is greater than we have been accustomed to think. Otherwise, this treatise has rather less relation to life and to the recognized interests of mankind than has an explanation of Relativity. To those who possess intellectual curiosity and who are free from the common *phobia* of the abnormal, it will prove almost as well worth reading as any of the accounts of Einstein's theory—and for similar reasons.

Books and Authors. By Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The charm of Mr. Lynd's critical writing is essentially due to the fact that he is a sound if sometimes rather superficial humanist. The virtue of humanism, untainted with dogmatism either new or old, is one that will bear considerable dilution. Nothing that possesses a well-attested, or even a presumptive, human value comes amiss to Mr. Lynd, and without making an idol of art or its supposed principles, he sees that art has a sphere of its own not altogether coincident with that of objective reality. Doubtless—though Mr. Lynd does not say just this—the virtue of what Nathaniel Hawthorne called "those damned allegories" of his is precisely the fact that they are exquisite allegories rather than realistic stories. Substantiality in fiction has its delight, but so has unsubstantiality, and the world would be poorer without the unsubstantiality of Hawthorne. So of many other writers, questionable or highly respectable. What they have written is literature; that is, it is writing exquisitely adapted to fulfill a human need and to convey a human meaning. Shall we then ask whether Herrick, for example, is worth while? By no means! It is enough to know that "Herrick was a gross and good-natured clergyman who had a double chin"—and who wrote exquisite verses. After this we may go on and get a taste of the quality of his work. Herrick "kept a pet pig which drank beer out of a tankard . . . It would be a libel on him to say that he was a pig, but it would not be a libel to say that he was a pet pig . . ." On the whole, "he is a master of light poetry—of poetry under the rose."

In the part of his essay that lies between his characterization and his estimate, Mr. Lynd does, however, make one feel a good deal of Herrick's real quality. If this sort of thing be superficial criticism, then superficiality is often more to be desired than profundity.

That Mr. Lynd writes with charm is undeniable: he possesses the art of interesting his readers not so much in criticism or in literature as in the particular work or the individual writer that he portrays. He is, however, seldom very penetrating, and is, all things considered, essayist rather than critic in much of what he writes. Thus, after writing eloquently of Byron, he

leaves us—Macaulay-fashion—with little more than the conventional picture of Byron. In his article on Keats, he fastens upon the Fanny Brawne controversy, and he produces a comment rather than an interpretation. The only conclusion that appears capable of emerging from all the talk about Keats and Fanny (when all the pros and cons have been exhausted) is that Keats was a man! He was also a poet, which interests one more.

In short, despite all the stress that Mr. Lynd very properly lays upon the personal element in criticism, one does occasionally feel in his writing an insufficiency of personal insight.

One likes him best in those essays wherein one can most clearly perceive his liberality and his best intuition at work in assigning to writers, howsoever fashionable or unfashionable, fantastic or realistic, a just preëminence within the spheres that they have made their own. One likes it that Hawthorne should be called "the first prose myth-maker of America," and that he should be praised for that. One is pleased with Mr. Lynd's estimate of Max Beerbohm as perfect in his own fashion. A critic who can perceive the human and the artistic superiority of Plutarch and of Herodotus to most modern biographers and historians, and who can at the same time attribute due value and praise to writers so artificial as Max Beerbohm and Edgar Allen Poe, joins liberality and discrimination to some purpose.

After all, the only serious fault that one somewhat ill-naturedly finds with Mr. Lynd's criticism is that it leaves Philistinism almost untouched. A perhaps not wholly misguided instinct makes one feel that criticism should not be *too* easy-going and democratic—that it should be a little savage and also a little esoteric; that it should not merely engage the willing interest of the reader, but should force him to know in his soul whether his liking for literature is sham or real.

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS. By John Cowper Powys. New York: American Library Service.

Just what is meant by *Philistinism*—that intellectually snobbish word? Perhaps the quality at the heart of it is the unspoken belief that all men are created equal in intellect and in perception, or, if not, that no one has a right to claim any superiority by reason of such endowments—intellect and taste being a kind of freakish addition to plain human nature. Thus the "finer things of life" are all very well in their way. . . .

However this may be, it is certain that the criticism of Mr. John Cowper Powys cannot be accused of leaving Philistinism unscathed. Any one who is a Philistine is going to be enraged by Mr. Powys's criticism. This also would doubtless be all very well in its way, except for the fact that Mr. Powys in his latest book indulges in certain rather extravagant tirades against the dominance of bourgeois tastes and standards, the tyranny of the "young person" in literature, and that "barbaric vulgarity of our commercial age" which casts a slur upon frank discussions of the influence of sex in literature.

To put the case mildly, one feels that a subtler irony would have been more effective.

Mr. Powys at his best is, however, an acute and even a powerful critic. If his general philosophy is unacceptable—and one wishes that he would not parade it quite so much—this fact does not prevent him from writing amazingly well of Joseph Conrad and of Henry James. On the contrary, one may perhaps concede that a bad philosophy may help one to write good criticism, as a thoroughly unscientific conception of the universe may be favourable to writing good poetry!

Nevertheless, one cannot avoid stumbling over Mr. Powys's general notions about life, and one cannot praise him adequately without first dispraising them.

There is first the notion that the ultimately desirable thing is "to sink deeply into one's true self": literature helps us most when it helps us to do this. It is true enough, no doubt, that we all have certain primary traits and instincts which we cannot really alter and which we repress at our peril. If modern psychology has taught us anything, it certainly appears to have taught us that. But who is to tell us when we are truly sinking into our true selves and when we are merely sinking into our vagaries? In order to make the proper discrimination, it really does not seem to be enough that we frankly and fully recognize the influence of sex. Again one can scarcely avoid noticing that the doctrine does not invariably work well in the case of those who practice it *consciously*. In fact, it works badly about to the extent to which it is consciously practiced, seeming to result in what one is tempted to call lazy-mindedness, a subjectivism, at any rate, that appears to be not sufficiently careful of logic and proportion. Men of genius do indeed seem more or less to conform to the doctrine, but they are at their best when they do so unconsciously and because they cannot help it. Let us admit that there are certain deep hereditary, not very definable, apprehensions in us, to which the greater writers and artists appeal. But suppose this course of reasoning results in the affirmation that the only permanently humourous subject is sex, and that the most genuine humour is akin to the "racy" talk of loungers in a tavern! Shall we still agree? One is led to doubt that the reaction even of great writers upon one is best described by the word "sinking", or any such passive word, and one wants a better definition of "true self".

Secondly, one runs foul of the notion that all the significance of life is contained in those moments of realization which art and literature inspire and which in their turn are the inspirers of art and literature. This identification of imagination with the meaning of life, like the more famous identification of truth with beauty, seems splendid yet a trifle rash. "Something tells us" that it may be so, yet one cannot help suspecting that there may be a good deal more in life than just this.

Finally, one comes up against Mr. Powys's general contempt for our present commercial civilization and bourgeois standards. Here, too, it seems as

if the view were partial—as if political economy and ethics might perhaps be needed to balance the literary verdict. From the purely literary point of view one wonders whether in a world having no standards in conflict with the liberty of artistic taste, it would not be necessary to invent the old bourgeois morality in order to give life the indispensable zest of contrast.

It remains to reëmphasize the fact that Mr. Powys has written remarkably well of not a few writers, and especially of Joseph Conrad and Henry James. It is a true saying that "the inherent genius of a writer is usually a deeper and more ingrained thing than the obvious qualities for which the world commends him." It requires real intuition and some courage to praise Conrad for so simple and yet so occult a thing as his uncanny insight into the margin of the human mind. To do justice to James is not easy; but Mr. Powys's insight into the half "real", half created world in which James wrote enables one to see the frankly admitted faults, or rather *exclusions*, of that great writer as the merits that they are. "One comes, at any rate, to see," writes Mr. Powys, "from the exquisite success upon us of this author's method, how futile it is, in this world, whereof the beginning and the end are dreams, to bind an artist down to tedious and photographic reality"—a saying so good that we shall not quarrel with him about the reality and earnestness of life any more than we do with Shakespeare for comparing life to the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. The essay on Verlaine is full of the unction of personal appreciation, and it fairly leaves the reader, after all the critic's praise, to like or dislike the poet as he will. In all the essays, along with much rhetorical over-elaboration and some vagary, there are straightforward attempts to define in the innocence of the receptive mind the thing that really matters most in each writer's work.

American Poems. By J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Clever and interesting verse with now and then a really poetic line is what Mr. Squire has written—a kind of verse likely to find an enthusiastic reader here and there, but for the most part careless-seeming and deficient in compelling power. Mr. Squire is at his best in those poems in which, after the fashion of a good many of our moderns, he makes a special point of seeming careless. His poem upon the Chicago Stockyards is an artfully artless, strange, commonplace sort of thing, which may or may not be true poetry according to classic principles, but is at any rate an unforgettable impression. The contents of the volume are in fact decidedly variable both as to kinds and as to excellence. Besides the realistic poem on the Stockyards, there are more or less conventionally romantic poems of a somewhat occasional character, like the poem on the approach to New York and that on Niagara. In the New York poem, the couplet in honour of our much written-about sky-scrapers—

"A noble group fit for a great
New hemisphere's majestic gate"—

is a mere jingle, while a later pair of verses—

"In random rivalry they climb,
The oddest pinnacles of time"—

is a fresh combination of words more or less suffused with imagination. The poem on Niagara is rather effectively descriptive in its beginning and dreadfully obvious in its conclusion, which pictures—

"America empty again, and beasts astray,
The forests growing again, the cities gone,
Fall'n mossed over, Niagara sounding on . . ."

Of Mr. Squire's more intimate verse one may quote, not exactly as typical, but as illustrative of the author's queer variability, *An Epitaph:*

"Shiftless and shy, gentle and kind and frail,
Poor wanderer, bewildered into vice,
You are freed at last from seas you could not sail,
A wreck upon the shores of Paradise."

The first two lines have something of the true rhetoric of verse and the ring of epigram; but surely the last two are painfully banal.

Mr. Squire's poems seem to be the product of a man of talent who jots down his impressions (sincerely enough) for what they may be worth, but without the highest degree of conviction.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN MOORE. By Beatrice Brownrigg. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

A biography is often enough a strange medley of traits and facts, a confused and (perhaps necessarily) vague and questionable picture of personality, a subject of speculation and of doubtful reflection about the human soul. Few life-stories can have at once the homely reality and the sculptured dignity which Plutarch lends to his heroes. The biographer of Sir John Moore is fortunate in her subject, for by making apt use of her materials she is able to produce a firm and delicate outline of character which, amid the circumstantial detail that surrounds it, stands out as boldly as a cameo.

It is not the setting, of course, that primarily matters. The biographer is not chiefly concerned with history, though in such cases the historical background and the circumstantial setting must be (as in this case they are) scrupulously correct and clear in detail. What matters is the lifelike picture of the good soldier, only to be appreciated among the facts of the warrior's own time and life.

In such characters as Moore's there is perhaps a certain lack of subtlety, and while it would be ridiculous, with the memory of the great war still fresh,

to suggest that there is anything antiquated about military ideals and military virtues, still it may be thought that whereas Sir John Moore was undoubtingly brave, many a modern soldier doubted and was brave. Military glory has become, one supposes, a slightly tarnished ideal, and *pro patria mori* became in the trench a deadlier affair, if possible, than it was on the fields where Wellington fought. But what a deal is accomplished in this world by accepting as final one's own instinctive ideals, or even loose current ideals, and by being absolutely true to them! Through artful faithfulness to fact Moore's biographer brings out the natural tone of his life and character, placing the emphasis upon simple manhood, disinterested performance of duty, and that unselfish ambition which is so often the mainspring of great actions—the traits of an unsophisticated and not wholly Wordsworthian "happy warrior". Thus the book puts us in touch with a part of our great tradition—a part that we should not lose sight of in our preoccupation with larger social problems.

AUTOCRACY AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA. By Baron Sergius A. Korff, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Political Science, School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

For years before the European war the Western world had fallen into the habit of making something of a mystery of Russia and of the Russian race and character. Though no event might have been more easily predicted than the overthrow of the Czarist régime as the result of the breakdown of Russia in the war, the issue of the revolution in the Bolshevik experiment has appeared to Western eyes as strange as it is unprecedented. A lack of authentic information from the interior of Russia since the second revolution has deepened the feeling of mystery about that unfortunate country, and the tendency to regard the whole Russian people as unaccountably perverse is somewhat persistent.

It is easy enough to see that the old autocracy was vicious and that in the reign of Nicholas II it was becoming decadent. It ought to be easy enough to perceive, moreover, that this autocracy bred parasites in the body of the people. To be sure, revolutionary motives were in many cases sound and justifiable. Yet the reactions produced by oppression are not all those of a purely noble resistance. Autocratic Russia appears to have been a natural breeding place for those political diseases which disintegrated society almost as soon as the autocracy was removed. The process was helped forward by German intrigue, and it was favored by the loose social and geographical structure of the nation.

There is no need, therefore, for our holding up our hands in surprise over the state of Russia or for attributing to the Russians peculiar motives or states of mind. Those explanations of the course of events which Baron Korff gives in his book are in the main remarkable for their convincing simplicity.

In the first place, there is no great difficulty in understanding the psychology

of Lenin and his associates, who accepted German money as a means toward setting up the Bolshevik Government in Russia. They undoubtedly expected to have their revenge upon the German Imperial Government by inoculating Germany with the Bolshevik virus, and they came much nearer to success in this attempt than is generally known. While their motives were those of fanatics, and were no nobler than those of the terrorists who preceded them, it is not necessary to suppose in them a peculiar inconsistency, an unthinkable form of treason.

But why did the Russians succumb to and tolerate the Bolshevik control? The constitutional government, Baron Korff believes, was at one time possible, but it failed on account of the personal shortcomings of Count Witte, who was at heart reactionary, though by comparison with other bureaucrats he was esteemed a Liberal. At the time of the Bolshevik revolution the weak Government of Kerensky, striving to maintain a position that had become unclear and untenable, was easily upset by "the only small group that had a distinct policy, that knew for what they were standing and what they wanted, wanting it very strongly. They had no moral scruples; they did not stop at the details of daily life, but went straight forward to their beloved aim—the establishment in Russia of a Socialistic state."

Surely, it seems scarcely necessary to seek a remote explanation for the failure of the attempt to restore order on the part of such men as Kolchak, Wrangel, and Denikin. An abstract enthusiasm for good government could hardly be expected to overcome the natural prejudice of the Russian against enterprises smacking of the old régime, or supported by Foreign Powers. But it has often been supposed that the communistic experiment has been tolerated in Russia longer than it would have been endured in any other country just because the Russian peasant is by nature and training a Communist. This assumption, Baron Korff points out, is wholly erroneous. The peasant *mir* was not originally a spontaneous organization of rural life in Russia, but was in fact a device of the Central Government to facilitate tax-collecting and recruiting. As soon as the Government felt strong enough to dispense with it, the *mir* at once began to deteriorate; the peasants themselves had never been attached to it. Of course, as long as the Communist mode of life was in a manner thrust upon them the peasants scarcely realized the meaning of private property. But with the revolution, the peasants obtained possession of the land. "As soon as they got it, they meant to keep it; hence Communism was doomed." The peasants, constituting eighty-five per cent of the population of Russia, remain the key to the whole situation, though of course no real change will come until these masses accept leadership, which must be drawn from the *intelligentsia*. That such leadership is forthcoming and may be eventually accepted, there are already encouraging signs.

Communism is doomed in the country supposed to be inherently Communistic! What we see before us is the spectacle of a nation never well organized and now completely disintegrated, lacking all sufficient leadership—a

country mutely and with inner protest accepting such leadership as there is, fearing worse things. When the peasants found that they were not really to own the land which they had seized, they simply turned their backs on the Bolshevik Government. "The same happened with labour. The new régime did not bring with it the anticipated millenium; improvement of the conditions of life did not set in. On the contrary, these conditions steadily became worse. This caused a great disillusionment among the workingmen and forced many of them to change their views of Bolshevism, weakening in consequence the position of the Government."

There is, then, nothing very wonderful about the present disorganization and paralysis of Russia. There is no occasion, in view of all this, for supposing that the Russian is by nature and by race a lover of anarchy and a creature of perverse thought. There are on the contrary two very striking reasons for thinking quite otherwise. Despite appearances to the contrary, "the Russian people," writes Baron Korff, "have acquired in the new, stronger, and better bonds of family life, a remarkable assurance of a more promising future." Moreover, "private property emerges from the Revolution much better guaranteed and much more stable than ever it was in the Czar's times." It is just in respect to its chief doctrine, the abolition of private property, that Bolshevism has already most conspicuously failed.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1923

CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT

BY ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER

JEALOUSY among the several Departments of the United States Government has been more or less in evidence since the Government was first organized. In the early history of the nation strong opposition was manifested toward the Supreme Court by both the Executive and Legislative departments. This was due in great measure to the existence of a difference in political thought in respect to the character of the Government created under the Constitution, which prevailed among those forming the convention in which the Constitution was framed as a result of the compromise of conflicting views. The Supreme Court, under the leadership of the great Chief Justice Marshall, stood for a strongly centralized National Government, and all of the early opinions interpreting the powers of the Government under the Constitution tended in that direction; whereas Thomas Jefferson and his enormous following were what was known as "Strict Constructionists," believing and advocating that the government was purely federative in form, and that it had only such powers as had been expressly delegated to it by the Constitution. The former conception has prevailed through the force of circumstances and the logic of events, and was finally settled by the results of the Civil War.

While jealousy of the Court and opposition in certain respects to the exercise of its great powers have been dormant over considerable periods, it has continued to survive, and now and

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again has flared forth when the Court in some case of national public interest has by a divided opinion nullified State or National legislation, as the case might be, and so held the States, and the National Legislative and Executive departments, within their Constitutional limitations.

With our enormous and rapid increase in population, and unprecedented economic and industrial development, social problems have arisen that have created Socialistic tendencies among the people, which they have sought to effectuate by national legislation. Efforts along these lines have been unusually active in recent years through the influence of humanitarian, reform, and social betterment organizations. Some of the legislation attempted by the Congress because of the active propaganda and insistence of such organizations has been meritorious and desirable in principle, but much of it has been vicious in the extreme, outside the scope of the National powers, and largely inspired by political considerations.

The present recrudescence of criticism of the Supreme Court and opposition manifested toward it is due entirely to the fact that the Court has been constrained to hold much of this legislation unconstitutional, as beyond the power of the Congress to enact, and very unfortunately by a divided court in many cases—the decisions being frequently five to four. There have been so many decisions of this character within the last few years, and recently in respect to certain very popular legislation, that hostility to the Court has again broken out in the Congress and among a very large class of people, and has found expression in several bills introduced in the last session, which will be reintroduced when the new Congress convenes next December, to curtail the powers of the Court by requiring seven of the nine Judges to concur in order to declare an act of the Congress or of a State legislature unconstitutional, in the exercise of the Court's appellate jurisdiction. The authority of the Congress to do this is claimed by the authors of these bills to be found in Section 2 of Article 3 of the Constitution:

> In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make.

In the light of the past it is indeed strange that such bills should now be brought forward, for they do not involve a modern, enlightened, and progressive principle, but an ancient heresy, which was thoroughly examined and exploded nearly a century ago, and again later on in our history. In 1824 a resolution was introduced in Congress proposing a Constitutional Amendment abolishing the Supreme Court altogether: And in 1867–68 bills were introduced in Congress identical in principle with those mentioned, which were thoroughly canvassed, discussed, and definitely rejected.

The error of those who thus find fault with the Court, and are sponsoring these bills to curtail its powers, is that they do not understand the distinction between the *Judicial Power* of the Court and its *Jurisdiction.*

The ignorance of so many of the present generation of Americans of our institutions because of the failure of our public schools and other institutions of learning adequately to instruct in respect to them; and, still more astonishing, the lack of acquaintance with the peculiarities of the United States Government manifested by responsible European statesmen at the Versailles Conference, as for example, that President Wilson had the power to bind the American Government to a treaty without the concurrence of the United States Senate, together with the following statement by Viscount Bryce,—of cherished memory here,—in his celebrated work on our Government, *The American Commonwealth,*—suggest that a discussion of this subject at this time would be most appropriate and opportune.

Bryce says:

> No feature in the Government of the United States has awakened so much curiosity in the European mind, caused so much discussion, received so much admiration, and been more frequently misunderstood than the duties assigned to the Supreme Court and the functions which it discharges in guarding the Ark of the Constitution.

Preliminary to and for a clearer understanding of the question at issue, it is deemed essential to discuss briefly the form of the American Government. It has been common to designate our form of government as a democracy, but in the true sense in which that term is properly used, as defining a government in

which all its acts are performed by the people, it is about as far from it as can be. Ours is a composite government, a representative republican government, one in which the powers that belong to all sovereignties are divided and placed in different depositories.

The proper division of these powers is of the greatest importance, and they were wisely distributed by the framers of the Constitution among the three branches which have come to be recognized in all good governments as essential to a proper balance of their functions: the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial. The Legislative branch enacts the law, the Executive enforces it, and the Judicial interprets its provisions, both as regards private and public rights, as between the citizens themselves, and as between them and the Government of the United States. This is the Constitution of the United States. It establishes these powers, defines and limits them. It distributes them among these three departments, and then confines them to their proper scope, and field of action, in order that there may be a useful and safe administration for the benefit of all the people, for whom all governments are instituted.

However, the lines that mark the division are not perfect, and it is probably unfortunate that they are not more so. But it is unnecessary to a discussion of this issue to point out the imperfection of the divisions, or to advance reasons why it may be desirable that they should be more perfect. Suffice it to say that, for general and most useful purposes, the best feature of our Constitution is that it does make this substantial separation of powers among these three departments.

These departments, under our form of government, are coordinate in dignity. Neither of them is intended, by the theory of our Constitution, to be subject to the other. The President cannot be compelled to make a treaty, nor to appoint to office anybody that he does not wish to appoint. The Legislature cannot be compelled to pass any laws, and it alone can exercise that function. The Judiciary alone can construe them, when enacted, and enforce them by proper judgments of the various courts.

Mr. Justice Wayne has advanced this idea in very appropriate terms:

The departments of the Government are Legislative, Executive and Judicial. They are coördinate in degree to the extent of the powers delegated to each of them. Each in the exercise of its power is independent of the other, but all rightfully done by either is binding upon the others. The Constitution is supreme over all of them, because the people who ratified it have made it so. (*Dodge* v. *Woolsey*, 18 How. 331, 347.)

Article 3 of the Constitution vests the Judicial power of the United States in the Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress is authorized by the Constitution to ordain and establish from time to time. It specifies the cases, in Law and Equity, to which this Judicial power shall extend. In some of the cases mentioned it gives the Supreme Court original jurisdiction, and in all the other cases it provides that—

The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make.

It will appear from an examination of Article 3 that it provides primarily for four things, viz.: It creates the Supreme Court; specifies the cases in which it shall have original and appellate jurisdiction; authorizes the Congress to establish inferior courts; and vests the Judicial power of the United States in the Supreme Court and in the courts so established.

The two things that arrest one's attention in the perusal of this Article are Judicial Power and Jurisdiction, which are the very antitheses of each other. The former it confers directly upon the courts, which exercise it with absolute independence of the other departments of the Government. (Taney, C. J., in note to *U. S.* v. *Yale Todd*, 13 How. 52.) The question to be answered is, What is this Judicial Power of the Courts which they derive directly from the Constitution? It is, indeed, very difficult to find any exact definition made to hand. Many are given in textbooks, and also in decisions of the Supreme Court. Perhaps some of the best definitions are given by Chief Justice Marshall in *Osborn* v. *Bank of the United States*, 9 Wheat. 738, 819, as follows:

It is the power of the court to decide and pronounce a judgment, and carry it into effect between persons and parties who bring a case before it for decision.

A case arises within the meaning of the Constitution when any question respecting the Constitution, treaties, or laws of the United States has assumed such a form that the judicial power is capable of acting on it.

Chief Justice Taney, in speaking of the Court and its Judicial power, said:

The Supreme Court does not owe its existence or its powers to the Legislative department of the Government. It is created by the Constitution, and represents one of the great divisions of power in the Government of the United States, to each of which the Constitution has assigned its appropriate duties and powers, and made each independent of the other in performing its appropriate functions. The power conferred on this court is exclusively judicial, and it cannot be required or authorized to exercise any other. . . . The existence of this court is therefore as essential to the organization of the Government established by the Constitution as the election of a President or members of Congress. It is the tribunal which is ultimately to decide all judicial questions confided to the Government of the United States. No appeal is given from its decisions, nor any power given to the Legislative or Executive departments to interfere with its judgments or process of execution. (*Gordon* v. *United States*, 117 U. S. (appendix) 699, 700.)

Notwithstanding the unique position of the Court in our scheme of government, and the tremendous powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, it is not a menace to our liberties and property rights, but their greatest bulwark and safeguard, as proven by its history. While the court is supreme within its sphere, and its independence has been safeguarded in every way in the exercise of its duties, there is no justification for the fear, sometimes expressed, of judicial usurpation on its part, for—

While by the Constitution the Judicial department is recognized as one of the three great branches among which all the powers and functions of the Government are distributed, it is inherently the weakest of them all. Dependent as its courts are for the enforcement of their judgments upon officers appointed by the Executive and removable at his pleasure, with no patronage and no control of the purse or sword, their power and influence rest solely upon the public sense of the necessity of the existence of a tribunal to which all may appeal for the assertion and the protection of rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and by the laws of the land, and on the confidence reposed in the soundness of their decisions and the purity of their motives. (*United States* v. *Lee*, 106, U. S. 196, 223.)

The greatest danger in our governmental scheme to our liberties and property rights is not the Courts, but the Legisla-

tive department, as evidenced by the people's present distrust of our legislators and their efforts to curb them by the Initiative and Referendum, and other Constitutional limitations upon their powers. Thomas Jefferson in the earlier days of his political career was much given to demagogic denunciations of the courts, but in his declining years, when his judgment had been ripened by observation and experience, he concluded, and voiced the opinion in a letter to Madison in 1789, that not the power of the Courts or the Executive, but "the tyranny of the Legislative power is really the danger most to be feared" in our Government.

The *jurisdiction* of the Supreme Court over the class of cases mentioned in Article 3 is divided into original and appellate. It gives to the Court original jurisdiction in all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. It exercises this jurisdiction exclusive of any and every power of the Congress in respect thereto. Congress can no more interfere with this jurisdiction of the court than it can with the Judicial power of the Court. In all the other cases mentioned in the said Article the jurisdiction of the Court is appellate, and is subject to regulation by Congress. One of the earliest enactments upon the subject was, that no ordinary suit between individuals could come to the Supreme Court for revision unless the amount involved was over two thousand dollars. It is now five thousand. Congress in many other respects has exercised its power in regulation of appeals to the Supreme Court, but it is not deemed necessary to specify them, as its power in the premises is undisputed.

This authority of the Court is one of the elements of its Judicial power vested in it by the Constitution. While it is true that the Constitution does not confer upon the courts in express terms the power to declare unconstitutional laws of the Congress and of the State legislatures, its exercise by the courts is a necessary and inevitable incident of our form of government, and of our written Constitution limiting and controlling the exercise of the powers of government by public officials, and by the several departments of the Government. The validity of the exercise of this power has been unanswerably vindicated by the Court in a great many cases, and its utility and importance have been

the subject of extravagant praise and approval by both American and foreign critics of our institutions.

De Tocqueville says of it in his *Democracy in America:*

The Americans have acknowledged the right of Judges to found their decisions on the Constitution, rather than on the laws. In other words, they have left them at liberty not to apply such laws as appear to them to be unconstitutional. I am aware that a similar right has been claimed, but claimed in vain, by courts of justice in other countries; but in America it is recognized by all the authorities.

The power vested in the American courts of justice of pronouncing a statute to be unconstitutional, forms one of the most powerful barriers which has ever been devised against the tyranny of political assemblies.

In *The Federalist*, No. 78, it is said of this subject:

There is no position which depends on clearer principles, than that every act of a delegated authority, contrary to the tenor of the commission under which it is exercised, is void. No legislative act, therefore, contrary to the Constitution, can be valid.

And it is the best expedient which can be devised in any government to secure the steady, upright, and impartial administration of the laws.

In Curtis's *Constitution* we find it stated:

The judicial power of the United States considered with reference to its adaptation to the purposes of its creation, is one of the most admirable and felicitous structures that human governments have exhibited.

In the case of *Marbury* v. *Madison*, 1 Cranch. 175, Chief Justice Marshall vindicated, beyond dispute, the rightfulness of the exercise of this power, its justification and necessity in the following language:

If two laws conflict with each other, the courts decide upon the operation of each. So if a law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case so that the court must either decide that case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution; or conformably to the Constitution disregarding the law; the court must determine which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty. If then the courts are to regard the Constitution, and the Constitution is superior to any ordinary act of the legislature, the Constitution and not such ordinary act must govern the case to which they both apply.

Those then who controvert the principle that the Constitution is to be

considered, in court, as a paramount law, are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that courts must close their eyes on the Constitution and see only the law. This doctrine would subvert the very foundation of all written constitutions. It would declare that an act which, according to the principles and theory of our Government, is entirely void, is yet, in practice, completely obligatory. It would declare that if the legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act, notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual. It would be giving to the legislature a practical and real omnipotence, with the same breath which professes to restrict their powers within narrow limits. It is prescribing limits and declaring those limits may be passed at pleasure.

In *Vanhorn's Lessees* v. *Dorrance*, 2 Dall. 304, the Court said on this subject:

But in the United States, if a legislative act impugns a constitutional principle, the former must give way, and be rejected on the score of repugnance. In such case it will be the duty of the Court to adhere to the Constitution, and to declare the act null and void. The Constitution is the basis of legislative authority; it lies at the foundation of all law, and is a rule and commission by which both legislators and judges are to proceed.

Quotations from the decisions of the courts and from commentators on our institutions in support of this power are many, but the foregoing are deemed sufficient. Its exercise by the courts has been recognized and acquiesced in by the country at large, and is now disputed by no one.

Its existence and necessity being established and undisputed, it follows that it must be exercised by a majority of the court unless and until some other number shall be prescribed in and by the same source and authority from which the power is derived, namely, the Constitution.

The present critics of the Supreme Court and sponsors for the bills aimed at curtailing its powers in declaring laws unconstitutional, constantly refer to the five to four decisions of the Court as one-man decisions. Strictly, they are not such, and the statement is demagogic and misleading. A bare quorum in Congress does business. A majority of one in a quorum settles business of vast importance. The President's veto is as much a one-man decision. How do Congress and the Court compare in learning, knowledge, detachment of judgment, comprehensiveness of vision with regard to all important issues? Congress is a

maelstrom of politics. In respect to level of intelligence, to fineness of conscience, ideals of service, and fidelity to duty, its grand average is distinctly inferior to the grand average of the Court. It is an historical fact that the people as a rule have placed greater confidence in the Court than in Congress, and the people have been right. The argument that such decisions are one-man decisions was well answered by John W. McAnarney in the Massachusettes Constitutional Convention of 1917, when it was proposed to require a two-thirds vote in the Supreme Judicial Court to declare a statute unconstitutional, to take away from four men of seven the power they had long exercised. He said: "It is not stating it correctly to say that it is a decision of one man that declares an act unconstitutional. It is not the decision of one man; it is the decision of one Judge and three other Judges. It is the decision of four men." Also: "Stripped of all verbiage, this amendment proposes that a minority of two may prevent the court from declaring an act unconstitutional." In the Supreme Court of the nation the point is the same. Five men now determine; under seven to two operation, three men of nine would determine.

Furthermore, the number of bare majority decisions has not been great. In the one hundred and fifty years of our history the average has been one act of Congress declared unconstitutional every three years, and of the total of 50 the number of bare majority decisions has been a little over half. And of decisions holding acts of State legislatures to be unconstitutional the total has been under 300, which is surprisingly small when we recall that the number of State lawmaking bodies has increased from 13 to 48 and that their output is enormous.

If the power of the court to declare an act of the Congress unconstitutional is one of the attributes of its Judicial Power, which, like the powers of the Congress, it derives from the Constitution, then Congress can no more dictate the number of judges that shall concur in such a decision than it can dictate to the Court how it shall decide the case itself. If the foregoing observations are well founded, and I believe them indisputable, a conclusive answer to the unconstitutionality of the bills hereinbefore referred to is that if we admit the constitutional power of

Congress to require a greater number than a majority of the Court to declare laws unconstitutional, then we logically concede that this power is without limit, and that the Congress can go a step further, which, in its present temper, it would likely do, and take from the Court this power altogether; thereby making an act of the Congress superior to the organic law of the nation, and destroying one of the most valuable and important powers exercised by the courts for the protection of the liberties and the property rights of the citizen.

If the people conclude that a number greater than a majority of the Judges should concur to invalidate laws because of their repugnance to the Constitution, there is but one proper way by which their will may be accomplished, and that is by an amendment to the Constitution, wherein the number shall be definitely fixed, and not left to the whim of Congress.

Just so surely as Congress should be so ill advised as to enact any one of these bills, just so surely will the Court be constrained by its oath of office to declare it null and void as an infringement upon the Constitutional power and independence of the judiciary. Congress should not subject the Court to this embarrassing and unpleasant duty, for it would be taken advantage of by every crack-brained political demagogue and radical in the country to rail against the courts, and denounce the act as one of judicial usurpation, to the detriment of the courts in the estimation of a large class of our people, who are untutored and unthinking.

The integrity, the learning, and the independence of our judiciary must be maintained at all hazards, if we are to escape revolution, and our institutions are to endure. The great John Marshall never uttered a finer or a truer thing than when defending the judiciary in the Virginia Convention of 1829 he said:

> I have always thought, from my earliest youth till now, that the greatest scourge an angry heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and a sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary.

As indicative of the necessity and value of an independent judiciary in our system of government, and because of its impressiveness and authority, I cannot refrain from closing this article with the following quotation from Viscount Bryce's

thoughtful and in every way splendid work on *Modern Democracies* (Vol. 2, pp. 384–5); a work that should be read by every one who is interested in popular and efficient government and the future of Democracy. He says:

There is no better test of the excellence of a government than the efficiency of its judicial system, for nothing more nearly touches the welfare and security of the average citizen than his sense that he can rely on the certain and prompt administration of justice. Law holds the community together. Law is respected and supported when it is trusted as the shield of innocence and the impartial guardian of every private civil right. Law sets for all a moral standard which helps to maintain a like standard in the breast of each individual. But if the law be dishonestly administered, the salt has lost its savour; if it be weakly or fitfully enforced, the guarantees of order fail, for it is more by the certainty than by the severity of punishment that offenses are repressed. If the lamp of justice goes out in darkness, how great is that darkness!

In all countries cases, sometimes civil, but more frequently criminal, arise which involve political issues and excite party feeling. It is then that the courage and uprightness of the judges become supremely valuable to the nation, commanding respect for the exposition of the law which they have to deliver. But in those countries that live under a rigid Constitution which, while reserving ultimate control to the people, has established various authorities and defined the powers of each, the courts have another relation to politics, and take their place side by side with the Executive and the Legislative as a coördinate department of the government. When questions arise as to the limits of the powers of the Executive or of the Legislative, or—in a Federation—as to the limits of the respective powers of the Central or National and those of the State Government, it is by a court of law that the true meaning of the Constitution, as the fundamental and supreme law, ought to be determined, because it is the rightful and authorized interpreter of what the people intended to declare when they were enacting a fundamental instrument. This function of Interpretation calls for high legal ability, because such decision given becomes a precedent determining for the future the respective powers of the several branches of government, their relations to one another and to the individual citizen.

ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER.

BRITISH SEA POWER

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K. C. B.

I RETAIN a vivid memory of the appearance of the late Admiral Mahan's first Sea Power book, *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*. At the time when it first appeared, I had been working for three years upon the establishment of a Naval Intelligence Department of the British Admiralty. It seems strange now-a-days, but it is a fact that until February, 1887, there was no such department. The British Admiralty in those days had but a hazy general knowledge of the fighting capacity of foreign war vessels, and very little about the resources and defences of the naval bases from which they might be expected to work, if engaged in hostilities. At the same time the War Office could give details of all foreign armies, down to the number of buttons on their soldiers' coats. A Military Intelligence Department had been in existence for some years.

The section of the Intelligence Department with which I was entrusted (as a young subaltern of Marine Artillery) dealt with all foreign guns, torpedoes, and submarine mines, in ships and in coast defences, and "all experiments connected therewith". All armour and electric lights. The fixed and floating defences of all harbours, in the United Kingdom and abroad, which might be useful to the British Navy, and a general knowledge of their resources in fuel and repairing facilities, garrisons, and barrack accommodation. And (as an extra!) "British and Foreign Trade, Defence and Attack." The "section" comprised myself, with no assistants. Writing forty years later this seems scarcely credible. I can account for it only on the theory that the British Fleet of those days was so strong in comparison with other fleets that its fighting efficiency was considered by the Government to be a matter unworthy of their serious attention. Lord (then Lord Charles) Beresford did yeoman service by resigning his seat on the Board and protesting in public against the apathy

in high places. He was a popular figure in Parliament, with a good deal of public influence. With his help the tiny little Naval Intelligence Department was established, in face of much opposition inside the Admiralty, which was finally overcome by outside pressure. From a little department, charged only with obtaining intelligence, it gradually grew into a Naval Staff, charged with every branch of preparing for sea war, and, as we now know, with the executive work of distributing the forces when engaged in hostilities. Also with the coöperation of the other fighting services.

I remember well one remark that was made when Admiral Mahan's first Sea Power book was received. Up to that time Continental Governments, since called "Militarist", had had their attention fully occupied by the development of armies with which to strike each other across their land frontiers. They took little account of the influence, slow though sure, which a great Sea Power could exert, or of the uselessness of armies to lift such pressure, if exerted. The actual remark made in the Admiralty about Admiral Mahan's book was, "Why, he has given away the whole show!" In other words he had made public to the world the creed which, consciously or unconsciously, had influenced the beliefs and life work of British seamen for centuries. He had indeed done so. His Sea Power books were translated into most foreign languages, and Britain was no longer to be left in enjoyment of sea security without serious competition. I propose to note briefly the stages in that competition, which has had a marked effect upon world history, in that it changed the policy of Great Britain, from one of political (not economic) isolation from Continental affairs, to one of foreign alliances or "honourable obligations", such as that which practically bound Britain to the side of France when attacked in 1914, Belgium or no Belgium.

We need only go back for about twenty years to see the vast changes in the relative strength of British and foreign fleets, and the resulting change in British policy.

In 1902, before foreign competition had begun to tell, Britain confidently kept up a Two Power standard in capital ships, with a further large predominance in cruisers and lighter craft. We

were prepared to build against any two Powers, regardless of Flag, and to keep a good surplus in hand for defence of trade in distant seas. We were able to assure the self governing nations in the Dominions that we should be strong enough not only to concentrate a sufficient force to win the battle of capital ships wherever it might take place, but also to conduct an immediate offensive against enemy vessels threatening our interests in any part of the world.

It soon became apparent that an "Any Two Powers" standard could not mean keeping in commission in a state of readiness in every part of the world a fleet of capital ships equal in strength to those of the two Powers that were strongest in that particular ocean or sea. Realising this, we soon withdrew our capital ships from the China Seas, and contracted an alliance with Japan. The following table shows the position in 1907:

DISTRIBUTION OF CAPITAL SHIPS IN 1907

	British	*Next Two Powers*
Home waters and Atlantic	45	40 (Germany and United States)
Mediterranean	7	27 (France and Italy)
Pacific and China Seas	none	14 (Japan and United States)
Total	52	81

All the above vessels were first class battleships, according to the classification then prevalent. Modern battle cruisers, which are to all intents and purposes fast capital ships capable of taking their place in the line, had not at that time been fully evolved. As a measure of other countries' progress in developing sea power, it may be interesting to note that in the same year the total number of their battleships in the world was 98, as compared with the 52 British, distributed as shown above. Britain now owns 22 capital ships, as compared with 76 belonging to other Powers.

Until the German menace began to develop, the distribution of British capital ships had every appearance of having been designed to avert any danger arising from combined action by France and Russia. In 1902, when we withdrew them from the China Seas, Russia and Japan were the only two Powers which kept capital ships in that part of the world; little more than two

years later the Japanese had sunk or captured all the Russian ships and were masters of the situation. Although withdrawn from the Far East, British battleships were still to be found in the Mediterranean.

In 1909 the secret acceleration of the German programme caused uneasiness to the whole British Empire, and a naval and military conference was summoned in London to consult about the situation. The story of that Conference remains to be told. I attended it as adviser to the South African Delegates.

It seemed to many of the delegates who were present that a great opportunity was lost at this British Empire Defence Conference. The interest of foreign nations in Sea Power had then been aroused for twenty years by the writings of Admiral Mahan, and Germany had determined to build a fleet so strong as to be safe to carry out any designs which she might contemplate without fear of interference even by the strongest Sea Power in the world, which was still Britain. A secret acceleration of the process of completing Germany's new vessels alarmed the British Government, and the Dominions were invited to a conference on Empire defence to consider the new situation that was arising. The Cabinet of those days, as we now know from Mr. Churchill's writings, was divided on the subject of making adequate provision for naval defence of the Empire. The Two Power standard of their predecessors was abandoned, and with it all prospect of sustaining, in case of war, the policy which the Admiralty Board of 1902 had described to the Dominions as necessary to the requirements of naval strategy: That the British should be "strong enough to conduct a vigourous offensive all over the world, while, at the same time, concentrating a sufficient force to ensure victory, in the decisive battles, in whatever part of the sea those battles might take place". No clear statement that Britian could no longer maintain this policy was put before the delegates. In fact nothing at all was put before them until the very last minute. We can only assume that it was due to differences of opinion in the Admiralty itself that no memorandum on Sea Power was forthcoming, amending, if it required amending, the well-known memorandum of 1902.

No such statement was furnished to the delegates before leav-

ing their own countries to enable them to study the issues at stake during the voyage. Nothing awaited them on arrival in England. Naval defence ultimately found a place on the agenda, but no proposals, statements of policy, or up-to-date information were obtainable from the Admiralty until late in the evening before the discussion took place. Next morning the delegates assembled. They waited for nearly two hours for the First Lord of the Admiralty, who had spent the night in the country and unfortunately had missed his train. The First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) did not attend at all. One of the Dominion statesmen remarked to me afterwards: "These fellows don't mean business." It was not an unreasonable construction, to place upon the proceedings. These matters are not recalled in any critical spirit, but in the hope that the recital of this old story may be of value as a warning for the future. It was a great puzzle at the time. Let us hope the 1923 Conference (being held as this article goes to press) will not follow the precedent of 1909.

It soon became apparent that there could be no general agreement at the Conference on a policy of making adequate provision for Empire sea defence. There had been no time for consideration, or for thought. As a compromise, such delegates as might wish to do so were invited to call at the Admiralty and to discuss matters, and the "Fleet Unit" proposals were then examined; each Dominion Government was invited, if willing, to maintain in the Pacific and China Seas a "unit" consisting of one battle cruiser (*Indomitable* class), three small cruisers (*Bristol* class), six destroyers, three submarines, and auxiliary vessels. Australia accepted this proposal, subject to assistance by the United Kingdom; New Zealand preferred direct contribution; Canada a different scheme of local navies, on a small scale. The South African delegates awaited the completion of the South African Union.

For information about the next beacon, marking the progress of British Naval policy from the days of the Two Power standard to the present time, we must go to Mr. Churchill's revelations. The Japanese Alliance of 1902 resulted, as we have seen, from Britain being unwilling or unable to keep capital ships on the China station. They were required in the Mediterranean.

Then, in 1911, a further withdrawal was made, in order to effect a concentration in home waters to meet the German menace. The Entente with France, like the Japanese Alliance, enabled us to withdraw our battleships without serious risks to our own interests, but this policy, as Mr. Churchill has pointed out, had the effect of laying upon us the moral obligation to stand by France, if attacked by Germany. The idea appears to have been that, by 1916, we should again have battleships to spare for the Mediterranean. Meanwhile the intention to withdraw all capital ships was abandoned, and a small battle cruiser squadron was retained. The British policy of concentration in home waters, and abandonment of a strategy involving an immediate offensive against hostile war vessels in distant seas, was first disclosed officially in an Admiralty memorandum to the Canadian Government in 1912. In this memorandum we read that "Great Britain will not in any circumstances fail in her duty to the Dominions of the Crown. She has before now successfully made head alone and unaided against the most formidable combinations, and she has not lost her capacity by a wise policy and strenuous exertions to watch over and preserve the vital interests of the Empire." But—and here we mark the revolution in the views of strategic requirements from those expressed in 1902—the need to defeat the strongest hostile fleet in battle remains unchanged. The difference lies in the abandonment, for need of the necessary resources, of an "immediate offensive" against hostile war vessels in distant seas. This change was disclosed in a pregnant sentence:

> Local superiority consists in the power to send in good time to, or maintain in, some distant theatre forces adequate to defeat the enemy or to hold him in check till the main decision has been obtained at the decisive point.

In that year (1912) and in the "immediate future" the Admiralty told Canada that Great Britain still had the power to send, without courting disaster at home, an effective fleet of battleships (*sic*) and cruisers to unite with the Royal Australian Navy and the British squadrons in the Pacific and China Seas, but a warning was added that this power would be diminished not only with the growth of the German Navy, but also by the

simultaneous building by many Powers of great modern ships of war.

This brings us to the eve of the Great War which found Germany with three fast and powerful cruisers outside the North Sea: the *Goeben* in the Mediterranean, the *Scharnhörst* and *Gneisenau* in the Pacific. The British official historian has told the tale of their exploits and the aftermath.

We have dealt with the trend of events affecting British Sea Power up to the Great War. Their study is of value to all who seek the aid of the past in solving the riddle of the future. The German menace at sea has now been removed, and we are no longer faced in British "home waters" with any immediate prospect of having to fight there for our lives or, in the words used by the Admiralty to Canada in 1912, "to defeat in battle and drive from the seas the strongest hostile navy, or combination of hostile navies".

As the First Lord of the Admiralty recently explained in Parliament, the British great concentration in the North Sea lost its meaning with the surrender of the German Navy, and "we shall naturally tend to mass our main fighting strength once more in the Mediterranean, which is the central naval position of our hemisphere". There remains the question of British policy for dealing with the defence of vital sea interests and territorial security in outlying seas. In 1902 the Admiralty considered that an immediate and "vigourous offensive" against hostile war vessels in distant theatres was essential to the requirements of naval strategy. In 1912 the Admiralty foreshadowed a probable future in which the resources of Great Britain would no longer suffice to conduct such an offensive. It is clear to the whole world that that time has now arrived. The First Lord has stated definitely that the "defence of an Empire, spread over all the seas of the world, cannot be sustained indefinitely by one small island in the North Sea". Pending consideration at this year's Conference of this categorical statement, which marks a complete reversal of the conditions which obtained in 1902, and again in 1912, the policy that Britain has now adopted is to provide fuel depots and naval bases in the outlying seas. The heavy expenditure proposed at Singapore has brought this subject to the front.

The depots and bases are needed to secure "complete mobility, East and West, from that central position" (the Mediterranean).

This is the clearest exposition of the situation of British Sea Power which has been issued since the Armistice. But the question arises, mobility of what? Could the British, for instance, spare enough capital ships from the Central position to safeguard their (meaning the whole Empire's) interests in the Pacific, if threatened by Japan? Or by the United States? Or interests on the far side of the North or South Atlantic if threatened by the United States? The answer is obvious, and we do not need to be reminded of Admiral Mahan's dictum that "people often say that such and such an island or harbour 'controls' the neighbouring seas", nor of his comment thereon as "an utter, deplorable, and ruinous mistake". We know well, to quote his words again, that the control of a maritime region depends primarily upon a navy, and only secondarily upon bases, suitably spaced from one another, to enable that navy to replenish and exert its power. Admiral Mahan only put into writing what British seamen have urged upon their nation for centuries.

We left the tale of British Empire conferences before the opening of the Great War. What has happened since? After the victory we at once began to cut down our fleet, and we embarked upon no new building programme. The United States took the place of Germany as the most formidable competitor for Sea Power. We then adopted a One Power standard, the United States being the Power concerned. Whether we were wise in doing so is a matter of opinion. Viscount Grey of Fallodon, in a public speech, deprecated competition with America, and recommended a standard based upon the strength of European fleets. Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, put forward as a formula, "A Navy adequate to secure the safety of our sea-girt Empire and our sea-borne supplies against any reasonable, calculable risk." I ventured myself to suggest a Two Power standard, excluding the United States from our calculations.

The Premiers of the self governing nations decided at their last meeting to defer discussion of the subject of British Sea Power until after the Washington Conference. At that conference the conditions of competition were stabilized, in so far as

capital ships were affected; British equality with the United States in that form of vessel will be accomplished if other nations take the action that we ourselves have already taken upon the agreement. The present position, counting ships *in commission*, is that the United States have a large preponderance in capital ships, cruisers, and destroyers, and nearly a 100 per cent preponderance in submarines. The British hold the lead in light cruisers only. Taking the total number of submarines owned, the United States have 102 compared with 59 British. Japan and Italy have 43 each, and France 41. The United States have also 3 super-submarines under construction, and 6 projected, all to be armed with heavy guns and to have a surface speed of over 20 knots, with a cruising radius of over 5,000 miles. No other country is apparently building such craft, according to published information.

What, then, is the present state of British Sea Power? Exhausted by war effort, and taxed to the limit of our capacity to fulfil our just war commitments, including those to the United States, with little hope of other countries discharging their just commitments to us, we in the United Kingdom are clearly unable to fulfil the conditions of naval strategy as explained to Canada in 1912, and still less to discharge these specified by the Admiralty in 1902, if the United States Navy has to be taken into consideration as ever likely to be hostile; which God forbid. We spent nearly £10,000,000,000 in winning the war. The capital and unpaid interest on our loans to other countries amounts to over £2,000,000,000. We lost about £750,000,000 of shipping and cargoes by enemy action, out of which only about £12,485,000 (at 20 gold marks to £1) has been credited to Germany and debited to the British Empire on Reparation account. We have expended £470,000,000 on war pensions, and our estimated capital liability under this heading is put at £832,000,000. We have expended £400,000,000 upon unemployment, and over £153,000,000 upon mandated territories; £20,000,000 upon occupying Constantinople; £56,000,000 upon a Rhine Army. We have spent about £400,000,000 in liquidating other war commitments, not including those involved in subsidizing housing schemes. Our revenue and our productive capacity have been reduced by

our heavy war losses in our best man power, and by the separation of the Irish Free State from the United Kingdom. Our defence commitments have been increased by the need to maintain a strong air force for home defence and other purposes, and by the extension of our military responsibilities by accepting mandates for wide areas in Asia and Africa.

What, then, is to be the future of British Sea Power? The answer will be furnished at this year's conference, by the representatives of the great self governing nations which have been able to develop in security under its shelter.

GEORGE ASTON.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BOLSHEVIK DIPLOMACY

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE six articles, dealing with revolutionary plots in America which were issued by the United Mine Workers of America in mid-September, deserve the most careful study. They are the reply by direct publicity to the secret propaganda of the revolutionary forces which are under the supervision of the Soviet Government at Moscow. These forces, directed by Zinoviev, the head of the Third Internationale, have been working for some time to provoke a revolution in the United States.

So serious did the Labour leaders consider the menace of these foreign elements that they have chosen the American method of publicity to combat the Third Internationale and the Communists in America. Such a Labour challenge to the policies of Moscow suggests other questions. What are the real characteristics of Soviet foreign policy, and what can we expect in Bolshevik diplomacy? Has the time come for American recognition of Soviet Russia? Can we find in the present Russian Government those factors which we can trust and accept?

We can depend exclusively on Bolshevik documents for answers to these questions. Of these there is a multiplicity, for the Soviet authorities have from the outset been almost prodigal in the materials that they have furnished to any serious student of their policies. Furthermore the Soviet press is, to a great extent, an official press; its reports of meetings and of speeches are generally authentic. The Soviet Government has, besides, made use of wireless telegraphy for many of its notes and communications. These wireless dispatches are, therefore, sent broadcast to the world to be picked up even by those for whom they were not intended. If we add to these sources the mass of pamphlets which has accumulated in connection with a Government that has from the first existed largely as a propaganda machine, the apparatus for the study of Bolshevik activi-

ties has become enormous. Indeed, it is possible at present only to skim and to pick and choose almost at random from the public materials.

In the first place is the fact that the Soviet Government is a government founded on revolution. In this respect it is similar to the Government of the United States. American sympathies have always gone out to peoples who were struggling for their liberties; but the United States has carefully avoided in time of peace any official assistance to revolutionary forces in foreign countries. The Soviet authorities have, on the contrary, a revolutionary point of view. The Third Internationale is the crusading army of the Communist party throughout the world. It is the militant missionary force that preaches the gospel of revolt both in season and out of season. As Trotsky said last April: "We are revolutionists from head to foot; we always were revolutionists; we are that now; and we shall always remain that to the end!"

It is from such a position, such an exposition of first principles, that we can judge of the second characteristic of Soviet foreign policy. This is its opportunism. In part as a connecting link between the revolutionary and the opportunist elements in Bolshevik diplomacy the reader may recall my article in the October issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on *Germany and the Third Internationale.* This opportunist characteristic is well defined by Trotsky in a recent pamphlet. He writes of "the policy of abrupt turns", which may be translated as the policy of opportunism, and says:

> Of the many strategical lessons given us by Lenin we must remember especially well that which he calls the "policy of abrupt turns". That meant—today, on the barricade, and tomorrow, in the filthy stable of the Third Duma; today, a call for world revolution, and tomorrow, a conference with Kuehlman and Czernin, to sign the disgraceful peace of Brest-Litovsk. If the situation has changed, or if we have put a new interpretation upon it, we start a campaign in the West, and we shout "Give us Warsaw!" And if we overestimated the situation, well, then we have the Riga peace, also quite a disgraceful peace as you know. . . .
>
> After that comes the petty, every-day business, and then, lo and behold, from the Ruhr bursts the flame of revolution! Well, is it going to find us different, transformed? Oh, no, my comrades, never! We are not trans-

formed; we may change methods and means, but the revolutionary preservation of the Communist party remains our highest aim. We are learning to draw balances, but at the same time we keep a sharp eye East as well as West; and we shall not be taken by surprise. . . . And if the alarm should sound in the West,—something is bound to happen—then in spite of the fact that we may be up to our necks in business problems, calculations, balances and "N. E. P." [the new economic policy], in spite of all this we respond without hesitation and without procrastination.

Furthermore, secrecy and speed are essential in any such policy. Thus Stalin has just given an eloquent defence of "secret diplomacy" as the handmaid of opportunism. He is attacking those who would favor "free speech", "legal guarantees", and "democracy". Naturally Stalin is opposed to these three and says: "But, comrades, now when we are in power . . . I cannot conceive what such a system would bring us to!" And he continues:

We have to bear in mind that in this situation, when we are besieged by enemies on all sides, it is the sudden blow, the unexpected manœuvre, speed, that decides the issue in our favor. . . . What would become of us if we were first to take out into the street such questions as those of war and peace, the most important of all important questions? . . . We would be done for before one could count two.

This powerful statement is in its essence a demonstration of the grip that the "old diplomacy" still has among the leaders of revolutionary, opportunist, Soviet Russia.

In the third place, is the policy of economic retreat, of a partial accommodation with capitalism to accomplish, if possible, the necessary economic restoration of Russia? This "new economic policy" has been in effect, more or less, for rather over two years. Of the details of its working and of its methods the economists can speak better than I. The beginnings have certainly been made toward the restoration of more normal business conditions. As a practical, everyday question in Moscow the effects of Communism seem to be wearing off. In particular the agricultural efficiency of Russia seems to be on the horizon. The chief difficulty has been the lack of capital to secure necessary agricultural machinery. So far, no country and no group of capitalists have been willing to loan money to the Soviet authorities. They have had to pay as they bought. When, at the Hague

Conference, this became evident, it was Boris Stein, the acute, Russian Soviet, economic observer, who wrote:

> Without foreign credits we shall cover the distance to economic prosperity on a passenger train (probably even on a freight train). With foreign credit—on an express train. We are willing to pay for the speed. But if for an express train we have to wait too long, or have to pay an unheard of fare—then Russia will prefer to take a freight truck. The more so since it is used to it.

At present Russia continues to ride on the "freight truck". Aside from the wretched condition of Russian industry the agricultural situation is important. Lenin appealed to the workers to labour with all their might, for famine is still lurking for many hundreds of thousands. Preparation is now made to export a certain amount of grain, and there is much talk of the harvests of 1923 and 1924 as supplying Russia once more with material with which to purchase needed equipment. Russia must above all learn to organize. Lenin said in November, 1922: "We went too fast at first. . . . We were like an army that got too far in advance of its base. To maintain our power and to uphold the success of the revolution we had to remain in touch with capitalism. But," he continued:

> Where we have admitted capitalism we remain its master. There are mixed companies, half state and half foreign or native capitalists, but the State retains control of them and after using them to acquire commercial knowledge can dissolve them when it will. Thus there is no danger in this close association with the capitalist enemy.

It is, of course, this very uncertainty, of which Lenin boasted, that is perhaps the strongest deterrent to the investment of foreign capital in Soviet Russia. There are undoubtedly individual firms that have made profitable deals in the Russian market. There is a great revival of speculation and of local prosperity, especially in Moscow. Slowly the actual practice of Russian business is altering for the better. Above all, the decrease in the misery of the peasant makes possible the improvement of the entire system of Russian life. It is here that there is a chance for the future, for if the export of Russian grain can finance the state, there may be a relative stabilization of money. At the Communist Party Congress in April, 1923, it was apparent that rather than abandon the principle of the revolution and

rather than give way to the programme of selling out Russia either wholesale or retail, the leaders would favor a policy of slow self-sufficiency. In such a programme the farmer is king; but the financing, export, and marketing of the harvests are also essential.

In all of this economic policy the crucial fact is the establishment of the necessary economic facilities. For that, however, what are especially needed are better men in Soviet service, better methods, and better faith. The morality of Soviet Russia is its greatest danger. As more practical men come into control, and the inefficiency of Russia becomes less, there is a chance of real improvement. The recognition of the principle of fulfilment of international obligations is, of course, part of this improvement. Certainly the progress of Russia is not dependent on recognition, either *de facto* or *de jure;* it is dependent on the safety of the courts, on security both for lives and property, on honesty, and on trade. None of these can be provided by treaty nor guaranteed by diplomacy. They depend on Russia herself.

When, therefore, Col. Haskell, of the American Relief Administration, states that "Communism is dead and abandoned and Russia is on the road to recovery," he apparently confuses two points. That Russia is slowly on the way toward an economic recovery is undoubtedly true. This recovery, however, is still hampered by the uncertainties of Communism and by its continued existence as formulated in the new civil code that has recently been put forth in Russia. The keystone of the new civil code is stated by Brandenburgsky, a Soviet legal expert, to be the declaration regarding private property. The language of the decree reads:

> The present decree has no retroactive force and grants no right to the former owners whose property has been expropriated on the ground of the revolutionary law before the promulgation of the present decree, to demand the return of their former property.

This means that the civil code itself is dependent on a decree that legalized every step which the Communist leaders in the Soviet Government had taken with regard to property since November, 1917. At another time it may be possible to review the legal aspects of these codes; but at present, by the text of

the decree and by the frequent speeches of the leaders of Communism, it is impossible to believe that "Communism is dead and abandoned". On the other hand, of the immense services of the American Relief Administration every American has a right to be proud. As Col. Haskell finely says:

> Through this service America has not only saved millions of lives, but has given impulse to the spiritual and economic recovery of a great nation, and on our behalf we have created in the assurance of good-will from the Slav races a great inheritance for our children.

The net result of the new economic policy is, therefore, that the progress away from the economics of Communism has not as yet been sufficient to warrant a reversal of policy toward Russia. The uncertainty of her pledges regarding investment is too plainly stated by the leaders of Soviet Russia to give the necessary assurance for the average business man.

There is, in the fourth place, the characteristic of repudiation. The Soviet Government has refused not only all obligations to pay pre-war Czarist debts and war loans, but also advances made to the Provisional Revolutionary Government of March, 1917. The decision to repudiate national debts has gone hand in hand with the appropriation of private property of whatever kind, which was owned both by natives and by foreigners. With this policy as regards natives of Russia the United States naturally has nothing to do. But when the obligations so repudiated are international, the entire basis of international morality and international policy is involved. We can agree with Burke that private property is that "which tends most to the perpetuation of society itself", or with Brissot that "*la propriété exclusive est un vol dans la nature*"; but it is after all in respect to property that the real test comes as to our point of view regarding the Russian revolution.

That revolution resulted, so far as the United States was concerned, in comparatively small loss. It is probable that Russia does not owe the United States more than $233,000,000. In addition are damages due for losses of government property in Russia and a bill for private property seized or destroyed that would bring the grand total up to about $900,000,000. On the repudiation of Russian debts the attitude of the average Ameri-

can is much the same as regards all international obligations. He thinks he ought to be paid, but he is willing to wait and, if need be, to scale down. As regards private property he is more particular, in that private property is to him a sacred institution. He agrees with the late President Harding that—

> International good faith forbids any sort of sanction of the Bolshevist policy. The property of American citizens in Russia, honestly acquired under the laws then existing, has been taken without the color of compensation, without process of law, by the mere emission of countless decrees. Such a policy challenges the very groundwork of righteous intercourse among peoples and renders useless the basis of good faith everywhere in the world.

So far the Soviet Government has not shown any intention of settling for these debts. The various statements made at the Genoa and Hague Conferences were entirely conditional. There is in short not a scrap of evidence that the principles of Communism have changed in respect to debts. Chicherin may say that he would like to discuss the matter; but proof of intention is lacking. The fundamental consideration of good faith does not lie necessarily in the complete restoration of property nor in the full payment of debts, but in that restoration of efficiency and morals in Russia which will express the sincere intention of meeting international obligations.

Recently Krassin seems to have discussed the question at a meeting in Moscow. A denial that he advocated the principle of payment of debts has been issued. But something of the sort may have occurred, for in the press reports Krassin's speech is subject to evident censorship. On the contrary, speeches in rebuttal were given with a fair degree of fullness. The result is that the impression exists that the subject was debated and that Krassin was in the minority. Thus the problem of the debts remains as before. One can well doubt, however, whether the Czarist government could ever have eventually paid in full its own obligations. In view of the enormous costs of the war, the destruction of property during the civil wars, and the results of the paralysis of Russian industry and agriculture in recent years, it seems almost impossible that repayment can ever take place except on the basis of a scaling down of the amounts involved.

Thus, even if we confine ourselves to these four main characteristics of Bolshevik diplomacy, its continued support of revolution, its opportunism, its economic uncertainties, and its policy of repudiation, the fact remains that there is little to induce the United States to reverse its present policy. The entire problem of internal Russian policy does not directly concern us. The government of Russia is not our affair, though we may have a lively interest as to whether the censorship of the press continues and as to the character of the new codes. The views of Secretary Hughes as to American requirements for the recognition of Russia are well known. It is, however, worth noting that *The New Republic* has recently commented on them editorially, saying: "These are reasonable requirements. They are requirements that the Soviet republic should have met on their own initiative". With that view I am in general agreement.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

INCREASE OF CONTEMPORARY PEOPLES

BY W. RUSSELL TYLOR

MALTHUS, who today is much discussed but little read or understood, startled the world over a century ago by focusing attention upon the problem of population increase, which, as he indicated, surpassed, in its direct relationship to the welfare of human beings and to all forms of social organization, all other problems. Although Malthus was preceded by both Plato and Aristotle in an appreciation of the importance of the population problem, and contemporaneously by Benjamin Franklin and Adam Smith, nevertheless, with the exception of the past decade or so, the century and a quarter that has elapsed since the first publication of the famous *Essay on Population* has added comparatively little of fresh significance to the issues as there presented. It is true that Darwin was partly inspired by the Malthusian theory of surplus population and the ensuing struggle for existence in the formulation of his doctrine of organic evolution. It is also noteworthy that Doubleday and Spencer attempted inadequate theories regarding population and human fecundity. But on the whole the population problem, until quite lately, has either been lost sight of or eclipsed by developments of greater immediate import. So true is this that relatively few today are in a position to appreciate the full significance of a recent statement by Professor Fetter of Princeton, when he characterized the subject of population increase as a problem to which there was none second in importance.[1]

Mankind in the twentieth century finds itself on the threshold of an entirely new horizon. For the first time in the history of the human race have human interests really become world problems. From the standpoint of production and consumption of the basic foods and natural resources the world is already a unit. Politically, the struggle is now on between a unifying

[1] Statement before the American Statistical Association at its Chicago meeting in December, 1922.

emancipating internationalism, and conflicting limiting nationalisms. But beneath, abreast and afore of all class, racial, or national issues, is the situation facing a world of men steadily gaining in numbers, potentially unlimited, whereas the land and natural resources of the globe on which they are dependent for their existence, and that too in the face of increasing standards of living, are very definitely limited and exhaustible.

The present century is therefore witnessing a fresh consideration from manifold angles of the ever growing importance of the problems arising from the growth of peoples. Nor is the problem one alone which concerns the sociologists. While it is true that matters of population have been understood to lie primarily within the sociologist's field, and whereas no one, perhaps, has done more than Professor Ross to bring the issues anew to public attention, nevertheless the scope and complexity of the problems involved far transcend the recognized fields of any one group of scientists. Attention today is being focused on various aspects of the population subject not alone by the sociologists and statisticians, but likewise by the economists, by agricultural economists, particularly of the Bureau of Research of the United States Department of Agriculture, by political scientists, historians, anthropologists, and also by biologists, naturalists, eugenists and the geographers.

One factor of major significance gives this generation an incalculable advantage over all previous periods in dealing with the problems of population. This is the maintenance of fairly accurate records of vital statistics by virtually all of the chief national governments, and of very recent date by the International Statistical Bureau at the Hague, as well as by the cities, States, and various governmental divisions or units of the principal peoples of the world. Although the science of demography —the statistical study of human life—is yet young, the enumeration of the vital facts of marriages, births and deaths has been carried sufficiently far to enable the present generation to be guided by their study and to draw definite conclusions based on the facts of population movements. Of like importance is the growth of the statistical bureaus as a whole of the various countries. These bureaus are becoming increasingly equipped

with the facts as to agricultural and other natural products and resources, land utilization, the volume and movement of business and trade, the extent of national and individual wealth and incomes, occupations, classes, etc., as well as the earlier recognized data of population numbers and characters.

The key which unlocks the intricacies of population growth and movements is neither the birth rate nor the death rate, but the excess of births over deaths. This is the rate of natural increase, and signifies the annual excess of births over deaths, that is, the (natural) increase (or decrease if negative) of any people apart from the factor of migration. The rate of natural increase is the difference between the crude birth rate and the crude death rate, respectively defined as the total births and total deaths per 1,000 living at all ages, excluding still births. These crude birth rates and death rates with the resulting rates of natural increase have been analyzed for all the peoples of the globe from whom vital statistics are available, for the most part from the beginning of the last quarter of the last century to date. Publications of the various census bureaus and *The Statesman's Year Book* have been the source of these data.

It will be appreciated that a rise in the rates of natural increase in a given country over a period of years indicates that the birth rate is increasing faster than the death rate, or that the birth rate is remaining constant while the death rate is falling, or else that the death rate is falling more rapidly than the birth rate. Throughout the world as a whole the last circumstance has been the situation during the past fifty years. That is, both birth rates and death rates have fallen, but, owing principally to the growth of medical knowledge and to sanitary and hygienic measures, the death rates have, for the far greater part, fallen more rapidly than the birth rates. As a result the trends of the rates of natural increase in the various countries, although exhibiting marked fluctuations, have on the whole, but with a few outstanding exceptions, tended to increase or else remain virtually constant throughout this whole period.

An analysis of the rates of natural increase for the various countries and peoples falls naturally into two parts. First, their trend up to 1914, and secondly, their trend since 1914. From

this standpoint the data for England and Wales are especially significant. Since the rates for England and Wales were readily available, beginning with 1841, we can examine their trend over a period of three-quarters of a century previous to the opening of the World War. An examination reveals the astonishing fact that the average rate of natural increase for the forties, 10.2, the average rate for the years 1911–1913, 10.2, and the rate for 1921, 10.3, are the same. This rate alone doubles the population in 69 years, or in a considerably less period of time than that during which it has been maintained and excelled. Throughout the whole period of the war, which however took into account no war casualties except deaths from wounds in the country, the rate rapidly fell to as low as .1 in 1918 when the influenza epidemic was at its height, but it rose even more rapidly at the close and regained its original level at 10.3 in 1921. Scotland's and Ireland's rates of natural increase exhibit a similar fluctuation, only they surpass all former records in 1920. Scotland's 1921 rate, however, maintains more nearly the level of her dominant rate, viz. 12, the average for the period 1886–1905.

This exhibit of the tremendous potency of the population spring when once released from the checks of war and disease is by no means confined to the British Isles. Rather is it characteristic of all the peoples of the world. Although the rate of natural increase for France is and has been by far the lowest of all of the significant peoples, her rebound from the war was greater than England's. Of all the important countries, only Mexico has, so far as we know, a rate lower yet than that of France. In fact, in order to find another rate comparable with that of France in size, we must go as far away as the Mauritius Island, the British possession in the Indian Ocean east of Madagascar. The rates exhibited by British and Dutch Guiana also perhaps approximate France's. These latter low rates are due primarily to relatively high death rates, whereas France's rate is due to a relatively low birth rate. As in the case of England, the trend of the French rate may be observed since early in the last century. The first quoted figure for France is for more than a century ago, viz., 4.6 for the year 1806. The next figure, that of 5.7 for the census year 1831, marks the highest rate France

has ever realized, so far as any statistics indicate. France's rate averaged .9 for the years just preceding the opening of the war, 1908–1913. During the war, the rate for the 77 uninvaded Departments, not including military deaths, fell rapidly to one of the lowest depths reached by any of the warring countries, viz.,—11.9 in 1918. In spite of this tremendous handicap the rate for all France in 1920, within the boundaries of 1919, shot back to a height of 4.1, which surpassed any mark since the early 'seventies. This however dropped again to 3 in 1921. Thus in the case of France, for over a century the rate of natural increase opens and closes the record at practically the same point, as it did in the case of England. Only France's rate in the interim experienced a depressing sag, closely approaching zero, whereas England's rate experienced a pronounced rise during the same period. The marked lowness of the French rate of natural increase has been due not only to a lower birth rate than that of England but also to a higher death rate.

In marked contrast with France, the German rate more closely parallels that of England. Germany's rate at the opening of the last quarter of the past century was 12.2. Her before the war rate of 12.4 for the year 1913 practically coincided with her opening rate. During the war the German rate, without Alsace-Lorraine, fell almost as low as did the French, reaching—10.5 in 1918. By 1920 it had made the unprecedented spring back to 10.8, after all territory deductions except Upper Silesia—a jump of over 20 points in two years! The rate had risen to 11.2 in 1921, and is evidently approaching the before the war rate, unless interrupted by possible circumstances in view of the French occupation. Germany's before the war rate doubles the population in fifty-two years. Germany has experienced a much higher birth rate than England, but she has also experienced a correspondingly higher death rate.

The rate of natural increase for Austria and the rate for Hungary have paralleled one another, both rising from the opening of the last quarter of the last century to the period just before the war. Of all the warring countries, so far as is ascertainable, Austria's rate fell the lowest and her recovery has been the least. From a rate of–12.6 in 1918 she had attained by 1920 a rate of

but 3.4. And yet this is a gain of 16 points in two years, and is exactly equal to that of France during the same time.

Throughout the major period under consideration the rates of natural increase attained by Roumania and Bulgaria during the period just prior to the opening of the war were the highest ever attained by any country of Europe. (Rates for Poland, Montenegro, Albania, Turkey and Greece were not obtainable.) These rates were respectively 18.4 for Roumania, for the period 1912–1913, and 18.6 for Bulgaria, for the period 1910–1911. In both countries they represented a decided increase over the rates previously recorded, and were sufficient to double the population in 39 years. Russia in Europe exhibits the next highest rate throughout the whole period, viz., 17 for 1911. These rates are all due to excessively high birth rates.

Strikingly, Holland's 1920 rate, 16.3, follows next as a high water mark. The two neutral countries, Switzerland and Spain, while revealing rates decidedly lower than Holland's, nevertheless follow Holland's in their general trend. The three neutral countries, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, show a striking similarity in one heretofore noteworthy particular. The 1920 rate of all three virtually equals their before the war rate.

Thus in all of Europe where the war and influenza waged their greatest havoc among mankind, it is astounding how urging was the flare-back to the norm of population rates of increase, once the checks from this most potent double cataclysm were released.

Australia and New Zealand have exhibited rates of natural increase that are much higher on the average than those prevalent in Europe. In fact it is in the southern hemisphere that we encounter the highest rates of increase in the world. The highest significant rate of natural increase ever attained by any country on the globe throughout the entire period of authentic statistical data was that of New Zealand, 26.6, the average during the decade 1876–1885. However rates above 20 are very uncommon, although they have been attained in several instances during the latter part of the past century in several of the Australian States and recently in some of the Canadian Provinces. The rate for the Australian Commonwealth since 1886 has been al-

most as high as that of New Zealand. It was however higher in 1917 and 1918 and stands higher in 1920. New Zealand's record rate, 26.6, doubles the population in practically the proverbial Malthusian generation, in 27 years. Her average rate before the war, 17, for the period 1906–1915, would double her numbers in only 40 years. These high rates of natural increase in Oceania are due not to high birth rates, which prior to the war at least were not so high as many of those of the European countries, but rather to remarkably low death rates, by far the lowest in the whole world.

Japan's rate of natural increase for the past thirty or forty years has been more on a par with the comparatively low European rates as shown by Switzerland and Ireland prior to 1914. It however reached a maximum of 13.1 just prior to the war, the average for the period 1909–1913. Japan's 1921 figure, 12.4, is virtually at the level of before the war. China has never had a real census, and investigations reveal that little reliance can be placed on Chinese census figures, for careful research indicates that China's increase in population since the middle of the eighteenth century has not been very large, because of the deadliness and number of the positive checks, famine, disease, disaster and civil war. It is, however, pertinent to observe that if China should maintain her present birth rate (estimated at over 50 per thousand) while at the same time she should succeed in reducing her death rate to the level of that in England, her population would be over four billions a century hence, or more than twice the present population of the world.

Mr. Harold Cox, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, in the *Asia* magazine for October, 1922, places the population of India at 315,156,000 in 1911 and 318,942,000 in 1921. This represents an absolute increase for the decade of 1.1 per cent, or an average annual rate of natural increase of 1 per 1,000. This rate, although but one-tenth that of England or the United States, prevails among a population three times that of the United States, and on a territory but two-thirds as large. *The Indian Year Book* for 1919 makes the statement (p. 376) that "in India the birth rate is far higher than in any European country; and it is the heavy mortality, especially amongst infants, which checks the rate of increase".

Turning to Africa, with the exception of the heart of Africa where a pronounced decrease in population due to the high death rate and overland slave trade is estimated, the increase has been quite pronounced. The best authorities estimate the increase in Egypt throughout the nineteenth century as fourfold, whereas Europe little more than doubled its population. The same is true in Algeria among the Mussulman population of native stock, which increased at double the rate in Europe during the thirty years ending in 1911.

The rates of natural increase for countries in the Americas south of the United States are for the most part high. Argentina's average before the war was 20, a rate which doubles the population in 35 years. Uruguay's average rate for the period 1906–1911 was 18.9. Central American States averaged before the war rates of 21, 19, 17.6, and some of the British insular possessions in the Caribbean Sea 15, 16, and 17 plus. These are all due to high birth rates. Mexico marks the outstanding exception. Her rate of natural increase is apparently at best stationary.

Vital statistics from the eight Canadian provinces furnishing such in late years, but based upon estimated and not upon actually enumerated populations, show varying rates of natural increase. Nova Scotia, British Columbia and Ontario reveal rates since 1911 comparable with those of Europe, while Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have rates more akin to those of the Southern Hemisphere.

The rate of natural increase for the United States, based on enumerated births and deaths, has been statistically available only since the opening of the war. Although the Census Bureau began its annual publication of mortality statistics in 1900, it was not until 1915 that the first birth registration area was recognized. The rate of natural increase in the birth registration area dropped from its highest revealed point of 10.9 the first year, 1915, to its lowest, 6.3, in 1918, but rose again rapidly, in common with the experience of the other countries of the world, to practically its initial level at 10.6 in 1920. This is slightly in advance of the 1917 rate, 10.5, the year preceding the influenza epidemic and our greatest war casualties. It must be

noted, however, that the 1915 birth registration area was the equivalent of 31.1 per cent of the total population whereas the 1920 area constituted 59.8 per cent, much more representative of the country as a whole.

Thus during the period of forty years immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War, crude death rates throughout most of the countries of the world fell, with the outstanding exceptions of Japan and Mexico. Moreover, crude death rates were lower in 1920 than they were at the outbreak of the war, with the important exception of Japan. The death rate throughout the world has steadily fallen since the beginning of the last quarter of the past century. During the period before the war crude birth rates also fell with the exception of Japan and Mexico. However, in 1920 the crude birth rates were either higher than they were at the outbreak of the war, or else virtually back to where they were at the outbreak of the war, with but a few minor exceptions. Although as stated, both the crude death rates and crude birth rates of practically all the countries were falling up to the opening of the World War, the crude birth rates for the most part were by no means falling as rapidly as the crude death rates, and as a consequence the rates of natural increase of the various peoples of the world were increasing from 1876 up to the outbreak of the war with but the important exceptions of the British Isles, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, and Chile. Nevertheless, these countries had either regained or surpassed their before the war rates of natural increase by 1920, so that at present, almost without exception, the rates of natural increase throughout the world are back to where they were just prior to the opening of the war. The rate of natural increase in most countries tends to lie between the limits of 7 and 15 per 1,000. A rate as low as 7 requires close to a hundred years to double a population, whereas a rate of 15 doubles the numbers in less than 50 years.

What is the significance of these rates of natural increase as revealed by as accurate a statistical analysis as is obtainable? G. H. Knibbs, statistician for the Australian Commonwealth, in his prodigious work, *The Mathematical Theory of Population*,

published in 1917 as Appendix A to the 1911 *Census of the Commonwealth of Australia*, designates 11.59 to the thousand as the general rate of increase, weighted according to population, for representative countries of the world, for the quinquennium 1906–1911. Our analysis of rates of natural increase would indicate the representative character of such a general rate of increase for the world as a whole, not only for the period just before the war, but for its current growth as well. This rate of increase must be enormously greater than has existed in the past history of the world. If we put the population of the world at the outbreak of the war at 1,649,000,000, at the average rate of increase this number would be produced from a single pair of human beings in only 1,782 years. The above rate of increase for the population of the world as a whole doubles the numbers in 60 years, and gives a population more than trebled in 100 years. In 200 years the population will have increased ten fold, and in 400 years 100-fold. This rate is the equivalent of a 1.59 per cent increase per annum.

That the possibility of tripling the world's population in a century is no mere mathematical conjecture is apparent from what has already been accomplished. If we accept the best reliable estimate of the world's population at the opening of the last century, viz., 640,000,000, and that of today as 1,700,000,000, we see that the world's numbers have been nearly tripled in a century and a fifth. The population of England and Wales at the opening of the nineteenth century, 8,900,000, had increased to 32,500,000 by the opening of the twentieth century, or had multiplied three and one-half times in 100 years. Moreover, the volume of increase per annum in England and Wales in the twentieth century, as indicated by the first decade, was more than ten times the corresponding factor in the eighteenth.

The growth of the British race has been little short of prodigious. The population of Great Britain in 1712 has been estimated at 9,000,000. The United States Census Bureau publication in 1909, entitled *A Century of Population Growth in the United States*, says on page 91: "Great Britain contributed from this small population the stock which formed the larger part of the white population of the United States in 1790, and which

increased by 1900 to approximately 35,000,000. In 1801 the population of the United Kingdom was 16,200,000; by 1900 it had increased to 41,000,000. . . . In magnitude there appears to be no parallel in history for this population achievement of the British race from 1700 to 1900."

The growth of the American people has paralleled that of the British from whom they were primarily descended, although in dealing with the population increase within the United States the importance of the immigration factor has to be considered. The Bureau of the Census, in the above mentioned publication, computes the increase from 1800 to 1900 in the native white stock of continental United States as 694.3 per cent. It continues on page 90: "The largest percentage of increase during the century from 1800 to 1900, . . . for any European nation, was that reported for Belgium—204 per cent. Had the percentage of increase of the native stock of the white population of the United States enumerated in 1800 been only as great as that shown by Belgium, the white population of the United States in 1900 would have (approximated) the white population of the United States in 1880. Thus the greater fertility of the native white stock of the United States as compared with fertility of the countries of Europe showing the largest increase, has resulted in a white population in 1900 which is twenty years in advance of what it would have been if computed on the slower rate of increase shown for Belgium. It would be difficult to suggest more vividly the great fecundity during the nineteenth century of the white population inhabiting the United States in 1800."

The growth of the negro race within the United States, an element that must be classed as distinctively native, has been as striking, the increase from 1800 to 1900 in the native element of the negro population being computed at 663.3 per cent.

Whites and blacks together, then, totalling 5,558,483 in 1800, had increased to 43,749,091 in 1900, an increase of 687.1 per cent or an increase during the century unaided by immigration of nearly sevenfold. During the same time the population of Europe, exclusive of Russia, Turkey and Greece, increased 119.4 per cent, the largest increase shown by any nation of Europe being, as stated, that of Belgium, 204 per cent.

During the twentieth century, and particularly during the last decade, immigration as a factor of increase in the growth of the American people has become increasingly smaller. The American increase as revealed by the last census is not caused by immigration but by natural increase. Accessions from net immigration—i.e., the excess of immigrants over emigrants—mounted to approximately 3,733,000 during the decade, or an average of 373,300 a year. Quite apart from this, the accessions due to the excess of births over deaths amounted to approximately 10,000,000, an average of 1,000,000 a year. The total increase for the decade in continental United States was 13,710,842. This is the equivalent of an absolute increase of 14.9 per cent over the population figure for 1910.

Although this last absolute rate for the continental United States is the lowest in the country's history for any decade, need there be cause for alarm when it is realized that this means that we have thus added to our population in ten years a nation almost as large as Mexico, one nearly twice as large as Belgium, and one equal to about five Denmarks? If we go back a decade or two further the growth is all the more striking. Since 1900 the population of the United States has increased by 30,000,000, which in itself is a nation almost as large as France or Italy. Since 1890 it has been increased by 43,000,000, a population almost as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Bureau of Immigration estimated that our net immigration for the ten year period ending June 30, 1908, the period including the peak immigration year of the country's history, 1907, was but 68 per cent of the total alien immigration for the same period. The old immigration, i.e. prior to 1883, consisting for the most part of peoples from the northern and western countries of Europe, was a movement of peoples primarily seeking permanent settlement in this country. The new immigration, that since 1883, of which about 70 per cent has originated in Southern and Eastern Europe, has been dominantly one of advantage seekers or opportunists. Of these a considerable portion, about a third, return to Europe. Therefore the factor of immigration in its immediate effect upon the absolute rate of increase is by no means so pronounced as it might at first appear.

The rapidity and almost inconceivable extent of the natural growth of the English and American peoples in a century and a quarter is thus revealed, and the superiority of this growth over that of Europe as a whole is briefly indicated. Nevertheless the growth of Europe itself, with its relatively more limited resources, is worthy the adjective "remarkable" for its characterization. O. P. Austin, writing in *The National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1914, says: "The population of Europe in 1772 was only 142,000,000. From 1772 to 1872 the increase was at the rate of about 16 per cent for each 20-year period. Since that time it has been much more rapid; practically 20 per cent in the 20-year period 1872 to 1892, and a 26 per cent increase in the 20-year period 1892 to 1912." And yet this large increase in Europe's population has occurred, as Mr. Austin points out, in the face of heavy losses by emigration. This would seemingly bear witness to the theory advanced that emigration does not retard the growth of peoples from whom the emigrants go, but merely offers room for their expansion through natural increase.

There is yet another very important phase of the growth of the European peoples which Professor Walter F. Willcox of Cornell University has in particular developed.[1] He terms this secondary forms of European expansion, of which he designates three, viz.: 1) the increase among emigrants from Europe who have left that continent; 2) the increase among native peoples who have fallen under the control of some European nation; and 3) the increase among independent native peoples who have imitated the civilization of Europe. He advances the view, well supported by statistical evidence, that "in the expansion of Europe the primary phenomenon seems to be the increase of population".

In spite of the secondary influence of European civilization on other peoples, the white race throughout the world, as the analysis of rates of natural increase would clearly indicate, is increasing much more rapidly than either the yellow or the black. With the exception of the French and the Irish, practically no white peoples today are increasing at a less rate than 10 to the

[1] Walter F. Willcox, *The Expansion of Europe in Population, American Economic Review*, December, 1915.

thousand. The Chinese increase slowly if at all. The natives of India reveal relatively low current rates. The Japanese are not increasing faster than the white races, although the Japanese rate of natural increase is advancing. The black race is increasing rapidly only in this country and in the West Indies, not in its native Africa as a whole. It is thus evident that the white race is on the road to numerical domination. Furthermore, since the population achievements of the British and American peoples far transcend those of the rest of the white race, the responsibility of leadership and control of world affairs rests with the English speaking peoples.

Taking the world as whole, it becomes evident, historically, that the nineteenth century and the twentieth century to date not only characterize an epoch of population growth without parallel, but they create an utterly new phenomenon of population achievement which is comparable only to the growth of capitalistic industry during the same period.

Two major questions assert themselves in the light of the data thus revealed. Professor East of Harvard, after a careful study of potential world agricultural resources, places the maximum population the earth can support at a little over 5,000,000,000. If so, the time when this figure would be reached at the present rate of increase is not so far distant but that our grandchildren may live to see it. This is the quantitative aspect.

The other is the qualitative aspect, and arises in connection with considerations of the type of people who are contributing most to the natural increase. Other studies would indicate that it is the dependent unskilled classes that are increasing at the very pronounced expense of the independent, capable, and professional classes. Combined, these two questions are not only inescapable but constitute a problem veritably second to none in any consideration of the ultimate welfare of humanity.

W. Russell Tylor.

HOW LONG CAN THE FARMER HOLD OUT?

BY R. L. HOLMAN

I DO NOT suppose there has ever before been so much tillable land abandoned and left idle on American farms as a survey of this situation would disclose today. In riding up and down the public roads and highways of rural districts all over the country, one can see field after field growing up in rag weeds, indigo weeds or other weeds peculiar to the locality. In some cases, briers, bushes and brambles are forming a mass of tangled growth, showing that the land has been forsaken by its owner for a number of years. It would be difficult to give an accurate statement as to the amount of tillable land that has thus been turned out within the last three years, but rough estimates given from over the country show that the idle acreage of this kind will vary from five thousand to thirty thousand acres for each county making the report. I note, in scattered instances, that entire farms of hundreds of acres have been abandoned by their owners until such time as conditions will permit their placing them again on a profitable basis of operation.

These conditions are more or less pronounced according to the locality, but they are very much in evidence in some of the best farming sections of the country, and much of the land thus left idle is capable of producing crops far above the average.

Yet, in spite of the fact that such a large percentage of our productive land is lying idle, and notwithstanding the fact that the producing land that remains is on the average becoming less productive, we read continual reports to the effect that there is surplus of farm products, a supply that far exceeds the demand. These reports are given as a reason for the low prices farmers are receiving for their products, which in a large majority of cases are far below the cost of production. In fact, there have been a great many things happening to this law of supply and demand

within the past three years that farmers do not understand. The things they have observed in this connection are causing them to do a large amount of thinking. The amazing growth of the Farm Bureau and the results of recent elections are indicative of the fact that much of this thinking is crystallizing into action.

One of the things over which the farmers are puzzled at the present time is, why wheat is selling for less on the market than it has for any time within the last five years, and yet this price is not reflected in the cost of flour. They do not understand why many mills are buying the best grade of wheat at ten cents less per hundred pounds than they are selling bran, the cheapest by-product of this cereal.

In this connection, in order to set forth as fully as possible the condition of the farmer, I wish to review a few facts that may be of interest to both farmer and consumer. In doing this, I shall not try to place the responsibility for these conditions, but simply to state facts as they stand.

The low price of wheat is at the present writing the greatest factor in drawing public attention toward the condition of the farmer. It being the point of greatest immediate interest, we are likely to lose sight of the depressed market condition of other farm products. The eight principal items, toward which the large majority of American farmers devote their energies, are wheat, corn, oats, cotton, dairy products, beef, pork and poultry. We will endeavour to take up each one of these items and note a few of the changes made in prices from producer to consumer, and a few of the conditions contributing to such changes.

Mention has already been made of some of the things happening to wheat and wheat products after the grain leaves the farmer's hands. There are some other things to be mentioned in connection with the handling of this cereal before it is delivered to the consumer in the finished product. The farmer after raising the crop has to cut it with a machine which costs him on the market a very little less than a cheap automobile, and for which he has no use for more than three or four days of each year. He then has it threshed, paying the thresher owner a toll varying from one-eighth to one-twelfth of the crop, beside a number of other expenses in connection with this operation.

He then hauls it to the mill, or sells it to an intermediary who has it ground. At present quotations, the miller would pay him ninety-six cents per bushel. The miller then grinds it and afterward sells the flour, shorts and bran from this bushel of wheat for about two dollars. The farmer's ninety-six cents will buy back less than half of the bushel of wheat he sold the miller after the miller has ground it. In other words, after paying a threshing toll of one-tenth, he pays the mill owner another toll of more than one-half of his remaining wheat for the mere process of grinding. If a mill cannot profitably grind a crop of wheat for less than one-half of it, and many of them loudly protest that they cannot, how can a farmer furnish the land and spend nine months raising this cereal, incurring all the expenses incident to growing and harvesting the crop, for the other half?

Corn, the next item on the list of principal crops, does not have quite the depressed market value as has wheat. Yet the present price is only one-half the average war price, while practically all the expenses of producing the corn crop are close to the war level. Then, too, a corn crop is exceedingly hard on the soil, which depreciates rapidly in the growing of it unless much expense is incurred in keeping it renewed. A toll ranging from twenty-five to fifty per cent is what the miller gets for grinding and selling the product.

As oats are used almost exclusively for feed, there are not many changes of hand on this product after it is harvested. It is either fed on the farm on which it is produced or finally sold to other farmers. The market value of this grain is usually so low that there is now no inducement to grow it except to fill out a crop rotation.

The farmer who raised a cotton crop last year and escaped the boll weevil ravage and other destructive forces, may be said to have made some money. However, one can not jump to the conclusion that the average cotton farmer made money, for he did not. The havoc wrought by the boll weevil, red spider and army worm ruined the crops of a vast number of farmers growing this staple, and the shortage thus caused was the largest factor in raising the price. The great risk that the producer incurs from these pests, which scientific research has as yet found no

way effectively and economically to control, would justify his getting a better market. Another very decided reason for a better market for the raw cotton is the increase this staple undergoes in price from the cotton grower to the consumer of cotton products. Cotton mills, manufacturing cotton goods, declared in the early part of the present year dividends running above one hundred per cent. I personally know of one such mill that declared a five hundred per cent dividend.

Dairy products, which occupy the next place on our list, present a problem which has been the occasion of much strife between producer and dealer. The price paid the producer for whole milk varies according to the city where marketed, but in order to get a reasonable idea as to the marketing situation over the country, I will take the price prevailing in a certain Southern city I have in mind, which according to figures compiled by government reports, I would consider to be an average. Dealers in that city purchase milk from dairymen at an average price of twenty-five cents a gallon. This milk is pasteurized, bottled and sold for sixty-four cents a gallon. As the milk produced in that section will average five per cent butter fat test, and the city requires only a three and one-half per cent, the dealer has the privilege of removing enough cream to bring it down to the lower test. Thus the dealer has a spread of two hundred per cent on which to pay expenses of delivery to consumer and to pay himself a profit. As to the expense of producing dairy products, it is impossible for the dairyman to figure himself a profit under present conditions of operation and at the current prices paid for his product.

Beef products are quoted on the market at prices ranging from one cent to seventeen cents a pound. Persons observing the higher quotations are misled as to the prices the producer receives. There are far more cattle sold nearer the lower quotations than are purchased around the higher mark. Although two cents is the price the market quotes for canners, there is a large number of cattle going on the market graded as canners that would in former times have been graded close to tops. Cuts of steak from a two cent beef sell at forty cents a pound in most of our city markets. As a beef will ordinarily gross

one-half in slaughter and dressing, a butcher or packer could sell a two cent cow at an average of four cents a pound and get enough to pay the purchase price of this beef on foot. The difference between four and forty is what he allows himself for overhead and profit. The loss the producer incurs in raising beef and selling it at two cents a pound, or even at the majority of prices he obtains above these quotations, is so apparent that it needs no argument here.

According to experiments made by agricultural colleges, only in exceptional cases can hogs be produced at prices now prevailing. As corn is the principal item entering into pork production, it is interesting to note that, according to their reports and reports of hog producers, corn at a dollar a bushel would have to produce ten cent pork in order to give the owner a reasonable profit. Hogs for some time past have been bringing producers an average of seven cents. The spread between the producer and consumer of this product varies, very much as in the case of beef.

A glance at the market quotations on poultry will show that these products of the farm are also being sold at before-the-war prices. As the farmer's margin of profit was narrow enough at that time to be uncomfortable, one can readily see that profit in poultry under present conditions is an unknown quantity.

A close study of the quotations on these eight farm commodities, from which about nine-tenths of our farmers derive their income, will of itself be sufficient to explain why so much of our productive land is lying idle, and why the present agricultural conditions exist. Many farmers, after three years of gruelling hardships brought about by these conditions, are seeking employment elsewhere. The revival of activities in industrial centres has added much impetus to the migration from the farm to the city. A glance for a moment at wages received by unskilled labour in the cities and other labour there requiring only a short apprenticeship, as compared with the income of the average farmer, will remove the fog from our minds in regard to some of the dissatisfaction manifested by the man of the soil.

It would take all the yearly income from a two hundred acre wheat farm, taking average acre production and present quota-

tions on wheat as a basis, to equal the annual income of a plumber in New York City, allowing him only two hundred and fifty work days and one hundred and fifteen days of idle time between jobs.

On this basis of computation it would take the proceeds from the sale of a hundred acres of corn to equal the annual income of a New York bricklayer.

A farmer who derived his income from growing oats would have to sell the annual product from a three hundred acre farm before he could get enough money in hand to equal the income of a paper hanger, in one of our larger cities.

It would require the annual proceeds from the average acre production of a hundred acre cotton farm to reach the yearly remuneration enjoyed by a skilled mechanic in a number of our industries.

If the first three crops named, that is wheat, corn and oats, were fed on the farm for the production of live stock or dairy products, the annual farm revenue would be about the same as when these grains are sold off the farm direct. Where there is a profit in feeding grain to one class of live stock, there is a loss in feeding it to another, so the average prices received for grain marketed either directly or through the medium of live stock, remain about the same.

These figures of comparison become more staggering to the mind when we realize that the incomes enjoyed by the plumber, bricklayer, paper hanger and mechanic are all net, while those accredited to the farmer are gross. The remuneration enjoyed by the four classes of labour named may be devoted entirely to living expenses, while the income received by the man on the farm must first pay all operating expenses, including labour, machinery, taxes, insurance, depreciation on buildings, upkeep of fences, and many other items, before he can begin to lay aside anything for living expenses. Furthermore, the farmer has an average investment of about $15,000 on land and equipment on which he must earn interest in addition to the other items named above. The labourer has nothing invested save possibly a few dollars in hand tools. Again, the labourer as a rule earns his compensation in an eight hour day. The farmer, many days of the year, works from daylight to dark, and must be on the job

three hundred and sixty-five days of the year to keep all of his corners up. The man operating a farm must also be a good mechanic, carpenter, soil analyzer, weather prophet, and a good many other things, in order to be a good farmer.

When we view these conditions, is it surprising that farmers are becoming disgusted and are seeking the more remunerative work of the industrial world? The farmers are blue. In the deflating of values following the war they saw their own products crash and hit the bottom before other prices began to show any tendency to decline. Within the past year they have seen wages and commodities they have to purchase soar again to near the peak of war prices, and still the quotations on their products show very little tendency to stir from the depths to which they were sent in the decline of three years ago.

Needless to say, this has placed them in a perilous position. A great number of them have already seen the savings of a lifetime swept away by being compelled to turn their mortgage-ridden farms over to their creditors. To others, who are still holding on, the approach of the annual interest or tax pay-day is a nightmare.

Since agriculture is the fountain head of all other industries, this country cannot long look with indifference on the distress of its chief business activity. I believe the situation can be relieved to a large extent by narrowing the wide spread of prices between the producer and the consumer of agricultural products in favour of both. I believe this can be done without materially damaging any of the distributors of these products after they leave the farm.

R. L. Holman.

FIRES OF CONQUEST

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

An Englishman traveling in America in 1795 observed that the making of rifles and ammunition was almost as much of a household industry as homespun or applejack. He wrote: "That the rifles are not of uniform length or bore is of no consequence, for every man cuts and casts his own bullets." Armament was then a matter of home industry and of local handicraftship. The husbandmen or their good wives simply heated the lead over the fire and poured it into the bullet moulds. The local blacksmith or wheelwright made their muskets, or at least most of them were made by the hands of simple artisans living nearby.

Now, when you stop to think of it, armament was a relatively simple affair from the dawn of history to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The soldier's weapons were so simple that he or a small class of local artisans could make them. The inlaid armor and the Toledo blades we now see in the museums were the *chefs d'œuvres* of famous craftsmen; but even in the days of knighthood the local armorer was the soldier's main reliance, and he probably shod a horse or mended a wheel with equal facility. So, to our modern way of thinking, when the soldier took the field in any century before the nineteenth he was singularly self-reliant. He simply went to the wars; he left no munition contracts behind him. He took some armorers and commissaries with him on campaign, and they attended to the few wants he himself could not satisfy.

Furthermore, except for migration and the fighting hordes of nomadic barbarians, relatively few soldiers went to war in those old days. Great armies could not be fed. The tin can, that simple invention which has so changed life, had not yet arrived. Nor had transportation developed beyond the horse and the sail. Even if great armies could have been fed, they nevertheless

would have died, for preventative inoculation and sanitation were as yet unknown.

The result was that, until quite recently (as epochs go), wars did not greatly disturb their times. Soldiers sacked and pillaged, it is true—their manners were atrocious, even judged by some modern instances—and war was often very hard indeed on the conquered. But wars have always been hard on the conquered, in one way or another. The point is, that in the old days a relatively small part of the people were involved and the needs of the armies were so simple that they asked but little from the nations at war.

Then came the age of invention and development, the so-called Industrial Age. It began about 1760, with the invention of the flying shuttle and the introduction of coal in smelting. At first slowly, then more and more rapidly, man learned to use machines. Science opened to him possibilities of power and efficiency which completely altered all the conditions of life. Mechanics, chemistry and electricity gave him transportation and luxury, production and destruction.

War changed with life. The soldier lost his simplicity. He no longer makes war in small groups. He is very complex and very numerous. Transportation, sanitation, and the preservation of foodstuffs in compact containers enable him to fight in armies of millions. Machines scientifically linked into quantity-production give him great numbers of most efficient and complicated weapons. Compare the old hand-moulded musket ball with the modern rifle bullet, a missile no soldier could make for himself, for its production requires the blending of four metals, the most delicate machinery, and a score of different processes. The modern infantry rifle could not have been made by an old armorer in a lifetime. And if you contrast the old brass Napoleon with the modern field howitzer, or Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar with the U.S.S. *Maryland*, you get even more startling results, both in complexity and in efficiency.

Yet each weapon represented the highest battle efficiency of its time. The soldier's contention for battle efficiency has been perfectly consistent and perfectly sound. He has said ever since weapons were invented, and he continues to say: "If you go to war, you must put forth your maximum power." This is unan-

swerable common sense. So long as war between powerful nations is possible, critical situations will arise in which property, life, honour, and perhaps even national existence are at stake, and the nations involved must put forth their maximum power. The alternative is disaster and perhaps ruin. That is war.

But the modern nation in arms is not primarily an invention of the military mind. It is simply the old maximum power demanded by the essence of war, enlarged by the progress of the Industrial Age. The European system of compulsory service and the American draft, for instance, are simply those means which bring forth scientifically and easily the man-power which modern progress allows as the maximum usable in war. Industrial mobilization (a new term in our military dictionaries) is simply the best means of converting rapidly mechanical peace-production to war-production. Formerly the maximum power usable in war was a very small part of the nation's total energy. Now it is a very large part, for machinery has enlarged, complicated and made more efficient all human activities, including war.

Neither Napoleon nor Moltke nor Foch brought this about. Watt did it with his steam engine, and Lavoisier with his chemical balances, Faraday with his dynamo and Maudslay with his machine lathe, and innumerable others who invented and developed that man might have power in his peaceful pursuit of happiness. Gustavus and Frederick would have fought with larger armies had they been able to feed them, and they would have put their people to work in munition shops had they had the tools. But they lived in more simple and primitive days.

Science made the Industrial Age; and the Industrial Age, with its extraordinary efficiency and productivity of machines, has made war's constant demand for maximum power nearly equivalent to the maximum energy of the warring nations. Modern transportation sends millions of men into the field, and combines with the modern food factory to keep them there. Modern machines shops and chemical plants drain the country still further of men and materials, that the troops and fleets may have munitions in quantity. Clothing factories do the same, that the men may be clothed. There is hardly an industrial plant that

does not contribute. And the farmer, the rancher and the miner must work the harder to support the increased activity and fill the gaps.

The point is that all this is inevitable—so long as we have war. Inevitably war demands the maximum power of the nation. Inevitably efficient machines will convert most of the nation's energy into war power. And the more efficient our machines become, whether they be machines of transportation or of the farm, the mine or the factory, the more they can—and will—serve war. The nation fights now only in part with its rifles and its cannon. The great weapons are the machines of peace—machines of every description, diverted to war. And more and more this must be so as man seeks out his many inventions.

Look for a moment at the aeroplane, with its guns and bombs. Suppose this combination becomes what apparently it is bound to become, the fist of war. Armies and navies will then be the body behind the fist, the weight behind the blow. They will back and follow up the blow, occupy territory, cut communications and clinch the victory. But they themselves will no longer be the striking force. If this should come about, it will be only a further industrialization of war, and one naturally to be expected. Commercial aviation must be developed, and so must commercial chemistry—fertilizers and explosives. But in developing them we are at the same time developing enormous destructive forces, and concentrating them, not in physical man but in machines and chemical combinations. In this world the Creator has inseparably interwoven the good with the bad, the productive and the destructive. The secrets of nature yield us power; but only on condition that it be a two-edged sword, that with more abundant life we shall also receive into our hands destructive force. So while we industrialize peace we also industrialize war, and concentrate ever greater physical power—which we may use according to our intelligence.

Now, what does the industrialization of war mean to the world, and what will it mean in the future?

First, a progressively disruptive effect on civilization. If you assume that the Industrial Age will continue, one of two things must happen: Either war must be eliminated from human activities, or

else civilization must be rent more and more by future wars. For the more war becomes industrialized, the more destructive will it become to all industry. Peaceful economic competition and war now use much the same tools, the one for production, the other for destruction. More and more will war divert peaceful industries from their proper channels of production and turn them into channels of destruction. As it reaches out further and further into every strata of human activity, it disrupts normal life more and more, turns more men and machines into new and violent paths, inflates and weakens finance, and shakes to its foundations that complicated system of orderly thought and action which we call civilization.

You have but to look about you in the world to-day to see this. The effect of modern war on a large scale is all too obvious, but it is sometimes forgotten that the disruption and demoralization, the great difficulties we are now having to get back to the normal, are inevitable consequences of war in an industrial age. Quite apart from the destruction of life and property of which modern weapons are capable, machine-made war has a disruptive effect on civilization which no previous form of warfare has had since the barbarian migrations—the effect which comes from reaching out and violently disrupting the lives of nearly all men and women and diverting their machines from their normal usages. Can you picture in your imagination some sort of an earthquake which could shake, not only the foundations of your house, but each separate brick and beam as well?

And as war becomes more and more industrialized, as it becomes able to call on a still larger proportion of the energy of the nations, civilization must bear an ever-increasing shock.

The industrialization of war should tend, however, to make wars less frequent, even if they are not checked by positive measures of pacifism. The outlay, not only in lives and money but also in energy, is increasing enormously. Not only that, but the tendency of the times is toward democracy as well as toward industrialism. Industrial democracies cannot look on war as did the old aristocracies, supported by their peasant farmers and simple artisans. It is the difference between the wars of professional soldiers who could be sent out to fight without greatly

disrupting the country, and modern wars of nations in arms in which practically everybody must turn to and help. Furthermore, in democracies everyone has some voice in the decision to war. Majorities may not be less bellicose than were the small minorities of autocracy, but they have fewer foreign ambitions and foreign problems in which they are interested to the point of being willing to go to war—to go to war themselves, not merely to send out their professional soldiers and sailors. They are inclined to weigh the matter of war more carefully.

Motley in his *Dutch Republic*, draws a graphic picture of those days when wars were lightly made, without thought of public opinion:

> It would no doubt have increased the hilarity of Caraffa, as he made his triumphant entry into Paris, could the idea have been suggested to his mind that the sentiments or the welfare of the people of the great states now involved in his meshes could have any possible bearing on the question of peace or war. The world was governed by other influences. The wiles of a cardinal, the acts of a concubine, the snipe-shooting of an ambassador, the speculations of a soldier of fortune, the ill temper of a monk, the mutual venom of Italian houses, above all the perpetual rivalry of the two great historic families who owned the greater part of Europe as their private property—such were the wheels on which rolled the destiny of Christendom. Compared with these, what were the great moral and political ideas, the plans of statesmen, the hopes of nations?

Times have changed since then.

Another consequence of the industrialization of war is that it has become much more vulnerable. It is increasingly difficult for a nation or a group of nations to start a war for a definite object and to press it home. The Industrial Age, and all it has meant in finance, transportation and communication, has brought about an interlocking of interests among the nations. The world has become sensitized to the shock of war. The aggressors in a war are no longer sure that they can deal only with the one nation or group they attack. The drawing in of other nations quite outside the original quarrel is a tendency which inevitably results from a violent disruption of the modern network of delicate international relations.

To outside interference, machine-made war is particularly vulnerable. This is because of attrition. Energy and materials,

life and morale, are expended with great rapidity in modern war. This cannot be kept up indefinitely. The time factor pinches. Successful war must be short and sharp; and if the carefully thought out plan is deranged, if the sequence of prearranged events is checked by outside intervention directed against the aggressive belligerent, more and more of the coins of war must be expended by him. Attrition becomes the dominant factor, and the hope of profit by conquest vanishes.

Attrition particularly affects the "sinews of war". Financing international war on the modern scale is both a gigantic and a delicate task. On top of a gold reserve there must be a great paper currency—not a money value, but a sign of money value. On top of that there must be a still greater paper credit—merely the sign of a sign, sensitive, unstable. And this inverted pyramid, resting on its narrow base of gold, must be built upward in war by the inflation of its upper layers of paper money and credit, and so become still more unstable just when it has to bear the shock of war.

Put in another way, the equilibrium of war has become much more delicate. War has ceased to be self-sustaining. Outside intervention can nullify a conqueror's plans much more effectively than in the age of simplicity, because these plans have to be drawn on a much narrower margin of time. Conquest is more easily stifled.

And the essence of war has ever been conquest. One side or the other always has a political aim which it intends to impose on people beyond its borders; and it makes not the slightest difference whether that political aim be good or evil, whether it be the destruction in which Jenghis Khan gloried or the liberation of Cuba for which we fought in 1898, it is to be gained by conquest or not at all. International war is but the military expression of an intention to impose political will upon a foreign people, reacting against military resistance to that intention. Never was there a war fought wholly for pure motives of defense, without intention on either side to impose its political will upon the other. Nor will there ever be such a war. So if war's function be reduced to defence only, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. And this is exactly what can be done in these days of complicated, exhaus-

tive and delicately balanced warfare. The balance can be destroyed, conquest rendered impossible, and the heart cut out of war.

Modern war is also vulnerable from still another point of view. One of the many complications imposed by the Industrial Age is that only industrial nations can make modern munitions, and no industrial nation (except the United States and perhaps Japan) can feed itself. Furthermore, modern munitions demand in quantity certain metals found only in limited areas and in distant parts of the world—manganese from India, Russia or Brazil, for instance, nickel from Canada or New Caledonia, tungsten from China, Bolivia or the United States. Some important chemical bases are also far flung about the map. The drawing in of these essential raw materials to the limited industrial areas which can convert them into war munitions creates arteries which can be cut. Here, again, complicated modern war is vulnerable to an extent unknown in the older days. Intervention by outside air or sea forces, especially, may seriously cripple the war-making power of any nation.

Recognizing this latter weakness, many pacifists have proposed to prevent war by international agreements to boycott belligerent nations. This would certainly be a better plan than our present doctrine of neutrality. What neutrals now do, in effect, is to feed the flames of war with the oil of war supplies—loans, raw materials and even actual munitions. But cutting off these supplies by boycott would still leave the belligerent nations free to fight with what weapons and supplies they had, and with all the advantage on the side which had foreseen and planned for the war—generally the aggressor.

It must not be forgotten that the industrialization of war inevitably concentrates war power in the industrial nations. But war power is the power of imposing political will upon other people. Political will may conceivably take almost any form. If it takes the form of will to suppress war, then we have the power to suppress war concentrated in the industrial nations—not alone through their ability to deny to the warring nations certain munitions of war, but much more through their actual physical power to crush war. Their sure way to crush it is to apply, or at least

to be prepared to apply, sufficient physical force to stop the war and to deny to the warring nations any war gains. This would not necessarily require great armies and navies held ever ready, but it would require an unmistakable will to use force—and "force without stint", if necessary—that war might be deprived of any material success.

Modern war has its weaknesses, but it cannot be attacked with success by so emasculated a plan as that of the boycott. Back up the boycott with positive will on the part of certain outside powers to intervene if necessary in order that there may be no gain from the war, no conquest in any form, and the effect would be paralyzing. If the will to intervene were evident, the boycott alone would probably stop the war, not because the supplies boycotted from both sides were essential to the continuance of the war, but because the hope of some political gain is always essential to one belligerent at least. Conquest in some form is the basic motivation of war. Only by making conquest impossible, by depriving war of any ambition beyond that of self-defense, can the world be rid of it.

But there must be no question about the elimination of positive gain from war if war itself is to be suppressed. No positive gains should be permitted to accrue to a nation as a result of war on the theory that that nation will see, in the long run, that such advantages do not pay. Most of them do pay, as a matter of fact. And it is not a question of the long run. A nation goes to war to gain some right or aim which it thoroughly believes it should or must have. If it can win and retain the end for which it fought, it may well regard the passive (and passing) displeasure of the world, or the world's opinion that such things do not pay, as unfortunate, but of little consequence.

War is virile, elemental, real. It cannot be frowned down. It cannot be shunned or boycotted out of existence. But it can be robbed of any positive political gain, negatived, stultified—and so eliminated.

The crux of the matter is that war is still admittedly a human agency capable at times of getting certain results, of imposing one people's will, for good or for evil, upon another. In short, war "gets away with it". War will disappear from the world

and its affairs when the will-to-peace in the industrial nations, the nations to which power is given, crystallizes and acts along lines which will prevent war from getting away with anything.

* * *

"Facts differ incredibly from all theories," said a witty Frenchman, indulging in a bit of exaggeration for the sake of a clear-cut phrase. Let us take the hint, however, and see what we have in the way of commonly accepted facts.

Certain methods of human competition have been suppressed by the opposition they have brought down upon themselves; slavery, for instance, and the more flagrant forms of dishonesty in private dealings. For some time past, the suppressive opposition to these methods has far outbalanced any possible gains that might be derived from them.

War, of course, is but one method of international competition. It is resorted to when a nation determines to impose its will upon another in order to gain some political end, worthy or unworthy, which cannot be gained by peaceful methods. There is no other conceivable motive for a resort to arms save defense, and defense is only reaction to attack.

It is also evident that people make war with the idea of winning it. Now the problem of winning a war has been studied by many men in many lands for many centuries. Their accumulated experience establishes the fact that to win one must strike out, must possess oneself of enemy forces or nerve centres or bases of supply, must break down enemy resistance by aggressive action. The wars that are won by staying at home and fighting only on the defensive are in reality only failures of the offensive, victories of attrition. To the present generation it must be equally clear that modern war is vulnerable because attrition now tears into the vitals of warring nations to an unprecedented degree. Witness Germany, Austria and Russia.

It is therefore safe to say that we can count on these facts: That certain methods of human competition have been suppressed, that international war is made to gain a political end, that aggressive action is necessary to win the war and so to gain the end, and that attrition cuts into modern war power very heavily.

Add to these facts a supposition: Suppose a group of industrial nations (which means potentially powerful military nations) determines that no war in which any one of them may be involved as a belligerent shall result in the gain of any political end whatever. Is it not evident that such a war could be suppressed by that group of nations, taking advantage of the fact that modern war is vulnerable because of attrition? They would have only to use their power to block or cripple any major offensive by either belligerent, and so prevent either side from winning and holding a dominant position which would enable it to impose its will and gain its end. Attrition would do the rest. The discouraging effect on war would be enormous and accumulative.

Is it not, in fact, rather more evident that, under this supposition, such a war would rarely if ever occur, simply because of the evident impossibility of gaining the end which might justify the war?

Now let us test this theory of war suppression against the outstanding facts of the World War. The old fires of conquest broke out in Central Europe in 1914. (Again I use "conquest" in the only sense that expresses its full meaning—the imposition by war of political will upon foreign people.) That conquest was nullified, that imposition of will frustrated by a gradual accumulation of superior military power. We attained the great aim for which we fought. We smothered those fires of conquest. That fact stands—will stand for all time. But we can never look at it without seeing the other side of the shield.

We suppressed a flagrant, violent outbreak of war. But we did it at an appalling cost: millions of lives, billions of treasure, demoralization and devastation such as our civilization had never known. For years the struggle went on under no one directive head. For years there was no intelligent coöperative planning, not even in the elementary matter of supply. Russia, brittle and inapt, collapsed completely. Belgium, Serbia and Roumania were consumed by the fires while their more powerful allies stood by almost helpless. And to cap it all, when the end came it found us as unprepared to deal with peace as we had been to deal with war. We had great need to secure the world against another such outbreak, and good reason to punish the guilty; but under the cloak

of security or of justifiable punishment we scrambled among ourselves for political and commercial aggrandizement, and imposed our will-to-profit by the right of the conqueror. On harrowed fields we found no better seed to sow than dragon's teeth.

What possible conclusion can one draw from such facts as these, other than that war *can* be suppressed because it *has* been suppressed, that haphazard, unprepared methods of war-suppression lead to monstrous loss and waste, and that war-suppression which ends in great political and economic advantages being won by the suppressing powers will but lead to future wars?

Certainly we cannot infer from the glaring facts of the World War that, in some miraculous way, man may be counted on to improve his manners in the future. Theories of pacifism we had aplenty before 1914, excellent plans of arbitration, conciliation, agreement; but we cannot, by any stretch of sophistry, make these altruistic and beneficent theories square with the facts of our own times. "Respect facts," wrote Lord Bryce, himself a somewhat disillusionized altruist in the mature wisdom of his eighty years. "Man is in each country not what we may wish him to be, but what Nature and History have made him." Well, the undeniable fact of all history is that man has intermittently, but with remarkable persistency, lusted for conquest and gone forth to war. No logic nor ethics nor religions have curbed him. By force alone we have recently put down a war outbreak on a great scale—blunderingly, wastefully, but still we have done it. Respecting facts, can we fail to draw the obvious conclusion?

Altruism is unquestionably a great force for good. But in the present stage of civilization it can no more suppress a war than a Carnegie Library can quell a street riot.

Again respecting facts, can we avoid the conclusion that we must devise war-suppressing methods of the future less costly than those we used in 1914–18? The victors in that struggle were also the victims; terribly mangled victims, some of them. If the attrition of modern war may make conquest prohibitively costly, it may also present a staggering bill to those who would suppress conquest. That bill can be reduced only by intelligent coöperation. Hard, cold facts point to the colossal waste and

ruin which fall to the lot of those who blunderingly use the highly explosive forces of to-day. Since we must use force, let us use it intelligently; let us have our plans prepared beforehand; above all, let it be known beforehand that we will use it, if necessary, to suppress war.

Crippled, demoralized, penniless, the nations are now struggling to their feet and asking themselves how the great cataclysm through which they have just passed can be avoided in the future. What is the answer? What would have been the answer in 1914 had a group of strong, industrial nations been prepared to deal with a violent outbreak of war; prepared in the measure, say, of their preparedness to cope with an outbreak of fire in one of their great cities? What would have been the answer had they been prepared for immediate, concerted action; prepared and determined to see to it that no possible gain could be had by conquest? With the possibility of conquest reduced to a minimum, with the certainty of an intelligent and (if necessary) a prolonged opposition before them, with the modern cost of war attrition staring them in the face, can it be conceived that men would have deliberately lit the firebrands of conquest and chosen war as a means to political gain or domination?

Brave men will fight desperately in defense of their homes. In that splendid spirit the germ of war does not lie. It lies simply and wholly in the human instinct for domination, for conquest. If we would rid the world of war, we must have our international organization for war suppression prepared beforehand, and backed by the determination that there shall be no conquest. By the obvious manifestation of that determination we may cut the heart out of war.

SHERMAN MILES.

THE LEAVES: AN ECLOGUE

BY STARK YOUNG

(*A wood of pine trees, with birches and undergrowth. In the woods far and near, and now and then, the sounds of strings plucked, and of sifting leaves in the wind; at length a shepherd's pipe approaching and very faintly in the wood other pipe notes. The young shepherd enters, followed by a herdsman.*)

Herdsman:
Shepherd, why are you sad?
I hear your music sometimes in the trees,
I mark your wandering feet,
They are grown slow, your trails are dull,
I know of paths more sweet,
But yet you follow these.

Shepherd:
May not the sad be sweet and the foul fair?

Herdsman:
Why do you go up and down the world
Packing your golden sorrow everywhere;
Is it for love?

Shepherd:
If it be so I can but say it,
And you can but believe it.

Herdsman:
If thou art sad I know of one that loves thee,
Shall thy heart waste and fade?

Shepherd:
Daphne?

Herdsman:
Daphne I saw but late.

There were two fields that sloped
Golden and sheaved with wheat.
In the shadow between
The silver thread of a stream
Ran starred with oleander flowers;
And over all a little crescent moon.
She spoke of you and bade me tell you of it,
And sighed. A leaf stirred in the place,
And life and death seemed younger there than she.

Shepherd:
At such a time I saw her first,
And she was like the stream in the golden field
And the moon.
I gave her my heart
And begged her smile, her hands, the boon
Of her mad kiss.
She gave me all her love, her eyes did swoon
Beneath their silver lids,
Yet I was not all this.

Herdsman:
You love some other, then?

Shepherd:
Say not I love her.
When most she held me, when my soul
Reeled with the taken draughts of beauty,
Then was I least hers.
Behind her face another stole,
Behind her voice a voice that may not die;
The sudden light upon her hair
Seemed but a memory;
Her lowered lashes were
The veils of an eternity.

Herdsman:
Then if you love not her you love,
Who is the other?

Shepherd:
Ah Daphne, you who would most be one,
Are many grown.
For me your cheeks are flame, but at that blush
A red rose breaks at the heart of the world
And showers its petals down.

Herdsman:
Whom do you love then?

Shepherd:
The dryad only.
She that ever flees before me;
The stillness of the wood is her waiting.

Herdsman:
But you may know her not.

Shepherd:
To-day I saw her mid the trees,
The birch, the old pines,
The brown loam spotted with light like a panther.
I cried and held up my heart,
But she fled laughing.
Then I came to the place she left,
And there were tears on the grey stone.
But she in her flight
Was nearer to me than any other,
Near as my leaping, mad heart.

Herdsman:
Oh, sorry plight,
Oh, bosom of the earth mother
On which thou liest. Oh, dream apart!
In vain,
Daphne, thy woman's pain!

Shepherd:
O dryad—dream—

(As he speaks there come rushes and glints in the boughs and thickets, and pipes, dim and shy.)

Shepherd:

O dryad, oh dream, dream—
I may not come to you.
There in the deep glades,
Under these pine boughs
That cloud the stars—
Leading your dances out and your mad feet,
Your cry uplifting,
We may never meet.
Your white limbs glance among the trees,
And faintly come your pipes
Drifting
Out from your secret ways.
O dream, of all your store how small are these,
Of the mad joy and terror and beauty of our days.

Herdsman:

You may not take your dream, then?

Shepherd:

Even as I spoke, did not the hazel leaves
Seem suddenly shaken with white arms,
Were there not pipes played, calling me?

Herdsman:

These summer eves
While thou art young are full of harms,
There hath been naught to hear nor see.

Shepherd:

I feel my soul waver and go,
The voices of these trees, their incantation,
The green flames of them that blow,
That lead away my heart with light!
They send abroad their leaves,
They wander the sunrise and the wide night,
But their feet are in the old earth,

She is their passion,
And theirs her might.
One by one the trees grow up in me,
Their sap is in my heart,
The leaves flutter between my lips,
I breathe with the breath of the forest.

Herdsman:
Oh, Daphne, child on thy golden hill,
Go in, go in to thy mother,
She hath her patience from the years,
And the unmindful burden of women still,
Their waiting tears.

Shepherd:
Go thou and tell her this:
Into my soul she fades
As a star falls into the unmeasured sea.

Herdsman:
Alas! I will go tell her.

(*He goes out. The shepherd stands looking after him. He lifts then his pipe to his lips and sounds a few lonely notes. Then he slips down upon one knee, as he speaks.*)

Shepherd:
Passion eternal and beauty and pain—Dream!
And yet—

(*There is a rustle and flash in the leafage near. He springs to his feet and spies eagerly after it. Faintly the pipes play here and there in the wood.*)

O dream and music of forever.—

(*The pipes begin again. He goes out slowly following them, one hand held out from him as if remembering wistfully the thing he leaves. The pipes call farther and farther away.*)

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOLIO[1]

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

THREE hundred years ago, seven years after the death of the writer, appeared *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, or what is commonly known as the First Folio. The editors, as everyone knows, were John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's fellow actors and shareholders at the Globe, both remembered along with another more famous fellow actor, Richard Burbage, in his will. They had lived almost their whole lives in the parish of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, and—the days of "merry England" (though numbered) having not yet come to an end—they were, at different times, wardens of the church, not a stone's throw from which, in Silver Street, lived Shakespeare himself. In the churchyard, now a little oasis, in oldest and dingiest London, of grass and stooping planetrees, alongside a placid white stone structure of Sir Christopher Wren,—streaked with the soot and dust and rains of centuries, though it replaces their church, levelled in the Great Fire,—stands a monument to the men, lying there, who rescued for us more than half of Shakespeare's plays from oblivion, from that or other fires. There are carved their touching words: "We have but collected them and done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame; onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." Shakespeare and his Thespian church wardens had worked together, acted together, in a manner lived together, the least of which experiences is notoriously a trial and test of affection, often the death of it; and yet he thought of them—and left them mourning rings that they might afterwards think of him—before he died. And they thought of him indeed.

For theirs was an act of friendship far more than of fealty and homage. "They pleased the living," as the verses recently discovered by Sir Israel Gollancz record; but it was because "they

[1] Licensed by the Stationers' Company, Nov. 8, 1623.

loved the dead". "These trifles" they call the plays in their dedication of the volume to Pembroke and Montgomery, using the conventional language—*hæc novimus esse nihil*—which would belong only in the modest mouth of the poet; though by their felicitous words in the address "To the Great Variety of Readers" they show that, if unaware of his genius, they were not insensible to his charm:—"who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it". Even Shakespeare's fellow actors in such moments bowed, with their rings upon their fingers, before the rigors of the academic standard. Perhaps Shakespeare, as we shall see, bowed too.

I

Twenty plays thus found a refuge in print, among them *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Othello* had, for the first time, been printed only the year before. Twenty-one plays, therefore, more than half of his output and the more precious part of it, Shakespeare had unnaturally left to the mercy of fortune, the treachery of chance. In 1611, or thereabouts, he retired from the stage to Stratford. He did not, like Lope and Calderon (who, nevertheless, printed a number of theirs), go on writing to the end; he was not, like Molière, hindered from carrying out his intention to publish a complete edition of his works, "in their final perfection," by the absorbing duties of an actor and manager; nor was he stopped by sudden death. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His work was done, he thought. He collected his rents instead of his writings, mingled with his neighbors instead of the poets, founded an estate in strict entail at Stratford instead of his fame forever through all the world, and, in due time, made deliberate but simple preparations for his exit. Though he dictated his will in January, he did not die till April, and in the interval he revised it; but in all the long and particular document he mentions no books, his own or anyone else's, and no manuscripts; and in no way recalls the fact that he was a poet or dramatist, or remembers any poet or dramatist—among so many. He remem-

bers eight of his friends at Stratford and three of his "fellows", as we have seen, in London; but he gives nothing to Ben Jonson, Drayton, Fletcher, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, or any of the others of that galaxy of luminaries, more truly (one would think) congenial, with whom he must have held converse, high or low, at the Mermaid Tavern; and he is concerned who should have his sword, his broad silver-gilt bowl, and who only the second-best bed, but unconcerned, it would seem, for all that the Globe had recently burned to the ground, what should become of the unprinted manuscript of *Othello* or *Macbeth*.

Except in a single instance, that of the *Venus and Adonis* volume, his books were printed by pirates, or by the Company, apparently to steal a march upon the pirates. The plays, to be sure, were sold to the Company outright, and the author kept no legal rights to them; and, like companies nowadays, the King's Men preferred not to publish a play so long as it could be kept on the stage. But it was so that Jonson, Chapman, and Webster sold their plays; and yet, though they were not, like Shakespeare, shareholders in the purchasing company, they attended, in many instances, to the publication of their plays themselves. Shakespeare did not even do what was done by many Elizabethans, and by Molière, Calderon, and Lope de Vega—try to forestall the pirates or print the correct text to replace the one already pirated, to its damage. In several instances, indeed, better editions appeared after the unauthorized; but, if authorized, they were not authentic. Having seen these bungled and garbled texts, both pirated and authorized, how could the poet, even though not concerned for the twenty-one plays still unprinted, have rested through the idle days and quiet nights the long five years at Stratford, thinking of all the errors descending to posterity to plague the reader and forever employ the commentator—to plague then the reader anew—in the printed sixteen? "Oh, what a wounded name, things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!" But that, in things literary, were a thought for Bacon, Jonson, Milton—conscience is for the conscious.

And the sonnets received no tenderer care. His stage plays Shakespeare held in slight regard, as the contemporary Lope de

Vega held his. But in his sonnets (though echoing the Petrarchans) he seems at times to expect immortality for his poetry; and, again like Lope de Vega, he may well have thought that his poetry alone was careful and academic enough to be literature, and afforded his only claim or title. Yet for years he permitted his sonnets to circulate in manuscript; and when they were printed, it seems to have been without his knowledge or consent. It was, to be sure, the aristocratic and genteel thing not to print, and thus to be above all suspicion of literary gain; and these considerations Shakespeare, who was founding a family and estate, applying for a coat of arms, and taking to himself the style of "gentleman", may have let weigh with him in regard to both sonnets and plays. But Spenser had printed, Chapman, Jonson, and Webster had printed, four of them poems and three of them plays; and all but Webster had far higher pretensions than he to learning and gentility, and, so far as anyone knows, won fuller recognition for them. And since the Company printed some of the plays, why did not Shakespeare see to it that they printed them all and well, if he rightly valued either his life work or the good opinion of readers in his own time or in times to come?

II

He did not rightly value his work—he valued the opinion of his contemporaries. Jonson's high praise came after Shakespeare's death, prefixed to the Folio—an epitaph on the monument, a garland upon his grave. In his own day, nobody of importance, save Webster, who (though he deprecates that interpretation) clearly ranks him, in his preface to *The White Devil*, lower than Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, took notice of his merits at all; and, like Meres in 1598 (though Meres also singles him out as the best both in tragedy and comedy, and for that alone is famous) and Camden in 1603, Webster puts him in the same class with such as Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Daniel, and Hugh Holland, as well as others now to us unknown. With his genial nature and supreme gifts of expression, he should have been the social light of the city; but though the common people knew and delighted in his plays, though

writers made allusions to Falstaff or Hamlet, many of either class (like present-day play-goers and novel-readers for that matter) did not know of the author. Bacon was of a larger calibre. In his report concerning the insurrection of Essex in 1601, he tells of "a Play of deposing of King Richard II", which the conspirators "procured to bee played before them"; but neither there nor elsewhere, although in *The Advancement of Learning* he wrote some of the noblest words ever penned on the subject of poetry, and in the second book of the *De Augmentis* a fine paragraph on the drama, does he betray any knowledge of the author of the writings which some day, by some people, were to be thought too good to have been written by any but himself. Here is no nodding—or tipping the wink, either—of Jove to Jove in the guise of a player-playwright. Two ships—tall three-masters—passing in the night! Did Bacon read the book, go to the play, or ever inquire after the author?

And what of those who, though they knew not the man, must have known his name and face? Francis Beaumont, who died in 1615, wrote in his later days a celebrated verse epistle to Jonson about the Mermaid, recalling the words heard there, so nimble and so full of subtle flame, but he does not mention Shakespeare; Robert Herrick, in still later verses to Jonson on "the lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tunne", does not either; and one wonders whether Fuller's celebrated account of "the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, like a great Gallion and an English Man-of-war", in which Shakespeare carries off the honors by his lighter sailing and the quickness of his wit and invention, were not a tradition ill-founded and arising out of Shakespeare's posthumous fame. Fuller, born in 1608, could not himself have witnessed them; Herrick, born in Cheapside where stood the Mermaid, in 1591, easily could. Beaumont and Herrick do not there mention other poets either;—to do so might have been not so palatable to the rather grudging Ben;—but how does it, then, come about that neither of them nor any one else writes verses about the Mermaid to Shakespeare, if he it was who bore the palm away? To the victor is the praise. The few who speak of Shakespeare personally commend his gentle and courteous nature,—he was, then, approachable enough,—yet no

one hails him lord of poets or king of men. He was not a great actor,—according to tradition, he played minor parts, such as that of Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*,—and (if we dared to say it) he seems not to have been a dominating or magnetic personality—though a master of the written, not a master of the spoken word.

It may have been simply that he was too modest and unassuming, that he did not assert himself, did not in society boldly enough disclose the world of imagination wherein he lived and moved and had his being, did not claim and take his intellectual throne. It was Jonson who took it, and sat squarely and solidly in it a score of years. It was Jonson who was the chief figure, not only at the Mermaid, but at the Dog, the Sun, and the Tun; and who, his convivial commandments graven on the marble mantel before him, presided in regal state in the Apollo room at the Devil. It was Jonson, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Webster, not Shakespeare, in his lifetime or afterwards, whom the poets looked up to and addressed. It was Jonson who knew the King, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Camden and Selden, and almost all the poets, scholars, and men of rank and renown; and who founded not only a school of comedy but a school of lyric verse. And yet, though a scholar, as Shakespeare was not, Jonson had been, like him, an actor, as well as a common writer for the theatres; and if Shakespeare was provincial and rustic, what was Jonson but the son of a brick-layer if not a brick-layer himself? The better dramatist, the finer poet, the sweeter nature—did Greek and Latin and other learning then outweigh all these? It could not have done so; such things we have seen in society as well as in poetry, and know what a pitiful showing of themselves in either place they make; and some other gift at the beginning must have been added unto him to turn the scale in favor of rare old Ben.

And it was Jonson, even, who bestowed on Shakespeare posthumously an authoritative title to the name of genius in that age; his is the only famous name among the writers of commendatory verses in the Folio; while Webster, in the same year, though as yet no object of piety, appears, in his *Duchess of Malfi*, as the recipient of such verses from the pens of Middleton, Rowley, and

Ford. All three of them we miss here, as well as Webster himself, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and others of the double score of those who wrote verses for Jonson's plays, whether for his folio in 1616, or simply as a tribute at large to his personality and genius. Why did Beaumont and Fletcher, who had more in common with Shakespeare than with Jonson, write only in the latter's praise—Beaumont, who owed to Shakespeare more than anyone, doing it again and again? And why did Herrick, who lived after Jonson had put his seal on Shakespeare's fame, write (also again and again) in praise of Jonson's comedies, his poetry and his wit, and "upon Master Fletcher's incomparable playes", and say never a word of one who wrote plays and songs so incomparably better than either? Was it because of the irregularity of his style? There is nothing of that in his songs. And in the lines prefixed to the Folio, "To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," Jonson writes, though finely and nobly, but as one who rises to the occasion; and, as was then (and is now) expected when recommending a book, particularly one issued posthumously, sets out to pen a panegyric. In his *Conversations* with Drummond, he mentions Shakespeare but twice, then only as a writer, and both times disparagingly; and, while in his *Discoveries* he declares that he "loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any", he is there defending himself against the charge of having made a malevolent speech. Idolatry there has been, but Ben does not bow the knee. Now and then, he complains, Shakespeare makes himself ridiculous. "But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." It was not too much to say.

III

Even in his writings, where he sits enthroned and enshrined above all the world, Shakespeare does not assert himself as do his contemporaries in drama,—Marlowe, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Webster,—any more than at the Mermaid or the Tun. He is too fair, too tolerant, too indulgent: the creator is lost in the multitude of his creations, and, a god in

his own world, he is invisible. He is no partisan, no satirist, no propagandist, no reformer—he stays his hand, lets things be. He has no word of abuse, or of sympathy either, for the Puritans, for the hungrily invading Scotch or the turbulent and truculent Irish; no gibes at tobacco-taking, tooth-picking, or other supposedly frivolous affectations of the time. And he betrays no bias in affairs of church or state. He has, directly or indirectly, nothing to say of the Spanish or the Catholics, of the sale of honours or monopolies, or of the struggles then beginning between throne and people; has no opinions with regard to Ireland, no curiosity with regard to America, no interest even in that most fundamental of questions whether the sun rose and set or the earth instead turned round. Theories and questions, creeds, problems, parties—these were not for him. Not new ideas but familiar ones interested him and served his popular dramatic purpose—pagan, Catholic, or royalist notions, for instance, not those of the newer faith. Even what may seem to be his aversions are not personal, but wholly traditional and inherited:—his aversion for the Jews if he had it; his disgust for the sweaty, ill-smelling mob, frequently given expression, which belonged to many of the writers of his time; his patriotic contempt for the French. He was prejudiced only as England was prejudiced, or the ruling classes of England. His is the most real, solid, and variously coloured world in all drama; but he himself is out of it. And London is out of it, and, as Professor Tucker Brooke has noticed, all the noisy, momentous matters of the hour. He is the supreme spectator, even a dreamer, as—to live—a spectator must well-nigh be. "This world is too big to be all a dream"—too little if it were none. In that boisterous day, he was the one prominent playwright to stand aloof—all his life he stood aloof, though not afar—from that free fight called the war of the theatres, in which Jonson beat Marston and took his pistol from him and, roughest of all, wrote his *Poetaster* on him. Only once does Shakespeare, for a moment, grow personal (for the remarks upon the little eyases, rivals to his company, in *Hamlet*, have to do with a Company affair), when, remembering his poaching days, he gives Justice Shallow a "dozen white luces on his old coat", in allusion (with the boyish prank of a pun on his enemy's name in-

tended) to the coat of arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who had prosecuted him. The old legend may, then, be true, we are delighted to discover; the spectator was sometimes an actor; like Prince Hal, he too was, for once in his days, a madcap, a minion of the moon.

IV

As in his will there are no literary men, so there are none in his plays, and himself Shakespeare does not account one of them. And yet his characters live and die not unmindful of fame or glory. For himself, possibly, he was above it, anticipated the bleak idealism of our day, and with Fichte thought thirst for fame a contemptible vanity, or with Tennyson, "merely the pleasure of hearing oneself talked of up and down the street". But to such sentiments he never gives utterance; and when he touches on the subject it is in the spirit of the first words of his earliest comedy:

> Let fame that all hunt after in their lives
> Live registered upon our brazen tombs . . .

It is remarkable that he never treats the subject ironically, in modern style, the fruits of ambition crumbling in the hand to ashes or even before they are touched. Honour is "a word"—is but "air"—only for one man in his theatre, who is fat and old, who had already preferred the inconvenience of flight to the terrors of combat, and who likes not the grinning honour that Sir Walter hath.

Not because he was all-wise, ironical, or indifferent, was Shakespeare modest, but because he was simple and sympathetic. "Literary glory," says Leslie Stephen, "though one may talk of it in sonnets, is a trifle;" but what are "land and beeves", houses and furniture, a coat of arms and the title of gentleman? As if he were only another Heminge, Condell, Burbage, or Edward Alleyn, Shakespeare followed the custom of actors in his day. In *Ratseis Ghost* (1605) a player is by Ratsey, the highwayman, given advice (and he takes it) to "buy thee some place or lordship in the country, that growing weary of playing, thy money may bring thee to dignity and reputation." And

in *The Return from Parnassus* (*c.* 1601), it is said of actors that, profiting by the poor poets who write for them, "they purchase land and now esquires are made." It was, for that matter, the aim of ambitious Englishmen generally in Shakespeare's day, as it is in this. What but an actor, manager, and playwright—but a successful man from Warwickshire—was he? London had not thought him more, and he did not think of appealing from it to posterity or all-judging Jove. He did as others did, who, both as a man and as the supreme dramatist, thought and felt like others—even as regards himself.

V

And he wrote accordingly; still as an actor, a manager, and a maker of stage plays, which were not literature. No one has regarded readers less, for he expected none; he had no critics to fear and face but those in gallery and pit, who can be wooed to forget to be critical; and he wrote only for immediate effect, with an otherwise unlimited liberty of utterance. He was writing playbooks for his company, like Lope de Vega, not, like Corneille and Racine, immortal verse; his art satisfied him and his company only as it swayed audiences at the Globe; and since he thought only of swaying them and not of himself and his fame, he wrote often faultily but he has swayed the world.

He was free of the trammels of self-consciousness, and of those dread requirements of art which cow and confine the spirit. Hence the virtues of his writing, and hence its defects. Writing rapidly and impetuously, careless and thoughtless of the cool and carping reader in his closet, he disregarded matters of consistency and plausibility whilst he framed his great stage-stories, as no other great writer, even for the theatre, has done. A dozen instances of this have been pointed out by Dr. Bradley in *King Lear* alone; and as Professor Brooke has said, Shakespeare was little troubled by the literary conscience. And as for his quibbles and rant—"his comic wit", as Dryden puts it, "degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast"—though his audiences delighted in rant, reveled in puns and clenches, it is a delight which he must not have entirely disdained

himself. When we see how frequently he falls into bad taste it seems less improbable that he should not have known that he was the greatest of poets. That, like many poets, he was not a sure critic of his own or others' work, appears from Hamlet's words of praise for the turgid and bombastic lines about Pyrrhus and Hecuba which the Player at his request repeats for him; but it appears more clearly from the reckless manner in which he heaps his perfections upon his imperfections in almost every play.

VI

Yet there are no perfections like the perfections of Shakespeare. "*Les choses exquises, quand elles sont naïves, sont doublement exquises*"; for they are doubly, more exquisitely human. This is oftener acknowledged in respect of the product of art than of the process; but the purest poetry is what it has from of old been thought to be—a song, a flight, a play or sport, without taint of self-consciousness or professionalism; and sad though it be that the greatest of us all had not the joy of knowing that he was so great, we have no reason to be sad. To eat of the fruit of that knowledge means exile from the garden, or at least from the Muses' Mount. He was earning his living, and in the case of the greatest artists, strange to say, that is a safeguard. For all that play of their imagination, in excess of what is expected or appreciated by the public, is their gift to mankind, their precious but spontaneous tribute to creation, which comes or goes unnoticed. Shakespeare and Molière earned their bread with their pens; but the immortal spirit within them was disengaged and free, untroubled and unspoiled by the attentions of the public or the wooings of the author himself.

Not that he was a child of nature or impulse merely and ignored art. That no great dramatist can be or do, not even a great lyric poet. Profuse strains of unpremeditated art are poured forth only by those who have in some measure previously meditated their art and mastered it. Sport is labour, eager and joyful labour, at the first. And Shakespeare's art was more direct and spontaneous than that of most dramatists in that he had learned it, not out of books, in the schools, or from the ancients, but on

the stage and in the audience, studying and imitating only his contemporaries and rivals, receiving and consummating a tradition. This art he knew, and (though he had read examples of the classical) knew no other. He had not so much studied it as breathed its atmosphere—it was his element, and he became its tutelary spirit. Manners you learn, not from your dancing-master, but in society; and a foreign language, not out of grammars and dictionaries, but in the country itself. So without a grammar he had possessed himself of the language of the stage, the means of communication established by a current convention or understanding between author and audience—the style, high or low, the verse, the stage devices, the loose but mobile structure of the story, the bold and yet artful mingling of the emotions (tragic and comic), together, the changes of scene—all that in generations the authors had taught their audience and the audience had taught their authors; and now nothing else under heaven mattered, not rules of the drama, or canons of taste, or any other question, but only how he, an author, could move the audience anew. If any one, he could do it—not posing for posterity, he had his eye fixed on no alien consideration such as the example or precept of antiquity or the laurels to crown his brow, but "on the object", solely on the characters he was calling upon the stage and on the audience to assemble before it—and into the business he threw his whole soul.

VII

Such, I suppose, are the ideal conditions for the making of art—the supremely gifted genius, master of his medium and immediate heir to an artistic tradition, throwing himself into the undertaking prodigally and exuberantly, ignorant or regardless of æsthetic rules or principles, guided and guarded only by the healthy instincts and customs of his race, his temperament, and his day. *Ex vivo vivum.* Like Browning's, the touch of his hand, at least with the pen in it, is like an electric shock; and, as with Browning and Dickens both, even the inanimate things it touches start and quiver—whether it be jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain top, or Mrs. Todgers's dingy skylight looking

distrustfully down her stairway. But it is to human beings that it gives life most abundantly—here, if anywhere, are the forms more real than living man. "He has the true cry, the right tone" [*le cri vrai, l'accent juste*], says Victor Hugo; "all the human multitude with its clamour." The logic or even the psychology may be at fault, but at his best Shakespeare lends his characters each a particular and individual voice. Whatever they do —whatever they say—by the way they say it we know them, which is to love them. It is Cordelia, weeping, and no other, who says to Lear when he thinks, or fain would think, this lady to be his child Cordelia, "And so I am, I am!" It is Rosalind, smiling, and no other, who says to Orlando as she plays the part of the person she really is, "Come, woo me, woo me. . . . What would you say to me now an I were your very, very Rosalind?" It is Falstaff, laughing, and rolling the jest on his tongue, who says of his conscripts to the jeering Prince, "Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." What are these but the true and troubled accents of the human voice, broken with laughter, palpitating with happiness, choked with tears? It is quick and passionate speech, not as in Racine the rhetoric and eloquence of passion; a voice out of a throbbing human throat, not the less intimate note of flute or trumpet; the cry of the soul as alone we can ever know it, fluttering in its tight tenement of clay, not aloft and on the wing.

VIII

The main thing, of course, is that it was Shakespeare. He might have been given his full meed of praise in his lifetime, he might have been made so fully aware of his eminence as to publish all his plays correctly before his death. Still he would not really have known himself, still his plays would not have been "correct". He was not elegant or exquisite—when he tried to be, he wrote badly, like Burns. He wrote, not like Congreve, without fault or blemish, but like Molière, hastily, far better plays. "He wanted arte"—was un-selfconscious—not merely because he was unrecognized and unaware, but because he was intent, engaged, and inexhaustible. Not critical, he was—oh, word abused!—creative; and when he recognized a defect or crudity in play or passage,

his way, I presume, was not to rewrite it but—almost before he knew—to write another. In rewriting it, he could not but write another, such was the teeming abundance of his brain. There is in his work a vast development but, you might say, no improvement or measurable approach to perfection. "He redeemed his vices with his virtues"—did not amend them. He soared to greater heights, and if he escaped pitfalls, it was only while his inspirations lasted, and because he was now stronger of wing. His art is more complex and compact, more varied, powerful, and subtle; but it is no wise purer or chaster; it is even less logical and orderly, is more intricate, tortuous, and obscure.

And hardly could it have been otherwise. Like Browning, Balzac, Scott, and Dickens, Shakespeare was too preoccupied with life to study perfection in art or strictly meditate the Muse. Yet to him she was not thankless—her supreme favour, like that of other ladies, is for him who does not too strictly woo her—and the human figures, the thoughts, images, words, came only too thick and fast. He wrote easily, impetuously, for money, to be sure, but also because he liked it; because, once started, he could hardly stop; because, once stopped, he could, in the same mood and temper, hardly get started again. In twenty years he wrote thirty-seven plays, more in the same time, despite his duties as actor and man of affairs, than any other Englishman. "His mind and his hand went together," say Heminge and Condell; "and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that we have scarse received from him a blot in his papers." Swiftly he wrote down what the spirit spoke. "He never blotted a line," echoes Jonson with a grunt, writing not for the Folio but for himself, in the *Discoveries;* "would he had blotted a thousand!" But the world (both then and now) does not join him and the other judges of his time, who loved what they called "art" rather than what they called "nature", in their wish. If Shakespeare had been the man to do that, nature would have there yielded to art—he would have known himself, which is the sum of wisdom, but, whether for him or for us, there would have been less to know. The "Master of those who know" was not a poet.

ELMER EDGAR STOLL.

MALVIDA VON MEYSENBUG

BY SIGMUND MÜNZ

Closely linked with reminiscences of Rome a generation ago is the woman whose meditative figure was painted so realistically by Lenbach, the artist who also portrayed Gladstone, Bismarck, Moltke, Lord Acton, Mommsen, Helmholtz and Döllinger; her little face with the calm look out into the world; on her hair, parted in the middle, a lace cap which throws into bold relief her serene brow beneath which dwelt gentle thoughts. I had met her for the first time in the late autumn of 1885, in the house of Senator Marchese Carlo Guerrìeri-Gonzaga. She was even then what people like to call an old little mother, but her voice was youthful and clear. Rome, where she had been living for thirty years, and where she was to find her last resting place by the Pyramid of Cestius next to Goethe's son and not far from Shelley, had become her second home.

In the Via Polveriera, near the Colosseum, Malvida von Meysenbug lived for twenty years in a quiet house, ear and mind turned towards the current of life. She lived most frugally, in keeping with her modest circumstances, but this did not prevent her admirers from finding their way to the street which had the appearance of a quarter of proletarians, and to the house which looked like an inn for them. In Rome hospitality was not practised in a Lucullan style; the evenings were passed in conversation and the guests were given a cup of tea, a glass of lemonade, or a glass of Marsala, with some biscuits; in this way it was possible for people who led a simple existence to receive the most distinguished guests. Especially on evenings when the moon bathed the Colosseum opposite in its magic light, her room was full of interesting visitors. There were always French and English elements present, but Germans and Italians were predominant.

When the last century was closing, Friedrich Nietzsche died.

That she had been attached to him in sisterly or, shall we say motherly, friendship, all the world knew, and so it happened that many wanted to hear from her lips what kind of man he had been and how it was that he had become the aphorist of superhumanity, when his spirit had not yet been crushed. Madame Meysenbug had met him for the first time in Bayreuth, in Richard Wagner's house, where she had often visited. She was therefore a living source of information with regard to the peculiarities of the composer of *Parsifal.* When I look at Lenbach's portrait of her, it brings back an evening on which I met that artist in the company of Wagner's stepdaughter, Countess Gravina, *née* Bülow, and her husband, the Sicilian nobleman, in the Via Polveriera. Lenbach's tongue was not less eloquent than his brush, though it may not have been quite so artistic; Frau Cosima, Wagner's wife, conversed with fascinating vivacity. And Nietzsche's and Wagner's and other great names did not by half exhaust the treasure of reminiscences of the woman of the Via Polveriera.

As long as thirty years before she died in 1903, she had struck the balance of her existence in *Memoirs of an Idealist.* Therefore, she must as early as that have thought herself an old woman. She was to live through another generation a contemplative life, of gentle and benevolent disposition and prepared to meet death, but also cheerfully meeting life. She was fond of calling herself the "Idealist", and at first had given to her great work of memoirs no other title. For a long time it was not known that it was she who, in a frame of mind which bordered on tearfulness, had written so fascinating a book which was to draw tears from many a reader's eyes.

Dreams and reality, developments springing from inside and developments caused from outside, complications and unraveling of knots in an existence which was for a long time that of a vagabond, all that she described with thrilling emotion. Hers was a magic style, magic like her outward appearance. So her books, too, contained more soul than body.

"It is lovely to get to know the world, to observe and to see how life unfolds itself in various countries and nations—but finally one has to find one's native place where the past labours

of acquiring result in a peaceful possession and bearing of fruit." Thus she wrote me in a letter of January, 1892, referring to the roaming life which I had led up to then. After protracted wanderings, Rome became her home. Her peregrinations must be understood both in a local and in a mental sense. From Cassel, where she was born, she made her way via Hamburg and Berlin, where she lived for a short time, to London, where she spent many years; thence via Paris and Florence to Rome, where she died at the age of eighty-seven. But her soul had to go on still more troublesome wanderings than her body. Born the daughter of a family of court dignitaries, she became, after an unfortunate love affair with a young clergyman, involved in the democratic movement which spread through Germany and Europe and reached its climax in 1848. When reaction came over Germany, she emigrated to Belgium, and then lived in London as an emigrant among the emigrants, the centre of whom was formed by Alexander Herzen and Giuseppe Mazzini. And then she made a still longer stay in Bayreuth with Richard and Cosima Wagner, until after so eventful an Odyssey she landed in the port of Roman life where great beacons like Franz Liszt, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, Marco and Laura Minghetti, Lenbach and Bernhard, who was afterwards Imperial Chancellor, cheered the evening of her life. Her chief work, *The Memoirs of an Idealist*, was followed by *Tone Pictures from the Legacy of an Old Woman*, the novel *Thädra*, *Collected Tales*, and *Tales from Legends and History*. Partly guided by autobiographical moods, partly by imagination, they are sequels of her principal work, which she finished during her best years, in the volume *An Idealist's Evening of Life*, and which in *Individualities* reached their finality. *An Idealist's Evening of Life* is the work of old age. But she knew how to preserve to the end her remarkable freshness of feeling. The craving to spiritualize her own self showed itself very early.

London became the chief *étape* in her outward and inner life. There, the intimate relations with the family of Alexander Herzen, the Russian anti-Legitimist, and that of their daughter, who had married the French historian Gabriel Monod, stood to Malvida Meysenbug, who had remained single, in place of a

family of her own. She translated into German a good many of Herzen's writings. She had for a long time been fascinated by the frankness, the intrepidity, the cleverness, the critical and at the same time ideal character, of the Voltairean author of the book *From the Other Side*, and now she was face to face with the radical aristocrat, the aristocratic radical, of Moscow, whose revolutionary writings, although indited far from his Russian home, had developed as a power which was dangerous to the despotic régime of the Czar's Government. How did Herzen come to condemn the Russian system of government, which, through the indignation with which it filled him, made him the great political publicist? The evolution of a thinker's powers can seldom be traced back to its origin. Mme. Meysenbug explains how an incident in his boyhood had made an indelible impression on him and how it had pointed out to him the way he had to go. Five men, not the least important of the great Empire, had been accused of being the leaders of a secret society, which was to free Russia from servitude, and were executed at the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I. The boy, deeply moved by this terrible news, at sunrise on a hill near Moscow swore together with a youth of his age, Ogareff, to avenge the five martyrs of their convictions. That which then in half childish revolt flashed through his youthful soul, burst into bright flames when he joined the circle of young students in the University of Moscow. Herzen appeared to Mme. Meysenbug more attractive than many of the exiles in London. The natural son of the Russian Count Takovlew and a German lady, whom he would have married if he had not been a Knight of the Maltese Order, he had the innate distinction of an aristocrat to which was added the freethinking of a reformer.

Mme. Meysenbug, who had to earn her living, had entered Herzen's house as a governess and thenceforward was a second mother to his daughters. A chapter in the *Tone Pictures* tells of Olga Herzen, the later Madame Monod, whose husband was to distinguish himself in the trial of Captain Dreyfus as his counsel. In keeping with her own conviction and that of Herzen, who was a freethinker, she thought she ought to bring the child up without dogmas, only in conviction with all that was beauti-

ful and good, in liberty and naturalness. She would have considered it unprincipled to put before the child as true something which, to her own way of thinking, was not true. Not believing in the idea of a personal existence after death, she answered little Olga's question when a friend died, "What becomes of people when they are buried?", by saying, "Beautiful plants and flowers grow from graves." The effect which this produced was that the little girl a little later made a will in which she asked that a vine be planted on her grave, with an arbour over it, under which a seat of white marble was to invite friends who visited her grave to rest and to refresh themselves with the fruit of the vine. Mme. Meysenbug adds to this the sentence: "This cheerful heathenish idea was not the only occasion which gave me an opportunity to observe how often children would come near heathen notions and repeat the poetic side of the history of humanity, if only one would not interfere with their nature."

In Herzen's house one evening of the year 1853, she made the acquaintance of a spare man, whom at first sight one might have taken for a professor. The corners of his mouth had an expression of bitterness, and his features were deeply furrowed; they gave evidence of sorrow and pain. Those in England who got to know him then could not cease speaking of the magic of his personality, which was beautiful and noble. He was Giuseppe Mazzini. He revealed himself to her as a figure of Michelangelesque tragedy, in a grandeur which was proof against all temptations, in the ruggedness of a proud soul, in the inflexibility of a political thinker, with heaven-reaching ideals, one of the most sublime figures of his century, a martyr among the epic heroes who created United Italy. Two names were engraved on his heart: Italy and Republic. Nietzsche said to Mme. Malvida that there was not another man whom he envied as he did Mazzini. He was, Nietzsche said, the poet of poets because he expected of himself alone what other poets expected of the heroes of their poetic creations. For the sake of an ideal deed he experienced the most bitter fate. All his thoughts were concentrated on the deliverance of Italy. Everybody else reaped their reward, but no thanks came to him; he remained lonely, an exiled one, persevering or holding fast to his republican ideal,

refusing royal favors, great in his modest outward way of living which came very near asceticism. He, who to many appeared as a diabolic persecutor of all monarchs and destroyer of thrones, who had sacrificed hecatombs of human lives in favor of Italian unity, was described by Mme. Malvida as a character of downright apostolic simplicity; those who did not know him might have guessed his name when the door was opened noiselessly and a narrow, fine figure in a plain, black coat, which was closely buttoned up, glided almost shyly into the room. A close friendship developed between her and the Genoese and they communicated to one another in letters their ideas on important problems of their time.

She used to see him at the time when Felici Orsini was executed because of the attempt on the life of Napoleon III. That execution made on Mazzini as well as on Mme. Meysenbug a great impression, for both were convinced of the patriotic intentions of the unfortunate man, who in order to realize them had chosen such desperate means. Mazzini, otherwise so reticent, opened to Mme. Meysenbug his innermost heart. He even went so far as to chaff her, calling her a Communist on account of her advanced views. "I joke now and then," he wrote to her, "but only because I have much bitterness in my heart, and would give myself up to absolute silence if I did not make jokes." She was to have spent a few weeks with him at the seaside and they had made up their minds to go to the Isle of Wight. But afterwards he refused and the reasons he gave laid bare his heart, which was rent by deep sorrow. "The island," he wrote, "is too beautiful for me. The most lovely landscape makes me sad and gloomy and the most beautiful music a thousand times more so. When I am in that mood, all beauty causes me a real spasm of despair and a sensation of languor which is not good for me."

He, in whom the world saw the most unscrupulous conspirator and preacher of political murder, proved himself in personal intercourse to be a man full of kindness and tact. She always remembered him as a saint and remained loyal to him after his death. When afterwards she came to Italy, she made a pilgrimage to his grave in the cemetery of Stagliano in Genoa, where he lies next to his mother.

Happier than Mazzini, more rounded off, appeared to her Garibaldi. Calumny dared to attack his heroism. In Germany, against which country he had made war in 1870 with his "Red-shirts", it was spread about that he was greedy and corrupt. Mme. Meysenbug knew that the opposite was true. It was shown, she tells us, when as the guest of the Duke of Sutherland, after the Marsala expedition and the unification of Italy which it had achieved, he received the homage of the aristocracy. At this time he was offered a considerable fortune and a large property as a tribute of English admiration, but refused to accept it and preferred to return to his modest solitude in Caprera. About Garibaldi's idyll in Caprera, Mme. Meysenbug tells of an incident which she heard from the lips of a friend, who had been present and in which the kindheartedness of the man was reflected. One day a young lamb was missed, and Garibaldi's attention had been attracted by the wailings of its mother. He and a friend who was with him set forth to look for the little creature between the cliffs and in the crevices of the rocks. But they could not find it, and at last they were tired and went to bed. The friend could not sleep, and when all was silent he heard the door of Garibaldi's room open softly and saw how he carefully, so as not to make a noise, left the house. After some time, in the middle of the night, he heard him come back, and was told next day that Garibaldi after a long search had found the little animal, and as it was shivering with cold, had taken it with him to bed to warm it, and in the morning had given it back to its mother. She was more intimate with Marco Minghetti, the diplomat who stood several times at the head of Italian affairs. She was specially intimate with him and with his wife, Donna Laura, and her daughter Marie von Bülow. With the latter she had in common a devotion to the genius of Richard Wagner.

Don Quixote one evening formed the theme of a discussion between Nietzsche and Mme. Meysenbug. The philosopher blamed Cervantes for making a man with ideal aspiration the target for derision by the everyday world, instead of its admiration. Mme. Meysenbug, the idealist, would have us understand the old novel thus: A man with ideal aspirations, if he puts them forth in an anachronistic form, becomes quite naturally in our

everyday world, which does not understand at all any ideal intentions, a fool and a caricature. As an incorrigible idealist she had for a time in view the foundation of a mission house, in order to help human beings of both sexes to a free development of a noble spiritual life, so that they might then go out into the world in order to scatter the seeds of a new culture. In Sorrento, this paradise full of tropical splendour, this new high school, was to come into being and Nietzsche, who, in order to cure his sick nerves, had come to the Gulf of Naples for the winter, was to help to realize her dream; and he on his side had two friends, Drs. Paul Ree and Brenner, who would help in the common work. But the pain in his head and eyes, for the cure of which he had come south, increased with the warm season in Sorrento, and often he lay writhing in unceasing agony in his bed. His confidence in the south vanished, Mme. Meysenbug tells us, and with the same fervour of confidence with which he had looked forward to that journey, he looked forward to the icy region of the Alpine world and hastened his departure. So this ideal quadruple alliance of Sorrento dissolved like a dream-picture. With the intention of giving up his professorship of philology and, free from this tie, to follow only his innermost inclinations in which Mme. Meysenbug encouraged him, Nietzsche left Sorrento. But soon he changed his mind. Under the influence of his sister, he clung to his literary post. As he believed that brooding and philosophy had made him ill, he wanted now to regain his health and get engrossed in his academic calling.

"You see," wrote Mme. Meysenbug to Dr. Ree, "there is again that curious wavering between the two natures which are fighting in his breast." In March, 1900, she wrote to me from Rome: "I have frequently remembered the noble personality of the poor man, and this personality was the important side of him. His philosophy was not yet a system and would never have become one, his ideas were far too paradoxical for that."

Nietzsche's desertion of Wagner she judged to the disadvantage of the former, and she remained loyal to the composer of *Parsifal*. She survived him by twenty years and saw many people, but she could no longer be roused to enthusiasm as she had been by a

Mazzini or Richard Wagner. Thenceforward she lived, spiritually, in still closer association with those great men.

Summer and autumn she used to spend regularly in the villa Amiel at Versailles with her friends Olga and Gabriel Monod. From there she wrote to me to ask me to help her to find better apartments than those in the Via Polveriera: "Sunshine, quiet and a terrace are indispensable for me."

I passed the winter 1889–1890 in Venice, where Mme. Meysenbug wrote to me from Versailles: "I like Venice almost better than Rome, it is an intensely romantic place, but I think I shall never return to it. I stayed here the whole summer peacefully with my friends, and of course went to the exhibition, which was a real triumph for France, and together with the elections have proved to the world that the great majority of the French want peace and undisturbed development and that all that the papers say are lies."

Her trips to France to her friends, the Monods, became in time things of the past, because she could not stand the fatigues of long journeys. Year after year Liszt's high forehead with its expressive wart and his white locks made its appearance by the green shrubbery of the Pincio. His intimates met at the house of his faithful friend, Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein; and when Liszt, and soon after him the mystic Princess, died and there were no longer any temple of the Holy Grail, any knights, any ecstasy, any brotherly and sisterly kisses in the Villa Babuino, there came to Bayreuth a new generation: Frau von Bülow, the wife of the German Ambassador at the Quirinal, for whom the memory of Wagner had already crystallized in an epic legend. In the plain-looking Villa Polveriera, in the only large room which was open to visitors, one often saw a miniature picture of Bayreuth. Mme. Meysenbug's last years in Rome were made happy by her close friendship with the family of Minghetti and that of the affiliated family, Bülow. For some time, after her house had been damaged by an earthquake, she had found a place of refuge with the Bülows in the German Embassy. During the absence of Frau von Bülow she lived alone with the Ambassador. "Let evil tongues gossip," said the Imperial Chancellor smilingly to me, when later on he happened to speak

of his living together with the octogenarian matron. It was a great blow to her, when Bülow was called to Berlin by the Kaiser, away from the poetic dim light of the Palazzo Cafarelli. So that she should not be too lonely, Olga and Gabriel Monod paid her a visit every year; they did not mind the journey to their motherly friend in Rome. There were between them not only the associations with Alexander Herzen, but also sympathy with the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus, and Gabriel Monod's praiseworthy part which he took in the struggle to save the honour of the condemned man. On December 12, 1897, she wrote to me: "I believe we ought to do all we can to save poor Dreyfus, who is certainly innocent." Two years later she wrote: "Much good has come in France by the revision of the trial of Dreyfus, but the end is not yet and the Court of Justice at Rennes fills me with fear." She was to be right in her anxieties. Yet the last day had not come yet. Zola was dead, but Jaurès was still alive.

More and more the thought of her approaching death grew stronger in her. In her last years, when she had grown weaker and weaker, she could seldom get beyond the outskirts of Rome. In her last letter she said: "I am going to the seaside, only as far as Nettuno, and hope to get stronger there. In all my wretchedness I remain however faithful to my old friends." With good reason Nietzsche called her "The best friend in the world".

Sigmund Münz.

FOOTLOOSE AMERICANS

BY HELEN McAFEE

ARE Americans the greatest travelers in the world? It is not easy to answer. Affairs of empire and trade take the British to the ends of the earth. In the prosperous decades before the war the Germans, too, were notorious for their *Wanderlust*, and the most remote outpost of commerce was seldom without its aggressive Teuton agent or innkeeper.

But the question is rather an idle one. We have, at any rate, the reputation of being the most traveled nation—which, like all national reputations, is doubtless exaggerated. Europeans who witness the disembarkation of our invading hordes, summer after summer, naturally infer that all Americans cross the Atlantic; just as a passenger on one of our congested week-end trains out of New York is inclined to conclude that practically everyone of its citizens spends Sunday in the country. The stay-at-homes are by definition less conspicuous. Moreover, we have our own peculiar form of vagrancy, which is different from the British or the German variety.

If we are not the most traveled people, certainly we are the most footloose. Not a few but thousands of us set out on annual journeys for what would seem to foreigners no reason at all—the craving for change, curiosity, mere restlessness. We go immense distances, to Bangkok or Buenos Aires or Liverpool, for no more serious business than sightseeing. We are indeed a nation of sightseers. I have some very good friends who live on the route of the Northern Pacific. "When you come West," they write, "to see the Yellowstone, you must stop off and visit us"—thereby making two assumptions that would sound strange to a Frenchman: first, that a person of my very modest means could be expected to exhaust them by taking a trip of two or three thousand miles with no chance of economic advantage; second, that if he were to do so, his chief objective would be, as a matter

of course, stocks and stones, geysers and canyons, rather than companions of his youth.

The interesting thing about all this is the social psychology behind it. Why are we so footloose as a people? Well, for one thing, because we are not, like others, tied down—either by poverty or tradition. A comparatively small proportion of us live in the houses we were born in. In my own town, an old one, for this country, and regarded as highly "conservative", I happened one day to walk the length of our most "conservative" street with two fellow-citizens whose memories went back two generations beyond mine. As we passed each of the substantial old houses—too costly to change hands lightly—we amused ourselves by comparing notes on past and present owners; and in not a single instance did it appear that the residents of today had any connection with the families who had lived there fifty years ago. We build—notoriously—for the time being rather than for the future. We buy (when we buy) houses that we think will be easily saleable once our immediate need is over. The most permanent of our modern dwelling-places—the towering apartment structures of steel and brick—are made for the least static of us all—transients that often move about from year to year. Our household gods have indeed no power to chain us down.

Nor do we—a great mass of us—even live in the towns we were born in. After a roving youth, winters in one place, summers in another, early schooling here and later education there, many of us "settle down" (if at all) in a place with which we have no associations, family or otherwise. Naturally we can't be expected to have a very settled feeling. There are no deep roots to bind us to the soil; and curiosity and restlessness have, of course, been stimulated by vagrancy. So we do not "stay put."

People who have had ties over a long period with one spot are not so likely to feel curiosity about the outside world—at least not to the point of active impulse to explore it. In driving once up a hill on a signless Vermont road, we thought it wise to stop at an old farmhouse to inquire where our road, which ran past it, led. A young woman who came out in answer to our call frankly stated that she didn't know. Thinking her, like ourselves,

strange to the country, we asked if there was in the house anyone who lived there who could direct us. To which she replied: "I've lived here all my life—but we never drive that way." She betrayed no interest whatever in the road over the hill. So the family of the charming lad in *Swann's Way*, on their walks in Combray could always see rising above the trees the spires of the neighboring village of Roussainville, but to Roussainville itself they felt no compulsion to go.

All our moving about is doubtless—like most things—economic at bottom. It is characteristic of a social order in which business has not yet become stabilized, in which fresh opportunities in new places are constantly beckoning. We have few commercial houses or professional firms with the strong father-to-son tradition so common in the old world, and none, so far as I know, that could have suggested even to the poet's imagination the ancient lineage of Mr. de la Mare's *Lispet, Lispett & Vaine.*

Nor are we anchored to the soil as are inhabitants of countries where it has been harder to come by and is less likely to change hands. One of the cardinal differences that the casual observer notices between England and America is in this attitude towards the land. Over there landholding for historic reasons (chiefly because it has been an exclusive affair) carries with it an honourable social estate, and so is a force for stability. In this country, where land is always available, where indeed one can still buy more easily than sell, it is generally looked upon, especially by those who possess it, as an incubus rather than a prize. We naturally think more of the burden than of the dignity of ownership. And as we care little about the idea of holding land from generation to generation, it does not hold us.

So we like, as we say, to be continually "on the move", and have become a nation of explorers, one of whose chief recreations is seeing new sights. This much on the negative side of our social psychology. We are comparatively rootless—therefore we uproot easily; and frequently undergoing the experience, we acquire a taste for it.

There is also a positive side to our footlooseness, though more vaguely felt and harder to state in precise terms. Zest for adventure is a dominant strain and dies out but slowly. Far as

some of us are removed from the pioneer settlers, it still flows in our veins. The same motive force that brought the old Pilgrims across the Atlantic to explore America sends the new pilgrims of today back again to explore Europe. Moreover, it was not so many generations ago (even for the most American of us) that we pulled ourselves up as completely as possible from the homeland—or rather homelands,—and we still have stray roots, conscious, or half-conscious, or sub-conscious, in that older earth. Race memories, crowd memories, are said to be short. Are they? (One does not get that impression from the Bible or *The Golden Bough.*) They are handed down not only in obvious forms, such as tradition, custom, literature, speech itself, but also in the subtler salts of body and mind which, whether we like to admit it or not, bind us to places our ancestors left behind. This is one of the reasons why we are not yet at repose in the land they chose for us. If most of us no longer have the feeling of the close and direct relation that prompted Hawthorne's title *Our Old Home*, we are nevertheless somewhat uncomfortably aware of the fact that ours is a New Home.

Perhaps it is just because their own environment has not yet hardened, and they have not yet become fixed in it, that Americans do not take their boundaries very seriously, and get so much fun out of crossing them. In a certain hamlet of the Tyrol I had the pleasure of meeting the most traveled man of the neighbourhood. He had gone, I was told, in one direction as far as Zell-am-See and in the other as far as Munich. These were the two poles of his world. He spoke with much pride of his journeys, but evinced no desire to extend them. Wholly of his province, he had no curiosity, no interest, in what might lie beyond its outermost limits. Americans are as little international as any civilized people, but at least they have not the European figure of the iron ring between themselves and other nationalities, welded by centuries of fear and conflict.

Nor have we the morbid centrality of the small inbred race with a strip of earth that is frequently assaulted and hard to defend. A group of college boys or girls from St. Louis, let us say, will make themselves as welcome in Paris or Rome as in New York. And this somewhat naïve assurance naturally

evokes a good-natured tolerance which adds another charm for us to the gaiety of foreign travel.

Like all young peoples surrounded by a blatantly young civilization, we are liable to suffer keenly at intervals from a nostalgia for Age—a nostalgia that has inspired many of our good pens from Hawthorne to Henry James. We crave the mellow taste of time. So we go for it to London or Florence, as the young Romans doubtless went to Athens—or wanted to—and the young Athenians to Thebes or Crete. I remember a particularly acute flare-up of this malady that attacked me several years ago as I sat on the ruined pier of a Byzantine wall overlooking the citadel of Constantine. We miss the rich heritage of a national background stretching as far as history can reach, with its faded glories and half-mystical legends. We miss, too, the poignancy and grace and interest that immemorial stones—such as the stones of Venice—lend to the modern scene. For us, alas, the splendour never "falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story"—*our* story. Few of our buildings have yet felt the benefit of the "depredations of time", which the schoolgirl Jane Austen remarked had been "of infinite use to the landscape of England". Not having ruins in our own landscape, we must fall back upon Hadrian's Villa and the broken vaults of Glastonbury.

Some go to Europe for clothes and others (an increasing proportion, doubtless) for non-Volstead drinks. But I suppose it is fair to say the majority of Americans travel abroad because they believe that seeing the world, in addition to being pleasurable, is educational. Behind the itineraries of most of us who have to consider the cost there is an impulse toward culture, blind or feeble though it may be. It is the fashion to laugh at our compatriots who "do" the British Museum or the Louvre with a Baedeker, or join Cook's tours to the Pyramids or the Acropolis —and they are indeed easy marks. One of the amusements of native Müncheners in Passion Play summers is to go down to the *Hauptbahnhof* and watch the *Amerikanerinnen* board the Oberammergau trains. Sometimes the joke is the other way round. Puzzled about the meaning of a certain word which recurred in the names of two or three English villages through

which we chanced to be walking, we asked several times in vain for an explanation. Finally one country lad suggested, with an eager glance at the Muirhead strapped to our pack, "Let's have a look at what your book there says."—Yet the guidebooks and the organized tours bespeak an educational purpose, however dimly or crudely conceived. Parents who can afford it—and some who cannot—give their children a summer in Europe as a post-graduate supplement to school or college. And teachers of cultural subjects hoard their miserable pay for sabbatical years on the other side. Foreigners generally, I think, overestimate the financial resources of the American tourist who comes to their shores. Knowing the cost, they assume that he must be "rich" —not knowing how much the trip means to him or in how many cases it represents the effort of a lifetime.

"The American is imaginative," writes Mr. Santayana; "for where life is intense, the imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative, he would not live so much in the future"—or in the past, he might have added. At Delphi in one of the pleasant springs before the war, when steamship rates were less a luxury for millionaires than they are today, it was our fortune to meet a middle-aged man with his wife, who went into archæological details with extraordinary avidity—even to running a dash in the exhumed stadium, by way of treating himself to the illusion of history. He had never had any education, he told us, and he had become so oppressed as the years went on with his ignorance of the world he lived in that he had decided with his wife's consent to sell his business and home and to set out to see it—and considering the thoroughness with which he was doing the job, he may very well be at it still. Now this quixotic soul could have been no other than an American—and an American from the intense, imaginative, and much maligned Middle West, at that.

What did he get out of it? What do any of us get out of it —besides Paris gowns and London tweeds? Not all certainly in the way of education that we might. Too often, ill-founded observations and confused impressions. Sometimes merely a discontent—not at all divine—with things at home. The tourist with his holiday enthusiasm and the superficial vision of a guest

and the old habit of generalizing upon the advantages on the other side of the street, is liable on his return to bore his less fortunate fellow townsmen until they fairly squirm at the ominous sound of his prefatory—"When I was in Shanghai—".

All of which is more than offset by a number of compensations that appear to different travelers in different guises. By the comforting view of continuity, for example, that comes from following the trail of time, the Gypsy,

> Last week in Babylon,
> Last night in Rome.

Cut off in many ways from the past by our removal from one continent to another, when it was almost impossible to keep open the line of communications, and further cut off by the intensive concentration upon the new environment demanded of pioneer generations, and again cut off by the rude hand of revolution, we have now arrived at circumstances in which we can calmly take stock of our isolation. And looking about us today we seek the support of history at our backs—the history of Western civilization, of which fundamentally we have never ceased to be a part. When an American jocularly tells you that he wants to smoke a cigar beside the Sphinx before he dies, you may be sure that he has felt, however obscurely, the pressure of just this emotion.

Its obverse is the desire (which most of us have been known to entertain) to experience the oneness of the modern world. Though we Americans are still extraordinarily wary of applying it, the theory of the brotherhood of man has always delighted us. Yet until the eighteen-nineties the physical disabilities of travel largely prevented us from testing it out. The expense, time, and discomfort of a sea voyage weighed heavily against our curiosity about other peoples. But our two great oceans no longer stand as barriers whether against the incoming horde of immigrants or the outgoing horde of tourists. We are at last free—even those of us with moderate incomes—to cross the Atlantic at least once in a lifetime, and our generation is making up in foreign travel for time lost by its predecessors. Seeing the world means hardly more to Ohioans today than seeing New York meant before the Civil War.

Aside from the removal of obstacles, many things have helped to promote American interest in non-Americans and to turn it in the direction of visiting them. One is our expanding foreign trade. No steamship's passenger list is now complete without its quota of international bankers and business men and, in the ample American fashion, their families. Popular education, with its courses in the history and literature of many lands, has done its part in sending the imagination of youth across the seven seas, and their bodies hot after it. Not alone the formal education of the schools but the informal extension work of books and newspapers and periodicals—all so very much more international in their scope of late. Add to these our experience, dating back to the Spanish War and culminating in the Great War, of taking up our new rôle as a "World Power", and you have another active incentive to voyages of discovery. It is natural that we should be eager to see as much as possible of this vast domain in which we have recently succeeded to so proud and high-sounding a title.

The mood of the rover is the mood of youth itself; and our will to know foreign climes is, after all, a natural phase of our adolescence, preliminary to our induction as a nation into man's estate. Like young people everywhere, we distrust our surroundings. We do not mean to be engulfed by them—and our huge country could so much more easily than most countries submerge us for good and all! If we are to grow up as a people, as we wish to grow up, we feel that we must achieve what Mrs. Gerould calls a perspective on our Americanism, look at it objectively, from the outside in. It is from this last approach, I think, that we shall best understand our psychology as travelers—the naïveté, the gusto, and the intense seriousness with which we set out to sightsee the world and, literally, "survey mankind from China to Peru."

HELEN MCAFEE.

IVAN MESTROVIC

BY WALTER AGARD

For once the incomparable Max Beerbohm is wrong. Sculpture is not a lost art. It is being enjoyed today — even as art. It has, to be sure, other values, and is used for purposes other than æsthetic. People enjoy it because it is descriptive of a situation that pleases them in moral terms (perhaps some justification can be found for MacMonnies's *Civic Virtue* on this ground!); because through it they are able to get better acquainted with a fascinating period of history and understand the interests and ideals of another age; or because various emotions are stimulated by it, of which the patriotic, religious and sexual have perhaps been the most important. Portrait sculpture is undoubtedly the most popular branch of the art, preserving as it does a record of both historical and sentimental interest. All these are ends which sculpture has been made to serve by the public, and often enough by the artists themselves.

With them we need not here be greatly concerned. They are not terms in which sculpture as sculpture is to be evaluated. For the description may be to us practically without meaning; the period of its creation uninteresting; the non-æsthetic emotional appeal faint and fumbling; and the portrait one of a person with whom we feel no contact. And, for all this, the sculpture may have tremendous appeal if we see it with respect, not to these accidental things, but to its own essential nature.

In what, then, does the primary appeal of sculpture lie? I borrow a well-known phrase of Clive Bell's, and say, in its being "a creation of significant form". Whatever its subject matter, whenever and wherever it was created, it has "forms arranged and combined according to certain unknown and mysterious laws", which arouse in us that very definite experience we call æsthetic.

"Unknown and mysterious laws", yet easily apprehended in their effects, and sometimes capable of partial formulation. Certain lines and relations of lines, certain masses and arrangement of masses, do have that potency, as we see them often and reflect on them, to stir us strangely and summon us to ecstasy. This significant form has found various expressions, in varying times and places. Yet there is an obvious likeness in it all: witness Antenor's *Kore* in sixth century, B.C., Greece and Aristide Maillol's *Flora* of twentieth century Paris; a *Kuan Yin* of sixth century China, and carved spoons of the second Theban epoch in Egypt. Quite as interesting as the similarity are the inevitable differences, due to the temperament of individual artists reacting to particular environments. Great sculpture never has the quality of a copy. If we have real Classicists today, like Bourdelle, they have become such, in Cézanne's fine phrase, "by way of nature". They have none of that sterile and perfunctory grace which characterizes the work of neo-Classicists like Canova, or the neo-Renaissance school of French academics. Significant form is form with the sap and savour of growth.

Can this form be analyzed further? Well, sometimes in nature one finds immediately things so significant æsthetically that all the sculptor need do, apparently, is to give us a reproduction in marble or bronze, clay or wood. "If your head as it is now could always be in my atelier for me to look at," I heard a sculptor say to a model, "I'd never do it in clay." He conceived his task as Keats suggested the function of art in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn;* it is, in the midst of a world of change and decay, to seize those moments of superlative beauty and say to them, "Stay! you are too lovely to perish!" The fair youth beneath the trees shall never leave his pipes, the lover must forever love and the maiden be forever fair. Some faces seem to have enough formal character for such plastic immortality; the *Agias* of Lysippos, Houdon's youthful *Washington* and aged *Voltaire*, Rodin's superb *Legros*, Bourdelle's *Koeberlé*, are, purely in terms of form, significant statements.

But even so, the sculptor's account was inadequate. His fingers, itching for the clay, would never have allowed him

merely to contemplate. And his expression was not mere copying. Those heads are more (and less) than plaster casts from life. Sculptors give us creations of their own; they recreate the characters in terms of three things: the æsthetic idea, emotion and material. The artist represents what he has not only seen, but also pondered over, revised in his own mind, thought out, then felt, until only the æsthetically important in it remains. It is this emotion-arousing scheme, this "passionate apprehension of form", which he then tries to realize in his material. All great sculptors are idealists in this Platonic sense; they have worked from the particulars of sense to the *eidos*, subordinating all detail in the light of the essential form which reveals its meaning. The Olympian Apollo is less a person than a power, an abstraction expressive of the spirit of measure and serenity which Apollo suggested to the Greek mind. Bourdelle's *Beethoven* is less a man than the essence of Beethoven's music: the achievement of harmony through spiritual travail. Both put into the simplest and most summary synthesis certain ideas. They are created in sureness of conception and æsthetic ecstasy.

With the exception of architecture, no art is so well fitted as sculpture for such expression. Any sculptor who really knows and respects his material feels the amplitude, the permanence, the power of it; the silliness of using stone and bronze for trivial and momentary and accidental things; the demands it makes for sure, courageous and committal expression. Tricks of making stone masquerade as lace, and bronze as actual hair, do not figure in the technique of the great masters of those media. They have been less concerned about niceties of detail than essential formal relations.

So they have close kinship with the architects. Not only is their own substantive, three-dimensional work planned with a view to balanced masses and related lines, as is architecture, but one of sculpture's most cherished functions is actually the decoration of buildings. It is not strange, then, to discover that the greatest sculptors of all periods, especially in Greece and mediæval France, have almost invariably worked hand in hand with architects, realizing that the formal values of each could supplement and accentuate those of the other. Was it Degas who pointed to

a nymph casually attached to a Paris building and exclaimed: "*Je la comprends, elle fuit l'architecture!*"

Some of the devices used to realize such form may be suggested. Sculpture employs all three dimensions. The flowing line of Bernard's *Girl with the Water Jar* or Karl Bitter's Plaza fountain figure is a one-dimensional delight to the eye. The decorative structure of the Ludovisi Throne is two-dimensional pattern, where the charm will be found to consist in the repetitions of a major theme, the contrasts to it, the totality of clearly-related balances. The Ægina Herakles, the *Apoxyomenos*, Carpeaux's *Four Continents* in the Luxembourg Gardens, give through a third-dimensional stimulation in constantly shifting contours the thrill of exquisitely-ordered movement.

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Among the sculptors of our time, none repays study in these respects more than Ivan Mestrovic. This Dalmatian, who himself reminds me of some gentle, intense Byzantine saint, has succeeded in realizing the emotional concentration of an entire people. Such he conceives the function of sculpture, born of a necessity as compelling as religious faith or the passion for personal freedom.

"'Art for art's sake' is not a productive aim," he told me. "All great artists lack a sort of æsthetic introspection. It is their religious or patriotic emotions that demand expression. Not that this accounts completely for the artistic value of their sculpture; but work so related to the deepest feelings and purposes of men is irresistibly impressive. Modern art is sterile, especially that of Paris. Why? Because it lives in a hothouse world. One doesn't feel that it had to be created. Paris will not long remain the artistic centre of the world. Several small but vital schools will take its place."

I asked him if any of them would be in America.

"Why not?" he said. "America has the potential emotional intensity in her rich background of mixed races. If her artists will become less dependent on Paris and Rome, and commence to know and express the deepest experience of their own people, America will certainly take her place among those centres of living art."

Under Mestrovic's leadership, Serbia has already won for herself such a place. In his art the suffering and endurance of five centuries and the exultation of final freedom from Turkish domination found expression. His projected Temple of Kossovo is to be a shrine dedicated to the memory of the Slavic heroes who died in 1389, fighting vainly to defend their land against Murad the First. Their names lived on in the Serbian saga, sung by the village *guslars*, and became a tonic for the spirit which finally in the nineteenth century regained freedom.

Mestrovic conceived the idea of this national memorial in his youth, and has been working on it since 1908. It is to be a temple of no sect or confession, he says, except "the religion of sacrifice"; "a synthesis of the popular ideals and . . . a central place for hopes in the future." Its plans are reminiscent of the Byzantine, but, like the Serbian race itself, have fused into the accomplished and rich patterns of the Byzantine a modern fibre and energy. The octagonal, escarped domes are harder, less suave than those of the monasteries in the Dalmatian hills; the uncompromising columns are reminiscent of the ancient Temple of Zeus at Corinth; curves are eliminated; the stark campanile, with its five stiff rows of figures, dominates the design. Altogether a structure singularly lacking in grace, but possessing an angular power.

This same robust and cruel energy resides in the sculpture. The six Caryatids on each side of the approach; the Sphinx, a tragic sister of the Naxian one at Delphi; Marco Kraljević, on his horse, Sarac, a group three times life size, within the domed hall; Serg the Terrible,—

"And who was that good knight who pierced the Turks two by two upon his lance and flung them over into the Sitnitza?"

"That was Srdja Zlopogledja."—

and the cortege of widows and martyrs along the side halls; all present a fascinating synthesis of brutality and tenderness, severe violence and persistent grace. They evidence that love of stylized decorative line in hair and drapery, that plastic mass and clear-cut structural articulation, dear to the Greeks. But one feels here another, and original, quality. There is an intensity

of twisted planes and tortured faces; the forms are shaken with tragic agitation. Marco and his horse are one, an avenging force; the hero's hair is swept back, his face gaunt and terribly brooding, the muscles brusquely exaggerated. In mood it reminds me of the words of a Serbian soldier: "This is our watchword in battle, 'For one tooth, thirty-two; for a hair, the head.' "

What severe intensity there is in the face of Serg, with its thin, fevered lips and its deeply shadowed eyes, the flesh built in clear, harshly-defined areas! Even in the more placid figures, such as *Memories* and *Mother and Child*, there is a series of opposing planes, which achieve their harmonious balance only through contrary thrusts.

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Ivan Mestrovic was born in 1883, at Otavitze, near Little Kossovo. The son of a carpenter, his early life was spent in his father's shop and as a shepherd on the Dalmatian hills, among simple folk, singing their songs, dancing their peasant dances. At the age of eleven, he tells us, he carved his first wooden man. "I still remember that I had the impression of having unlocked a firmly closed door, or found a source of treasures whence I should be able to draw constantly."

When fifteen he was apprenticed to a stonecutter, and showed such promise that he proceeded to Vienna, where he first exhibited in 1902. From 1908 he worked at Paris on his figures for the Kossovo Temple, part of which he exhibited at the International Exhibition at Rome in 1911. His recognition was immediate. Since then he has been widely acclaimed, chiefly in Italy, France and England. He exhibited at London in 1915, in Paris in 1909 and 1919, and expects to bring his work to America.

His debt to older artists has of course been considerable. Metzner, that great German, undoubtedly developed his sense for architectural mass; but Mestrovic fused into this a tautness and wiry *élan* very much his own. Rodin's influence is apparent in some of the more carefully finished marble torsos; and with Maillol it is clear Mestrovic has found æsthetic kinship. Yet in intensity he has far surpassed any of his teachers and friends. Even his portrait heads have a glowering fever of feeling which

belongs to the sculptor rather than the model. That of Sir Thomas Beecham impresses me curiously like English ballads sung by Valdimir Rosing; and even in the gentle dignity of Dr. Elsie Inglis one feels an undercurrent of sombre Serbian vigour.

A point deserving special study is the sculptor's treatment of drapery. When he is most successful, he employs it to relieve the strain of bodies and sullen or defiant faces. For example, in the head of Serg, the hair, with its double pattern of large, smooth masses and then quiet, wavy incisions, is soothing in contrast to the harsh planes of the face. The Caryatids are weary, but the drapery seems to soften their travail. In the *Dancer* the tempestuous motions are woven into unity by the stylized background of her long hair. His other use of drapery, to accentuate the prevailing agitation of the figure, is less happy, and sometimes, as in the *Moses*, actually grotesque.

Some of Mestrovic's most interesting work has been in wood. It was his earliest craftsmanship, an art always popular among the peasants of the Serbo-Croat towns. Here he has frankly copied the Byzantine mode, but has invested it with fiercer energy and more brutal conviction. It is certain that he knows and loves wood as few sculptors have; there is a peculiar, poignant vitality in *The Mount of Olives* and *The Deposition;* and *Christ and the Magdalen* is an accomplished work of very austere power. The least successful of Mestrovic's work is that in relief other than wood. I can find little to admire in the *Archers of Domogoi;* and the *Canadian War Memorial*, with its twenty identically posed figures in a stolid, mechanical pattern, appears to me stupid. One of his most popular reliefs, perhaps the best of them, is *The Maiden of Kossovo.* The mutilated hero, dying, tells the maiden the story of her sweetheart's death and points out the grave. His form sinks, his face is relaxed in death; she supports his limp body with her tense one, her eyes fixed in anguish ahead. There is a terrible poignancy in this; but it is relieved of the slightest trace of sentimentalism by the strong modelling of the bodies and the directness of the composition.

I have saved the finest work of Mestrovic until the end. It is

the *Portrait of My Mother*. In this restrained and enigmatic form, the brow, eyes and mouth and the clasped hands give all the essential lines of character. The day's work is over, and the mind recollects its suffering in tranquillity. Here the function of the lovely, stylized dress is to enfold all this and resolve it into a subdued harmony. Never has the sculptor expressed more adequately his synthesis of force and grace. Tenderness and intensity—these are the qualities which have made Mestrovic emotionally capable of realizing, as no other modern sculptor has, the passionate apprehension of form. He has seized upon the stuff of life, and forged it to significance in the clear flame of his mind.

WALTER AGARD.

THE CASE FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY HESTER DOWDEN

CONTENTION as to the value of a subject is a healthy sign. If sufficient interest is aroused to draw forth argument and discussion, it means that the matter in hand has a firm hold on public attention. If the contest survives for a long period, it proves that the individual as well as the crowd has been caught in. Psychical research, which at no very distant period we regarded as the collecting of ghost stories, has advanced steadily, in the sense that the meaning we attach to the term now involves the investigation of a wide range of subjects which have gradually proved their relationship to popular psychic phenomena. During the past twenty years we have added enormously to our knowledge of the human mind in the extended sense of the term. Whether we are nearer the solution of the question of human survival is a doubtful matter; in fact the extension of our knowledge of ourselves makes it more debatable, whether our supposed proofs of communication with discarnate spirits are proofs at all! It may be well to survey the field as dispassionately as possible and consider whether the subject deserves the widespread interest it excites.

Persons who are opposed to psychic study are divided into two groups: The determined skeptics, who put entire faith in their own comprehension of the Universe, and those whose very reasonable fears keep them at a distance from phenomena the nature of which is at present in the realm of speculation. The opinions of the determined skeptic are simple and can be summed up as absolute denial that anything outside what he calls "the natural" exists. He expends considerable labour and ingenuity in fitting conditions which seem abnormal into the normal scheme of things. We travel along with him to a certain point, but there our roads part; he becomes romantic in his efforts to keep firmly on the material plane, and we waste time if we

attempt to argue with him. The other objection, that to play with the subconscious mind or an unknown external entity is dangerous, is worth consideration. A good deal may be said in favour of the view of the Roman Catholic Church, which prohibits dealings with the spirit world through séances or any form of psychic exercise. The reason given for this prohibition is, I think, that only the lower spirit forms, which are evil, can be approached in this manner, and much that we psychical researchers meet with goes to support this idea. For the medium, undoubtedly, certain risks are always present. Whether these proceed from external sources or whether séance work puts an undue strain on the nerves, we cannot be sure. In the case of the professional, whose powers are constantly called upon, consequences may be very serious. The process of materialisation seems to open up special dangers. Disturbance when in a condition of trance may lead to grave physical conditions. An undue exercise of automatism may induce nervous prostration. Cases occur which look like obsession; these may, of course be attributed to multiple personality, or their origin may be due to an external influence; in either case a mental upheaval occurs which is undoubtedly alarming. We must also admit that the medium whose powers are overtaxed may be tempted to keep going by the use of drugs and stimulants, and ultimately drift into mental and physical ruin.

It is evident therefore that experiments in psychical research are not of the same nature as those of a purely scientific kind. They involve a certain degree of danger in that the nervous system appears to be the tool which is used by unknown influences, or, laying aside that suggestion, the continuous condition of whole or semi-hypnosis necessary for these manifestations is morbid and undesirable.

We are accused also of having achieved no satisfactory results. The question arises whether it is worth while playing with the dangers I have alluded to if our messages from the "other side" are as trifling and disappointing as they generally seem to be. Have we made any real progress since the Society for Psychical Research was founded? If we analyze our work done during the last twenty years, I fear we must admit that we have not

learned much that we can confidently claim as evidence of a future life. Our labours have led us into new methods of studying the human mind and in this direction we have moved rapidly, but in spite of the vast amount of material brought forward by the great War, proof of survival still remains a matter of personal conviction. There has been no overwhelming evidence that the multitudes who died have merely crossed the border to shoulder further responsibilities on another plane where each personality continues its labours. In Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* we have what was to him an entirely convincing personal proof; but it can scarcely be said that it has been of more value generally than many hundreds of cases of the same nature which have been circulated among private friends. In the public séance room where the average results take place (allowing that fraud is absent) matters are much worse. Here we begin the campaign by a little music to create "atmosphere". A cracked gramophone will do or we will sing hymns just as we would do at a revivalist meeting. Materialization then takes place; a tambourine flies round the room, we hear raps from various quarters, objects are flung about; the medium is under control, and the "spirits" manifesting themselves through him or her occupy themselves like rowdy school children. Our evening has been quite exciting, but was hardly of the nature we should expect if we regard it as an approach towards a "higher sphere". I refer, of course, to the average public sitting. Occasionally we meet with a medium who offers us something more worthy of respect, less steeped in vulgarity and tediousness, but this is the exception.

Of the desirability of sittings for materialization or the raising of shades, I find it difficult to speak. They are, by believers, considered as affording convincing proof of survival; and by unbelievers they are regarded as a matter for scorn, unless they lead to the exposure of fraud. They are admittedly extremely dangerous for the medium, and the results are vague as a rule and sometimes positively repulsive. I think it may well be maintained that materialization is morally and physically evil. Physical prostration in the medium leads directly to moral prostration. Allowing that materialization is possible, it occurs

through the physique of a living person; it is this "giving birth" to the apparition which endangers the sensitive. The actual material of which the appearance is formed is emitted from the medium's body. The physical prostration following should be tremendous. Small wonder that when this artificial process is frequently repeated the nerves are shattered, the body wearied, and fraud is resorted to. "Repeated" phenomena is what experimenters demand, and they are surprised when the overtaxed subject falls back on any subterfuge or stimulant that will keep him going. If the outward results only are to be counted, this process is of small value as compared with the injuries it may inflict, and it should be avoided. With this as with every form of psychic phenomena produced in the séance room, the very fact that it is forced is a danger in itself.

Leaving aside the perils of artificial investigation, let us dwell for a moment on the most disappointing aspect of our subject. If we are making excursions into a "higher sphere", why is the atmosphere of our sittings so banal? Indeed "banal" does not adequately express the intellectual level of our average séance. Our finest sensitives are controlled by creatures who would be anathema to us in everyday life. There is a continual epidemic of "little nigger controls" among spirit guides of professional mediums. They talk broken English and the level of what they have to say is quite in keeping with their avowed personality. At times they appear to put us in touch with a friend or relative who has "passed over", but the messages we receive from them are, in many cases, more trivial and commonplace than an ordinary conversation. Nothing of the surprise and wonder of the meeting of the living and the dead is there. We and our communicator have sunk to the level of the "little nigger control", raised by the hymns or the gramophone, and our critical faculty has gone down with the rest.

This last point leads us to another difficulty in connection with psychical research. To remain detached seems rare with those who study the subject. Our skeptic is a romanticist, so is our believer; they are as closely related to each other as the religious skeptic and believer. We find our converted skeptic as noisily credulous as a revivalist convert. Having stepped

over the border, he is totally innocent of any critical power; he plays his pipe and marvels that the entire congregation does not fall in with the tune. Does he reflect that in accepting the theory that spirits are in touch with us he may reasonably look for a more rarefied mental state in them and be slow to accept as evidence a condition which appears, in many cases, less intellectual than ours on earth? His romance shatters the romance of the average religious Christian who believes that after death "we shall be changed".

In spite, however, of the disgust and nausea which imaginative persons feel when confronted with our actual evidence of human survival, there is abundant reason for the continuance of their study of psychic phenomena, if they regard results as mere indications or symbols of what lies behind; the chief gain from their labours being, that they have possibly progressed in admitting that powers exist, external to our world of small realities, which it is simplest to call "spiritual" powers. Whether these are the surviving part of those we loved on earth, or whether they are bodies of thought built up from a multitude of minds, we can only vaguely conjecture.

How do we arrive at the admission that we may touch the mystery of an after life? By patience and sanity we reach that point; by eliminating the greater part of what we meet with in our psychic studies, and preserving the little that seems of real value. In other words, by a process of selection which may be compared to the distilling of an essence, drop by drop. Let us assume that the student is prepared to pursue his work for five or six years and chiefly through his own experiments. He first realizes that his critical powers must be sharpened and trained if he is to gain any genuine evidence. He must begin therefore by training himself in accuracy of observation and in analysis of results. This awakens in him an interest in his own mentality. He observes himself and finds that he is making a new acquaintance. And so he branches off into a study of psychology which throws fresh light on all the psychical phenomena with which he is familiar. He wanders in this labyrinth of the mind problem, swayed this way and that; at one turn convinced that he has come to a clear understanding that the "supernatural" is a mere

phase of the morbid mental condition; at the next, confronted with fresh evidence of a nature which knocks his theories to pieces and throws him back on the possibility that he is dealing with entities which are outside what he calls "reality".

Psychical research, if approached from the intellectual side, opens up a mental training which widens the understanding, in the fullest sense of the word an understanding of ourselves, and through ourselves, of others. Any student of psychology may be said to achieve as much. Our subject however offers an attraction which draws many into a consideration of matters which otherwise might have entirely escaped their attention. The simplest sitting for automatism sets going a train of thought which may have far reaching results. It offers a number of questions the answers to which involve a broadening of the intellect and an extension of education in what may be an entirely new field.

So far I have spoken of gain on the purely intellectual side from our psychic studies. The more important question, however, is whether we draw nearer to a solution of the problem of death and the hereafter by detaching our interests to a certain extent from this material plane, and turning them towards what seems a world of phantasy.

I must endeavour to meet some of the common objections which my friend the skeptic will bring forward at once. Hauntings, ghosts and premonitions, he will say, are all delusions of the human mind. Stories gain in the telling, and trifles easily explained have served as foundations for the whole mass of our evidence. This "mass of evidence" is one of our strong points, I feel. Let us, for convenience, divide our psychic phenomena into two classes. Hauntings and premonitions may be called "unsought phenomena", in that they frequently (though not invariably) appear unexpectedly, and to persons who are not necessarily mediums in the ordinary sense of the word. Séance work, on the other hand, is a definite effort to produce results through a person possessed of unusual powers under special conditions, and it affords greater possibilities for criticism and analysis than unsought phenomena. Our evidence of human survival through hauntings is unsatisfactory. No morbid mental

condition can explain away the fact that ghosts appear in certain localities; our "mass of evidence" in this respect is too overwhelming. But, allowing that the ghost is an established fact, if we believe we must cling to the scenes of our earthly existence in such a dismal fashion, it offers us little hope for an after life. It rather points to the supposition that our thoughts and emotions have built up a shadow which remains after we are gone, and is actually visible under conditions which we do not understand. A study of psychometry will suggest this explanation of hauntings; but by such means we do not become clearer as to any survival of the Ego; it seems rather that disintegration takes place, in a fuller sense than the severing of body and soul.

Premonitions afford a more convincing proof of communication between the living and the dead. These apparitions occur generally at the moment of death or immediately after, and may reasonably be classed as telepathic communications. Our "mass of evidence" for these premonitions is enormous. If we are forced to admit that we receive messages from those who are passing through the condition which we call death, we have to extend our imagination but a little to believe that it is possible to continue to communicate with them when they have reached a new phase of existence.

For proof of actual survival of the Ego, we must turn to the séance room. We must create conditions under which it is possible for mind to speak with mind, and for this purpose we must employ an assistant who has the power to detach himself (temporarily) from his body. Communication must, of necessity, be enormously difficult, for the discarnate spirit's efforts to convince us are of necessity largely tinged with the medium's personality. Hence the problem offered to us by all our communications from that "other side". Do we converse with our own memories; or, if the messages are genuinely from the dead, why are they of such a trivial nature and so totally unsatisfactory? Why do we gain no knowledge of our future state from them? Is it conceivable that our only means of speaking to those we loved should be permitted under such unworthy conditions?

Imagination is our constant friend and helper in daily life. If

we ceased to exercise our imaginative faculty the consequences would be incalculable; we should sink to the level of the lower animals. We owe the best that the world contains to our powers of mental dramatization. Our artists are born of it, so are our scientists. When we approach the question of human survival, we should endeavour to do so dispassionately. Allowing that if we retain our memories after death, and pass on to different conditions, those conditions, which are unknown to us, probably admit of such slight contact between the living and the dead that a telephone message between Australia and England gives little idea of the necessary vagueness of communication from this world to the next. Imagination must be summoned to our aid if we are to treat the evidence at our command with any degree of fairness. Assuming that death is a severance of mind and body, and that the mental part survives, retaining its earthly memories; speech with the living is, of necessity, telepathic. If we consider how uncertain and slight our telepathic experiments between the living on this side are, should we hope for more definite results when the transmitter has passed on to another plane? Can we reasonably expect discussion on religion or philosophy under such circumstances? It is quite conceivable that what comes through is a mere symbol of the desired message. It generally reaches us by means of the control of the medium, who speaks through him; therefore it cannot be called direct in any sense. A letter written from a distant country is a mere symbol or summary of the daily life of the writer; a telephone message is even less personal; and yet the letter and telephone message are not expressed through an intermediary, much less through two channels, one spiritual, the other corporal.

We must allow for these difficulties, and take our "spirit messages" as mere symbols of what the communicator wishes to say. The change for him has been stupendous; he gathers up the shreds of his earth memories, and from these he hurriedly selects morsels which he imagines may identify him, and in transmission, these scraps may lose in value. All our communications point to the pain caused by the fact that the discarnate spirit cannot give much tangible proof of his presence. These rappings and clumsy attempts at materialization are, possibly,

feverish efforts to convince where more subtle evidence is impossible.

As to the satisfaction to be derived from the séance room, I cannot speak personally. In many cases it affords immense help and comfort; to the more intellectual mind, however, it must prove disappointing, even if it carries conviction. We can only hope that if it is in reality a means of reaching those who have died, with patience and perseverance the means of holding converse may improve.

In summing up the arguments for and against the study of psychic phenomena, I feel that the balance drops heavily on one side. The "ayes" have it. Leaving out the question of survival, when we begin to explore the mysteries of the human mind, we find a wealth of fresh interest has opened up for us.

HESTER DOWDEN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE PERILOUS FLIGHT OF A SONGBIRD[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

ANYONE who is so naïve as to suppose that it is all beer and skittles to be an admired and famous singer, is advised to read and ponder without delay the remarkable adventures of the celebrated Blanche Marchesi, as recorded by herself. This lady is not only conspicuous in Europe as the daughter of the great teacher Mathilde Marchesi, but is widely known in her own right—or was, some years ago—as a singer who, marvellously enough, paraphrased Rossetti's advice to young painters and mixed her art with brains—for music, as we are all aware, might be defined as that art in which one can become illustrious though one possess only the intelligence-quotient of what psychology knows as "vegetative idiots". Many examples throng to mind. . . . But this is to be a scrupulously courteous article, all about Mme. Marchesi and her bloodcurdling adventures; and Mme. Marchesi, as we have just indicated, is anything but brainless.

It is a quarter century since Blanche Marchesi was heard in New York. She is remembered as a singer of wide and diversified culture, familiar with the best music, and obstinately choosing to sing it. She disclosed skill and taste as an artist, though her voice was not an extraordinary one, and she had no power to attract the groundlings who fall over themselves to hear singers of greater vocal endowment but infinitely less art and intelligence (what price intelligence in art, anyway? as our British friends would say). She was born—but no: we forgot for a moment that we were writing of a singer. Mme. Marchesi does not confide to her readers the year of her birth; and we have learned from long experience that singers', pianists', and fiddlers' birth-dates as given in the biographical dictionaries are

[1] *Singer's Pilgrimage*, by Blanche Marchesi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

not to be relied upon. We know that Mme. Marchesi was once a baby, because she mentions the fact in one of her chapters. We know that she was born in Paris; that she was brought up in a room situated between her parents' studios; that she made her début at Berlin in 1896. In the same year, she sang for the first time in Paris and in London.

In London, the Small Queen's Hall was three-parts empty; but "the critics of London were assembled in full force". The London critics, remarks Mme. Marchesi, "were at that time represented by eminent men. Among them were Arthur Hervey and Robert Hichens." Let us see. Among the London critics of our own day are Ernest Newman, Edward Evans, and H. C. Colles (now on *The New York Times*). Does Mme. Marchesi wish us to infer that in her view Mr. Arthur Hervey (who was an obscure *routinier*) and Mr. Robert Hichens (who as a music critic turned out to be a good second-rate novelist) were "eminent", and that Mr. Newman, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Colles—three of the most brilliant and influential of living writers on music—are (as Abe Potash would remark) something else again?

While we are on this parlous subject of critics, we might as well detach from Mme. Marchesi's highly vivacious pages what she says about the American brand of those no doubt pestiferous creatures. In England, she says, "when you are a real artist," it is "no ordeal, but a joy," to face the critics; because "there, more than anywhere else in the world, the critic is honest, unbiased, and, generally speaking, knows what he is talking about". Leaving comparisons aside for a moment, one may heartily agree with Mme. Marchesi as to the probity and the high professional ability of English music critics. But Mme. Marchesi has been in America; she remembers the American critics; and, turning her gaze in our direction, she now gives us what is, we believe, technically known as "a dirty look". It appears that in America, there is "So-and-so and So-and-so who can be bought". These So-and-sos dwell, she says, in New York and Boston. It appears that they are purchasable at pretty low rates, these New York and Boston critics who (in Mme. Marchesi's happy phrase) "can be got". They can "be got with a turkey, or a dozen of eggs, up to a large sum of money". Mme. Marchesi,

it should be said, excepts two honest American critics—men "whose opinions have justly made and undone reputations". One of these men is dead—he was Henry Edward Krehbiel. The other is Philip Hale. We should greatly like to have read Mr. Krehbiel's comments on Mme. Blanche Marchesi's imputation that his colleagues could be bought with "a dozen of eggs". We should like to read the enviable Mr. Hale's. We wonder why it is, if Mme. Marchesi's charge is correct, that music critics never get rich?

Mme. Marchesi's remarks about music critics are perhaps not worth more earnest comment than we have devoted to them; yet perhaps, after all, they are. Perhaps it is not a light matter when a singer of her eminence makes such reckless accusations, and when a reputable publisher prints them. Mme. Marchesi, though not an Anglo-Saxon, may perhaps know what is meant when an Englishman or an American speaks of a certain kind of behavior as "unsportsmanlike". If so, we wonder how she would characterize, on someone else's part, such venomously irresponsible besmirching of a class of professional men whose devotion to the art they love is so fanatical that they give laborious and difficult lives to it with no prospect of greater material reward than falls to the lot of an adequately unionized bricklayer?

But to return to Mme. Marchesi herself. We have seen that, having inferentially been born, brought up, and trained by her mother, Mme. Marchesi duly made her début twenty-seven years ago. She sang Brünnhilde (which name, by the way, Mme. Marchesi has not, in all these twenty-seven years, learned how to spell) in *Die Walküre* at Prague, and tried vainly to break into Covent Garden "in the season". She could not understand why she was not engaged by the Syndicate. "They call me to Festspiel performances of Wagner operas in Germany," she exclaimed to "one of the great critics of London", yet "here, where I live, I am not called". And now the plot begins to unfold: It appears that the fashionable Syndicate which then controlled the Opera in London had something agin' Mme. Marchesi. Just what it was, she never makes quite clear; but she is convinced that they would have stopped at nothing to keep her

from singing at Covent Garden during the regular season. Apparently they tried everything, short of putting her away in the Tower—at all events, a considerable part of Mme. Marchesi's autobiography is devoted to relating the bloodcurdling attempts that were made to defeat her ambitions. "If you should be engaged here," the "great critic" told her, "on that very day about ten box-holders would give up their boxes and retire from the Syndicate. As society rules the only operatic stage of importance we have in London, and as you have, apparently, very powerful enemies there, you will never appear on this stage."

It happened that Mme. Marchesi *did* sing at Covent Garden, however, but not in the regular season—only in the despised off seasons of opera in English, with the Moody Manners Company. But even under those humiliating conditions, Mme. Marchesi drew to her personal shrine "some very enthusiastic members of the smart set", including no less exalted a person than "a foreign prince". For one night she looked up into the Royal Box (it is on the left side from the stage, in case you ever sing at Covent Garden, and is larger than the other boxes). Who should be sitting there but the Duke Philip of Orleans! "As Philip d'Orleans is really, or would be," she tells us, "the rightful King of France, my interest was wide awake, and I was very charmed [*sic*] by his presence; but I never dreamed of what was to follow." Well, sir, the Duke came right back onto the stage and spoke to her,—and she in her bridal dress! (it was after the wedding scene in *Il Trovatore*, an opera sacred to the Ducal complex). "He spoke in the highest terms of the performance and of my singing, and promised to come again." At her next performance, indeed, this promise was fulfilled. There they all were—"the whole French Royal Family [*sic*] again in the box." And after the first act a basket of orchids was sent to Madame Marchesi on the stage, so huge that three men had to carry it. The orchids were pale lilac, tied with Orleans blue satin ribbon. Mme. Marchesi was touched, and her joy, she records, was unconfined.

A few pages further on, we find Mme. Marchesi at the height of her success. "I was overwhelmed with engagements of all kinds, having an enthusiastic Press, and Society at my feet." She sang before Kaiser Wilhelm and the Empress, and before

Queen Victoria. On this latter occasion she "saw at once" that she "had won the heart of Her Majesty". The Queen addressed her "in a beautiful, loud, deep contralto voice", and conversed freely with the transported singer about the music she had sung. Mme. Marchesi, it is made known to us, was luckier in her meeting with Victoria than Emma Eames had been. "They told me at Court how nervous Emma Eames was the first time that she sang to the Queen, who really never forgave her for collapsing with fright in her presence, being unable to master her emotion. The Queen did not want to be feared—she wanted to be understood" [Mr. Strachey would not agree. But Mr. Strachey never sang for Queen Victoria].

The next day there was a tea party at Abergeldie Castle, and the Queen bestowed upon Mme. Marchesi the Diamond Jubilee Medal and her signed photograph. On the following day, the singer was asked (laughingly) by the Duchess of Connaught: "Madame Marchesi, the Queen has been made so happy by your songs, now what can I do to make *you* happy? I would like to give you a little joy, something special. What would you fancy?" This will recall, to some, King Herod's similar offer to Salome, after she had danced for him in the moonlight. But Madame Marchesi had no anti-Baptist grudge to satisfy, and her request was moderation itself, if slightly whimsical. "I answered [she tells us], Oh, that is very simple. I would like to hold a King of England on my knee."

Inasmuch as there was then, unfortunately, no King of England available, they gave her the best substitute they could find. The royal victim was the unsuspecting "Prince Eddie". So next day they brought the children in, and Mme. Marchesi enjoyed the most delightful tea-party she ever attended. At the table sat Prince Eddie, Prince Albert (then sixteen months old), with Princess Mary on the knees of her nurse. The two older children had tea; Princess Mary, naturally, was restricted to her bottle, which Mme. Marchesi had the high privilege of warming. At the end of the repast, Prince Eddie was exhorted by the Head Nurse to "say grace", whereupon "he lifted his little hands up and said, 'Oh, my good Lord, I thank you for the good tea, and can I have a little more?'" A while later,

he said "one of those delightful things" whose memory is cherished by Mme. Marchesi. "What will you do," he was asked, "when you are King?" And he answered ("quite a little mite he was"): "When I am King, there will be in my country no sin, no check-reins for horses, and no puppies' tails cut." And so, no doubt, it will come to pass.

And now let us view the obverse of the shield: let us recount some of Mme. Marchesi's experiences of the malevolence of the world.

"It is not all joy!" begins Mme. Marchesi, in recounting these desperate adventures. Those "who wished to spoil her performances" seem to have been as ubiquitous, as sleepless, as demoniacally resourceful as the Villain in *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model*—who, if we remember correctly, first tried to throw Nellie from a precipice, then bound her to a railroad track, then sought to board her out in the lion-cage. But Mme. Marchesi was as miraculously lucky as Nellie. Like the late Nat Goodwin, after recounting a celebrated tale, she can remark: "Well, you see me here!" But it is wonderful that she is able to say it.

There was that night at the Royal Opera House in Prague, for instance, when the jealousy of her colleagues was revealed in so startling a way. Mme. Marchesi was making her début as Brünnhilde in *Die Walküre*. "Angelo Neumann, the most delightful manager I have ever seen yet, was able to arrange only piano rehearsals for me, though he showed me all the dangerous parts of Brünhilde's [*sic*] performance. To start with, Brünhilde has to come down from a mountain which is built up very high on the stage, to descend from which is quite an ordeal. Small wooden boards form the steps, which, overlooked, would prove quite dangerous to the ignorant performer. He showed me all the entrances and exits, but forgot a very important moment in Brünhilde's rôle, an omission which might have proved fatal. In the moment that Hunding and Siegmund fight above in the clouds, Wotan and Brünhilde are carried up simultaneously to the same height as the fighting couple on two platforms. I had not been shown any of this business in the morning, and when the *regisseur* approached me, saying, 'Madame, will you please step on,' showing me a little island platform not larger than a

tea-tray, with an iron bar at the back to lean against, I felt myself carried up into the air before I had been able to ask any questions of the manager. I was aghast. I only knew that my cue was: '*Triff ihn, Siegmund, mit deinem Schwert.*' Rising on this very primitive lift the thought suddenly struck me: 'Heavens! what have I got to do when I am up there?' and I answered it myself with: 'Well, you will have to step forward, lift your lance and cover Siegmund with your shield.' But I was not sure and had no one to ask for advice. Suddenly I perceived Wotan rising on the other lift and, not knowing even his name, I cried: 'Wotan, Wotan, what shall I do when I am up there?'

"'For heaven's sake, woman,' Wotan exclaimed, 'do not move from your platform.'

"At this very moment the lift stopped and I heard my cue in the orchestra, which was miles beneath me. I shouted, '*Triff ihn, Siegmund, mit deinem Schwert,*' and the very instant I pronounced the word '*Schwert*' the lift descended quicker even than it had risen, and with terror I realized that if I had really stepped forward, as I had intended, I should have been killed, because there was nothing but space between the rock on which Siegmund fought and the little lift that supported me. Still the incident did not disturb my nerves, and my first performance came to an end without a hitch."

Jealousy, as Mme. Marchesi observes, "reigns even among animals; therefore, how could it be possible that artists should not be jealous also? . . . Unfortunately there are in the artist's world some who have much power, being celebrated, wealthy, and strongly backed, who wish to crush on their road to success all those who may endanger their own full and unique position in public favor; and there are others, not content with this, who would annihilate any aspiring artists whose future glory might overshadow their own fame." As a further instance, there was what Sherlock Holmes might have called The Adventure of the Standing Death:

"In a performance of *Tristan*, hoping to create a still better impression in the Death Scene, and form a more poetical picture, I had said at rehearsal: 'Oh, tonight, when I throw myself on the dead body of Tristan, I will try to fall in such a way that

my fair hair will cover his body. I am sure that will look very fine from the front.' One of the small evil spirits lurking about in the wings thought that I was seeking a personal effect for success, not dreaming that I was thinking only of Isolde and not of Blanche Marchesi, and orders were given to spoil my second *Tristan* ending in a new fashion. In the last act, Tristan dies in front of the stage on the floor, and the '*Liebestod*' is always sung by Isolde bending down towards the dying man, and when Tristan has expired she dies herself, her head falling on Tristan's shoulder. What was my despair, astonishment, and horror, when, entering in the last act, I found Tristan dying on the high couch on which he lies at the opening of the act. A thousand thoughts crossed my brain in one second: 'Where am I going to die? How will I die?' Kurvenal was lying at the foot of the couch, Tristan was lying on the couch, and no place was left for me. On the stage you have no time to think, the music goes on and on, tears the thoughts from you and does not allow you to formulate a precise idea. You are carried away by the circumstances, the music and your rôle, and if any very difficult moment presents itself, as in this case, your spirit and your soul become two persons, definite, separate, working together to two different aims. I trusted in my histrionic instinct and felt that I would find the right thing to do, and when I had to die I found myself, at the end of the '*Liebestod*', standing behind the couch of Tristan, holding his head in my right arm, and dying erect, my head only dropped on his breast. Thus when the curtain fell, Isolde was *standing* dead!"

Later, there occurred The Adventure of Tannhäuser's Hundred-Yard Dash:

"In *Tannhäuser*, the weakest spot, in my opinion, is the meeting of Tannhäuser and Elisabeth preceding the scene with the minstrels. Tannhäuser comes down to the front to sing a very uninteresting short duet with Elisabeth, in which the candid Elisabeth tells him how sad she was in his absence, that everything seemed dead to her, but that, since he returned, life and the world bathed in sunshine, that she did not know herself any more, and turning to him she says: 'Tell me, what are these feelings, what do you call them, I cannot understand them.' To which

Tannhäuser answers: 'It is love!' The dialogue is written on very modest and quiet musical lines and cannot be either shouted or even sung very loudly, as they form an intimate conversation between two lovers. But on this occasion, when I stood in front of the stage and turned my head sideways to speak to Tannhäuser, there was no Tannhäuser there. 'Heavens!' said I to myself, 'where is Tannhäuser?' And to my terror I saw him actually standing at the entrance door of the grand hall, which on the Covent Garden stage seems miles away. My artistic sense told me not to move, as it was quite impossible to leave the place assigned to me in the play. I realized also that this was a trick played upon me. I immediately decided to take my dignified revenge and sing the duet to the floor, looking downward, acting with such realism as to make it seem that somebody stood by my side, so that when the moment arrived when I had to say: 'Speak, and what is this?' and he has to answer: 'It is love!' Tannhäuser was forced to run down the whole stage towards the prompter's box and to turn in a semicircle to catch my eyes in order to give an answer to the question which was the culminating point of that scene."

But the worst that could possibly befall any singer in her public relations with envious and malignant colleagues did not happen, one is glad to learn, to Mme. Marchesi, but to "a very well-known soprano" who was singing *Cavalleria Rusticana* in the English provinces. According to Mme. Marchesi's account of this Adventure (which we cannot bring ourselves to entitle), this singer, "while taking the high A-flat in the duet with Alfio, lost her upper row of teeth. The baritone, who was more an enemy than a friend, instead of saving the situation, took them up and put them, with a gallant movement, on the table of the inn in the middle of the stage. Courage, presence of mind and tact are three qualities with which an artist of first order must be equipped. There are occasions where each one in turn will be required." That this was a supreme occasion for the exhibition of tact, nobody, we think, will deny.

Let us turn for relief to a gentler scene, in a setting a little nearer home. After a recital in Washington, Mme. Marchesi was invited by Mrs. McKinley to call on her at "White House"

(as Mme. Marchesi calls it). The invitation was for ten o'clock in the morning, and when the singer met the wife of the President, "and saw her pale face and fragile figure, so delicate and so ill," she "felt the greatest sympathy for her. . . . Mrs. McKinley asked me: 'Oh, Madame Marchesi, do sing me a song;' and to my greatest regret I had to refuse that request, saying laughingly: 'Oh, Mrs. McKinley, I wish I could; but I cannot do what the cocks do; they crow in the morning, and I cannot." We should say that Mme. Marchesi is unduly modest.

But we have saved the prettiest of Mme. Marchesi's paragraphs for the end. It is about dogs, men, and God. "Dogs," says Mme. Marchesi, "are made, I am convinced, by our beloved Creator to fill the gaps between human hearts. We cannot receive always that depth of constant unchanging affection that our dogs can give us. We can have our hearts filled with the love of God, and love from our surroundings is also welcome and necessary to our hearts—at least until we reach perfect detachment through resignation. But even then how sweet is the friendship of a dog. I am just vividly reminded of one of the many lovely things my once little boy said to me and put it down in these lines, as I think that the idea is so deep and consoling that it may be enjoyed by many. My boy Jerome, when four years of age, asked me one day: 'Mamma, can we never see God?' 'Not in this life,' I answered, 'except through our spirit'; and to make it clearer to him by a comparison I added: 'You see, darling, we are but creatures limited in our human body; God is limitless and we can only understand Him as far as our mind can go. There is just the difference between you and your dog as there is between God and you. Your dog even sees you with his human eyes, but can only grasp to a certain point all concerning him and you. All he can really do is to love. So must we, because love is the link.' 'Oh,' said the child, 'I see. Then we are God's dogs and we are the dogs' gods.' "

How simple, and how true!

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

GERMANY surrenders. That is the outcome in the Ruhr; confidently expected from the beginning by those whose eyes saw things as they were and whose consciences were not commercialized. What the Allied and Associated Powers failed to do in ending the war, France and Belgium alone have done in enforcing the terms of peace. The achievement should be appreciated in this country, where "unconditional surrender" is still a cherished tradition; though it may embarrass some who have been doubly and trebly cocksure of its impossibility. "A mere gesture" was the least opprobrious thing they could say about it. Sometimes, however, a great deal depends upon who makes the gesture. Incidentally, what a comment it is upon the perfervid protestations of only a little while ago, that the Berlin Government had absolutely nothing whatever to do with the "passive resistance" in the Ruhr, which was entirely spontaneous and voluntary on the part of the people! It would not be easy to recall a more convincing confession of falsehood perfidy.

The tragic clash between Greece and Italy was precisely, in every detail as well as in general purport, the sort of thing that the League of Nations was created to deal with, the power and the duty of the Council and indeed of all other members of the League to take immediate and strenuous action being as unmistakably declared in the Covenant as that twice two are four is in the multiplication table. Yet at the first suggestion that the Council should do something in the matter, Signor Mussolini said that if it did, Italy would be confronted with the problem of remaining in or leaving the League; and he added: "I have already decided in favour of the latter course." Italy, it must be borne in mind, is a charter member of the League and one of the "Big Five" of the Council. At that challenge the League

promptly abnegated its authority, and let the Council of Ambassadors attend to the matter, in the old-fashioned way: and then appealed to its own Permanent Court to tell it whether it had any business to meddle in the affair or not, quite after the manner of the befuddled Congressman who demanded, "Where was I at?" No wonder that Dr. Robertson, Principal of the University of Birmingham and a leading member of the League of Nations Union, characterized this as a "lamentable and lame conclusion", and said for himself and his fellows in the Union: "We are not prepared to give either our time or our money in advocating the claims of an international organization the authority and competence of which have been successfully defied and repudiated." No wonder that the Archbishop of York perceives that "at the first serious challenge" the Covenant of the League is "treated as 'a scrap of paper'."

Spain has been the scene of a strange turn of the wheel of political fortune. Only a few years ago Marshal Primo de Rivera, one of the ablest and most distinguished soldiers of the Peninsula, was compelled to resign his place as Minister of War by the hostile intrigues and machinations of the military Juntas which had been formed to control the Government. Now he has returned to supreme power as a practical military Dictator, with the army at his back. His revolution, which seems to have been in no sense anti-dynastic, may bring great good to Spain if it restrains that country from further disastrous exploits like that in Morocco, which he vigorously opposed, and if it rids it of the "rotation for spoils" system under which the political parties arranged between themselves for alternating leases of power, with the natural result of "government for graft only".

Not the least impressive and suggestive features of the European situation today is the dominance of military or semi-military dictatorships in most of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. In Turkey, Kemal; in Greece, a group of army officers; in Italy, Signor Mussolini and his Black Shirts; in Spain, Marshal Primo de Rivera. We may not reckon it a repudiation of Parliamentary government, but at least it seems like a rebuke

of some of the Parliamentary methods of late years, and perhaps an arraignment of the system under which a political legislature is made supreme over the executive and judicial departments, and a turning toward some system under which the latter departments shall be coördinate and independent, as they are in the United States. With such an inclination manifest in Europe, there is a touch of irony in the agitation in the Philippines for the abandonment of the American system there and the substitution of the European in its place; an agitation which had its origin in the suggestion and encouragement given by a former nominally American Governor-General.

Amid the indescribable woe of Japan it was good to know that American relief was the first to arrive; as also that, following the fine traditions of our Navy, there was no subservience to red tape and precedence, but our officers placed themselves and their men at the command of whatever most effective authority they found. The work in hand was to succour the suffering, no matter whom they were, and no matter under whose direction. A characteristic contrast was presented by Soviet Russia, in sending relief supplies on the express condition that they be used for only certain designated classes of the people, among whom it was thus hoped to make converts to Sovietism. Of course the Japanese Government nobly and honourably refused to accept the insulting and inhuman offer. It will be recalled that formerly the Soviet Government agreed to admit American relief for Russian famine sufferers only on condition that it be distributed by Bolshevists to Bolshevists and by and to nobody else. There really seems to be need of another Canning, to portray some twentieth century Friends of Humanity.

Close upon the heels of the unprecedented cataclysm of nature in Japan came an equally unprecedented disaster to our Navy on the California coast, due probably to a conjunction of abnormal natural forces and some innocent but fatal aberration of the human factor. That sea currents and even atmospheric conditions were materially affected for the time by the stupendous convulsion at the other rim of the Pacific, is altogether probable.

It would surely be extraordinary had it not been so. Indeed, we may assume that the seismic shocks which were felt shortly after the Japan earthquake, in regions as remote as Persia, Italy and Great Britain, were all in some way connected with the major phenomenon. In the last analysis, however, the human factor is of most interest. Consider the circumstances of these navigators, driving their vessels through strangely troubled seas, with contradictory directions. The charts, the sea, told them one thing; the radio, the air, another. And both sea and air were in an abnormal state. What to do, which must be done without an instant's hesitation? Human nature gives the answer. They knew the sea; they did not know the radio. They trusted to the sea, which never yet had failed them. It was an error, as the event showed. But it was precisely the error that would have been made by almost any men of good sense and sound judgment in their places. For emphasis, we have only to imagine what would have been said had the selfsame disaster happened as a result of their ignoring their familiar, trusty charts and listening instead to nothing but the voices in the air.

No sadness nor melancholy but only fitness and beauty attend the passing of such a personage as John Morley,—I never could feel at home in calling him "Viscount", any more than in ennobling peerage titles by pinning them to the names of James Bryce and Arthur Balfour,—rich in many crowded years of life and manifold unblemished fame. Perhaps I might even be pardoned for seeing a touch of humour in the wide renewal of the threadbare phrase, "last of the great Victorians". To how many of his predecessors in decedence was it applied? I hesitate to disclose the tally. And to how many more will it yet be applied? I am no Valkyr, to designate those who are to be taken. But it would take more than the fingers of one hand to enumerate those who are certain yet, in coming years, thus to be known; and who are and will be as worthy to be known as "great Victorians" as those to whom the title has been given. Howbeit, in all the goodly company there were and are few more worthy thus to be known, with special accent on the "great",

than "Honest John" Morley. He was a great editor, in a time when editorship was a greater profession than it is today. He was a great biographer, critic and man of letters. He was a great ethical leader and teacher—witness his address, nearly fifty years ago, at the opening of the Midland Institute; which for what I may call sheer spiritual eloquence is scarcely surpassed in all the treasure-house of English classics. And at least in intellect, and above all in an integrity that was always *sans peur et sans reproche*, he was a great statesman in a time of greater average statesmanship than the present. If late he faltered once, he was the one man of all to whom that faltering—of the will, not of the soul—can be forgiven.

Probably nothing filled the closing days of John Morley's life with more serene satisfaction than the status of Ireland. He was the one commanding figure among the Gladstonian-Parnellite Home Rulers that invariably commanded the respect of even the most aggressive and truculent Unionists. The business was incongruous and distasteful to him, but he carried it on in the true spirit of *noblesse oblige*. He lived to see Ireland invested with a far greater degree of Home Rule than even he, with all his idealism, had ever conceived for her. He saw the Free State established, its first Parliament run its fruitful course, and its second Parliament elected. Perhaps most notable of all, he saw the land question finally settled in a far more radical manner than he would ever have ventured to propose. That question was as much the crux of the Irish problem in Parnell's time as emancipation was in O'Connell's; the original Nationalist party was called the Land League. The Land Leaguers then demanded nothing more than fair rents and perhaps a chance for tenants to purchase the holdings they occupied. But the first Dail Eireann of the Free State enacted a measure making it compulsory upon landlords to sell their land, and compulsory upon the tenants to purchase it. John Morley in 1885 would probably have disapproved such a proposal, as too extreme; as would pretty much everybody else. Doubtless in 1923 he regarded it with approval, just as everybody else acquiesces in it as quite the right thing.

The adoption of the Gregorian Calendar instead of the Julian by the Greek Orthodox Church meant the elimination from its annals of all dates between September 30 and October 14, and the nominal loss of two weeks of time to all the millions of that faith. It also meant the final unification of the entire civilized world in a common system of time reckoning. For nearly three and a half centuries two calendars had prevailed. It was in October, 1582, that the Gregorian was adopted by the Roman Catholic Church, the days from the fifth to the fifteenth of that month being dropped. It was not until after the middle of the eighteenth century that England and America made the change from the Julian to the Gregorian. It was not until after the World War that the countries of Eastern Europe began to make it; Russia in 1918, and Roumania and Serbia in 1919. Bulgaria and Greece, and the Greek Orthodox Church, waited until the present year; oddly enough making the change in the same month in which it was originally begun, three hundred and forty-one years before.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CHANCE, LOVE, AND LOGIC. By Charles S. Peirce. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc.

Despite the essential difficulty of the subject matter, despite the strain involved in attempting to follow reasoning presented in the strictest logical and mathematical forms, despite the fact that Peirce was in no sense of the word (like William James) a popular writer, every intellectual reader will find the philosophy of Peirce as presented in *Chance, Love, and Logic* intensely interesting because genuinely original. It is not merely that the ideas may be new to the reader; this, in fact, is not likely to be altogether the case. It was William James who popularized "Pragmatism" and it was Josiah Royce who developed (in his own way, of course) Peirce's idealism. But in reading Peirce himself, one has irresistibly the feeling of being at the source—where ideas rush out with all their original heat and impetus. Peirce is not merely (like William Kingdon Clifford) heroically logical. Indeed, there was in Clifford's logical heroism a something Puritanical which has not failed to offend, in a mild degree, others besides James. But Peirce is impetuously logical. He exhibits a willingness to be, if necessary, suicidally logical. One feels that he has the courage to emulate Empedocles. "Let the consequences be as dire as they may, one thing is certain: that the state of the facts, whatever it may be, will surely get found out, and no human prudence can long arrest the triumphal car of truth—no, not if the discovery were such as to drive every individual of our race to suicide." There is thus in Peirce a somewhat terrifying willingness to go to extremes—to conceive of truth, for example, as possibly a Juggernaut; and there is also an equally daunting readiness to state and to meet objections that may seem to reduce his arguments to absurdity—a readiness far exceeding the "fairness" of the controversialist or the conventional detachment of the ordinary philosophic mind. It all seems a part of a temper that does not shrink from carrying logic to the point of self-destruction. But this kind of logical "frightfulness" in fact explains the fascination of Peirce's thinking. It appeals to something deep in human experience—to one's "tragic sense of life," perhaps; and this appeal is operative both when one does and when one does not feel irresistibly constrained to accept the philosopher's conclusions.

Two specimens of Peirce's reasoning may here be given as illustrative of the manner in which a singularly original and drastic method of thought may result for the reader either in extraordinary lucidity or in bewilderment.

The first of these explications has to do with the problem of free will. The problem, says Peirce, has no meaning except what is represented in some such

question as this: Suppose that I have done something that I am ashamed of, could I, by an effort of "will" have done otherwise? This question is capable of two answers which, though verbally inconsistent, are both true. Arranging the facts so as to bring forward the truth that I now ought to blame myself for my shortcoming, "it is perfectly true to say that if I had willed to do otherwise than I did, I should have done otherwise. On the other hand, arranging the facts so as to exhibit another important consideration, it is equally true that when a temptation has once been allowed to work, it will, if it has a certain force, produce its effect, let me struggle how I may." The point is that "there is no objection to a contradiction in what would result from a false supposition"—the supposition, in this case, implied in the words "by an effort of will." In other words, the function of a *reductio ad absurdum* is to show that contradictory results would follow from a hypothesis which is consequently judged to be false. Here the hypothesis was false to begin with! Such questions, says Peirce, are not questions of fact, but of the *arrangement* of facts.

Is this not strikingly clear? Is it not an unexpected improvement upon any previous analysis of the free will perplexity? And it all comes from a rigorous application of Peirce's Pragmatism and his logic.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that when we are confronted with some of the consequences of Peirce's doctrine of chance, we are likely to balk. The inferences, though they are strictly logical, appear more fantastic than those of Relativity. To Peirce as a Pragmatist it seems clear that probability is simply the *frequency* with which a certain result occurs when an experiment is repeated. There is no sense, therefore, in speaking of the probability of a single event. This conception, to be sure, leads to some quite satisfactory conclusions. It negatives the idea that the chances of a totally unknown event are even; it leads to the pregnant remark that "the relative probability of this or that arrangement of Nature is something that we should have a right to talk about if universes were as plentiful as blackberries." But the philosopher does not shrink from presenting an absolutely critical case. Suppose, says he, a man had to choose a card from either of two packs, one of which contained twenty-five red cards and one black card, while the other contained twenty-five black cards and one red. The conditions are that if he chooses a red card he will go straight to Heaven, but that if he gets a black card he will be condemned to eternal punishment. Thus, in the nature of the case, the experiment cannot be repeated. True to his principle, Peirce argues that, though it cannot be doubted that the man ought to choose from the pack having the greater number of red cards, still, as an individual, he can have no *logical* reason for doing so—a single event has no probability. His only *logical* reason for choosing as he does arises from a consideration of what would follow if other men subsequently followed his example. Therefore, in order to be logical, one must be unselfish! Q. E. D.

In this, as in the preceding instance, one has the feeling of being landed

somewhere with great force. But where? Is it perhaps in a verbalism? It is hard to say: one has so little experience, outside of mathematics, of this logical ruthlessness—this adherence to logic in the face of everything, this apparent unconsciousness of any necessity for reconciling logic with "common sense"! The author is merciless to that human weakness which makes us distrustful of conclusions arrived at in ways that we cannot readily conceive or relate to ordinary experience.

To outline the philosophy of Peirce and to relate it in any degree that would be at all worth while to other philosophies, would require a book at least as long as the one under review. Even Peirce's editor, Mr. Cohen, and Professor Dewey, seem not to have added much by their respective commentaries to the clearness of a series of discussions which were probably not originally intended to form one rhetorical whole, and in which the reader must make all sorts of connections and reconcilements for himself. Only a few leading points may here be suggested.

Peirce was a Pragmatist in the sense of believing that "the meaning of a concept is to be found in all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of the concept could imply". The truth, however, is independent of what any one may think about it. This doctrine does not set out to test truth on the principle that the truth is "whatever works in practice", and it appears to leave no room for a Will to Believe. The truth is whatever conclusion would be arrived at by sufficient inquiry. "The reality of that which is real [depends] on the real fact that investigation is destined to lead at last, if continued long enough, to a belief in it."

The pragmatic conception of truth necessitated, as has been already suggested, a revision of ideas about the nature of probability. At the same time the doctrine that the whole meaning of an idea is contained in all its conceivable consequences would seem to enhance immensely the significance of probability itself as a factor in logic. The mathematical conception of probability was applied to logic, and to probability the idea of continuity, drawn from certain modes of scientific reasoning. Peirce thus constructed for himself a powerful engine of investigation. It brought him to a conclusion perfectly consistent with his original conception of truth. Since all knowledge rests on induction, and since all induction is, strictly speaking, imperfect, all knowledge depends upon probability. But the probability of an induction can never be exactly known. We must therefore infer that "all human certainty consists merely in our knowing that the processes by which our knowledge are derived are such as must generally have led to true conclusions."

The special applications of this philosophy are often remarkable, not to say astounding. To accept them all does not, however, appear necessary in the sense that a denial of any part implies a rejection of the whole; for what Peirce presents is not a creed or concatenated system, but rather a series of methods or working ideas. To compare and assimilate all the ideas set forth even in this segment of Peirce's work with the rest of one's active ideas would

be, of course, a virtually impossible task for a layman in philosophy; and it may be shrewdly doubted whether such assimilation is ever really accomplished even by professional philosophers. There is always some part of a philosopher's thought which others do not understand as he understood it, and perchance some part that he himself scarcely understood. Thus it often appears that his real influence is a kind of by-product of his labors. In the case of Peirce's work, even the layman can appreciate the fact that here is liberalizing thought pushed to its furthest extreme—thinking that tends at every risk to give the greatest freedom and hence the greatest interest to human thought and thus to human life. Such a book as this volume of Peirce's essays, like the Bible, or like the rediscovered classics of the Renaissance, works quite as much by its example and by its inculcation of a certain type and method of thought as by its success in securing total acceptance.

Roman Pictures. By Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This series of sketches by the author of *The Craft of Fiction* is itself a fine product of the craft of story-telling—a triumph of that indirection which finds directness out and of that subtlety of method which secures clearness and simplicity of effect. The theme is a half-earnest, half-playful search for "the real Rome" on the part of a young English visitor. Now, where ought one to look for the true Rome or the true any other place? Is it to be found by association with certain persons or groups? The theory appears plausible. One thing at least is certain: the transient cannot discover the secret for himself: his ideas are sure to be naïve; he must abandon his preconceived ideas and his prepared sentiments; he must "come out of his books." This truth was firmly impressed upon the hero of the tale by his sophisticated friend Deering. Deering introduced him to Cooksey, who performed some obscure function at the Vatican and who could speak with authority concerning Cardinals. Through Cooksey he made the acquaintance of Mr. Fitch, the gentlest of antiquarians, and of Mr. Fitch's clerical friend, Mr. Maundy. Not being satisfied that he had thus plumbed the mystery, the hero then diverged upon unauthorized adventures of his own, meeting people queer enough in all conscience, but obstinately individual and somehow lacking the true Roman stamp.

There were first the two Italian ladies who proved to be so English in their tastes and aspirations that they put the Englishman to shame for the unorthodoxy of his Anglicism. Then there was Madame Shuvalov, that strange, down-at-the-heels cosmopolite. There were, moreover, Fräulein Dahl—who, come to think of it, was German, though mystically enshrined in the Castel Gandolpho—and her friend, Miss Gilpin, the author, who had quite enviable connections.

If these people were unable to communicate the secret, could one hope to find it out in the circle of Miss Gainsborough, descendant of fighting, bullying

English squires, with her tough stalwart opinions. Miss Gainsborough, domesticated in a dwelling upon the Corso, had certainly surrounded herself with a Roman atmosphere of a sort, and ably played her conception of a Roman part. Nevertheless the hero went away baffled. If anybody possessed the secret he was in search of, it was surely the learned professor who lectured so terribly in the Forum. He possessed at least a genuine secret,—if enthusiasm may be allowed to vouch for genuineness in matters of this sort,—but whether it was *the* secret or not remained obscure on account of the professor's remarkable inability to communicate it. After the Forum, the studio—Mr. Vukery's studio, with its tarnished romance and its sentimental disappointments. Finally, contact again with Deering, who, despite the fact that his friend had wandered to that place whither Deering himself would finally have led him,—namely, to the palace of the Marchesa,—continued to scoff at him as a hopeless outsider.

Is the secret, then, just this: that there is no "real Rome", the same for everybody—that Rome is made up of all kinds of people? Certainly this is a part of the discovery, and it is amusingly revealed. But the revelation is not so much a jest in itself as an occasion for the exercise of a gentle and piercing humor. These people posing as representative of the real Rome, or taking themselves seriously as in some way especially real or significant through being in Rome, or at any rate provisionally accepted as such by a young stranger, are so delicately exposed in all their obviousness! Mr. Lubbock has discovered a point of view that is for the purpose of a plotless narrative ideal. Every person in the tale can be so fully displayed without the least unnaturalness, without the slightest commitment of the narrator to a false attitude or the need of obtrusive comment from him. The fiction about the search for the real Rome supplies an admirable thread for random social adventures, and gives just that philosophic detachment which makes rather intimate revelation an easy thing.

But the skilful use of this device does not exhaust the resources of Mr. Lubbock's art. Beneath the more easily appreciated jest about the futility of the search for the real Rome, is the subtler paradoxical jest that the real Rome is there all the time. Made up, it may be, partly of impressions brought by the visitor and partly of miscellaneous facts, the atmosphere of Rome, as something composite yet distinct, is all the more apparent because its evocation does not seem to be the principal purpose. So there are several layers of reality in Mr. Lubbock's book—a fact which testifies to the writer's craftsmanship, and which gives the reader much pleasure.

The whole is a charming little mystery of place and character—a mystery acted out rather than explained, as mysteries in the antique meaning of the word always were, and in the finer sense highly dramatic. In this playful tale, moreover, place and character have at once more substance and more delicacy of definition than they are commonly found to have in serious and largely designed novels.

SHEPHERD'S CROWNS. By Lady Grey of Fallodon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

If any proof were needed of the fact that a somewhat mystical interpretation of life is perfectly consistent with a wholesome, sunshiny, and even matter-of-fact attitude toward things in general, it would be supplied by the literary essays which stand side by side with the essays on more occult themes in Lady Grey's book. When Lady Grey writes on such subjects as fables and folklore, Salisbury Plain, the singing of birds, the story of Joan of Arc, she does so with a clearness of vision, a quiet sensitiveness of perception, and above all with an untroubled mind, that are rare in this age. Her appreciation of Chaucer, who has been so many things to so many men, illustrates these qualities: "When he tells of the familiar things, those things that Wordsworth calls 'a temperate show of objects that endure,'—things of eternal loveliness that cannot be smirched or hindered by any of the ways of men,—when he gives one the sense of the clean rain in one's face, and the scent of the newly turned earth about one, then the distance of time when such lines were written is set entirely at naught." Criticism of this sort, in these days when a psychological, or at least a very subtle, reason for the appeal of every author must be found, is uncommon and refreshing. The secret would seem to be that Lady Grey has found a way of having faith in the things that she writes about, as possessing a permanent and supersensual value and meaning.

What matters it that this state of mind, so evidently normal and desirable, is associated with ideas quite questionable in themselves? The author carries one a long way with her in her discussion of "the Way"; for the words she there speaks are as simple as Scripture and come directly from religious experience. She carries one nearly as far in her essays upon dreams. When will men cease to attach importance to such visions as that described in *Six Words of Assurance?* Of "spiritualism" she gives so mild and happy a version that she half reconciles one to the idea of the thing. But when she sets out upon the mere lore and pedantry of mysticism, as she does in her exposition of symbols, one soon parts company with her.

The specific mystical ideas do not, however, much matter. What counts, what really influences the reader in every part of the book, is the point of view, the unaffected spiritual-mindedness—a thing ever so much more real and more elusive than most of the ideas into which it happens to flow. The conclusion which emerges is that, independently of particular beliefs, there exists what is traditionally called a "spiritual" way of apprehending things, which is as different from what is called a superstitious way of apprehending things as pure water is from muddy water. This way of receiving experience is generally felt to give a peculiar cleanness, clearness, and acuity to consciousness, whereas superstition disturbs, confuses, and muddles the mental processes necessary to happy life. Such a conviction, not attainable through analysis but only through at least a literary contact with spiritually minded and adequately expressive persons, is surely not without importance.

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The economics of the hour, according to Mr. Strachey, is essentially the old economics, the economics of Bastiat. After being frightened by the threat of a coal strike one is perhaps not exactly in a mood to be grateful for Mr. Strachey's restatement of fundamental rules. One is haunted by the query whether in a somewhat changed and still changing order of things, the old rules are sufficient. The author's point of view is, however, that of English Liberalism. Mr. Strachey is a thorough individualist. "A system of unfettered free exchange is," he believes, "the best possible organization of the community." There is to be the least possible interference on the part of government with individual initiative, and this "least" is very little. Women and children in industry cannot, to be sure, be expected to look after themselves efficiently. These accordingly may require state protection as better than nothing. But on the whole every person looks after his own interests better than anyone can look after them for him. In the largest view, it may be seen that things are in the long run automatically regulated by immutable laws. Disturbing factors may be discounted. All of which is beautifully clear in theory, in the ideal case: one's only doubt is as to the sufficiency of the doctrine.

For example, Mr. Strachey says: "Every man, so long as he obeys the law, has a right to choose what voluntary obligations he will undertake—to choose, that is, whether he will or will not belong to a Trade Union. To force him to join by threats of violence or by intimidation in any other form is a criminal act, and one which is not only punished by courts of justice, but condemned by all wise men." In this unexceptionably legal view of the case there is no apparent recognition of the fact that in many instances the worker can have no real choice as to whether he shall join the union or not. Collective bargaining negatives individual bargaining. The time may indeed come when the former principle will be so far recognized that men may be required to organize in order that they may be bargained with. What then becomes of individual rights in industrial bargains?

Again, Mr. Strachey reminds us that capital and labour are partners in industry. It follows that "to strike for higher wages if the increased cost is to come out of the payment made to capital when that payment is already only at, or perhaps below, the market price, would be most foolish, and would end in driving capital out of trade". It is perhaps a weakness of individualism tacitly to assume that the simple promulgation of such a truism can be relied upon in the long run to prevent strikes without the assistance of any administrative machinery or industrial reorganization to give the old principle new effect.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STATE BANKS NOT DESTROYED

SIR:

In your magazine, Justice Rosenberry, in his article entitled *Development of the Federal Idea*, says: "In 1863 State banks were supplanted by the National Banking System." And he tells us how they were done away with by taxation. This, however, did not happen.

Only the *circulation* of State banks was taxed out of existence; the banks themselves were not destroyed. Thousands of them are still carrying on, some inside of the Federal Reserve System and some independent of it. In 1863 it was desirable to get rid of the old State bank money, much of which had only doubtful value. Nobody attacked the banks.

J. HOWARD COWPERTHWAIT.

Englewood, N. J.

SIR:

Mr. J. Howard Cowperthwait is correct in saying that the statement referred to in the communication above is not strictly accurate. State banks were supplanted as banks of issue. As he says, everyone knows that State banks still exist, and it is equally well known that the power of taxation was used by the Federal Government to limit and practically destroy them as banks of issue. For that reason, it was not thought necessary to amplify the statement.

M. B. ROSENBERRY.

The State of Wisconsin,
Supreme Court Chambers,
Madison.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF WELFARE LAWS

SIR:

In her article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on *Ten Years' Work for Children*, Miss Grace Abbott, speaking of the Shepard-Towner Maternity Bill, says:

"Suits were brought by the State of Massachusetts and by a taxpayer to test the constitutionality of the measure. A decision handed down by the United States Supreme Court in June, 1923, to which there was not a dissenting vote, has ended the controversy, so the work can be pushed without danger of its suddenly coming to an end on the ground of unconstitutionality."

The last statement may be true, but I think your readers should also know that the Court did not decide whether or not the Shepard-Towner Act was unconstitutional, but held that neither the State of Massachusetts nor Mrs. Frotheringham, a taxpayer, had a right to bring a suit to test the constitutionality of the appropriation. It may be that this closes the door to any judicial test of the constitutionality of the act, which would be most unfortunate. No court has ever held that the so-called "general welfare clause" granted any power whatsoever to our Federal legislative agency. The matter is very clearly and concisely stated by Judge Marvin B. Rosenberry in his article on the *Development of the Federal Idea* in the same number of the REVIEW, where he says:

"There has come into existence during recent years, by accident or design, an extra-constitutional method, by which the Federal Government has sought to influence and control State Governments. Stated in plain terms the Federal Government says to the States: Here is an appropriation which is available to you under certain conditions. As a rule these conditions are that a like amount shall be appropriated by the State Government for the purpose indicated in the bill making the Federal appropriation. There is a further stipulation that certain conditions relating to intra-State affairs are to be complied with as a condition of receiving Federal aid. This scheme, by which the Federal government in effect exercises legislative power in relation to education, public health, and other kindred subjects strictly within the police power of the States, is an innovation upon our constitutional system. There seems to be no limit to the activities of the Federal Government when the matter is approached from this angle. . . . By means of this method the Federal Government in effect purchases a right to interfere in the local affairs of the States which accept the Federal bounty."

DAVID H. MORTON.

New York.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MINUTE

SIR:

The article by Mr. Julian S. Huxley in your REVIEW, *A Journey in Relativity*, makes most entertaining reading. Mr. Huxley's little contribution is quite accurately calculated to bring forward a vivid mental picture of the infinitesimals and the infinites. But in his delightful picture has he not overlooked one circumstance that would perhaps add tellingly to his comparisons —the relativities between small and large?

When he reduces us (and I say us because he carries his reader along with his actor) to infinitesimal dimensions, and describes our sensations as though we were being bombarded by a multitude of tennis balls, does he not overlook the probable fact that by the time we are down to such a size that molecules

of gas, or atoms, or constituents of atoms, would appear to be the size of tennis balls, or of such a large relative size that we would feel their pummelling distinctly, then our dimensions would be so minute that we could very easily fit into an intra-molecular or intra-atomic space with still a vast void separating us from the nearest solid body? The fact seems to be that the void spaces are immensely large as compared with the moving bodies themselves. If our dimensions were still so large that we were being constantly struck by the vibrating bodies, those bodies would be extremely, if not nearly infinitesimally, small in comparison; and if we were small enough to feel distinctly the individual impact, the chances of being struck would be perhaps almost as remote as the chance that the solar system may be struck by one of the external stars.

Has Mr. Huxley here overlooked an opportunity to draw a further parallelism between the structure of the universe and the structure of what we know as material bodies?

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1923

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY EDWARD S. CORWIN

DISRAELI avowed the opinion that mankind is governed by phrases. The idea finds undoubted confirmation when one discovers how much history frequently clusters about a phrase. For three centuries or more the public policy of Europe pivoted upon the Balance of Power. In this country the Monroe Doctrine has been the open sesame of diplomacy for an hundred years.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? Mr. Hughes has just been telling us that it is an American policy, and one therefore to be defined by the United States alone; Mr. Fletcher said the same thing at Santiago a few months since. But as the Scotchman complained of the claret, the statement gets us "no forrarder". No one would deny the United States the right of any completely sovereign State in the elaboration of its own foreign policy. Yet the question remains, why should we choose to affix a label to that policy whose meaning still awaits the revelation of time and event? Either the phrase "Monroe Doctrine" does embody ideas which give direction to our foreign policy, or it does not. If not, why should the phrase be retained? If so, why should not these ideas be stated? We again recall Disraeli, as well as the old lady who was always so edified by that "blessed word, Mesopotamia". Perhaps foreign chancelleries are as easily susceptible.

The real reason for our statesmen's inarticulateness lies deeper, I suspect; it is embedded in the Monroe Doctrine itself. Not that the famous message of an hundred years ago is insufficiently

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coherent, but the fact is that its announcement was only the flowering of a sentiment the roots of which reach far back. For, as Ratzel showed, Manifest Destiny sprang from the very geography of the American continent—its removal from the predetermination of ancient institutions, its open spaces, its endless resources. History, moreover, confirmed geography:

> Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
> Time's noblest offspring is the last.

So wrote Bishop Berkeley many years before Lexington and Concord; and his prophecy was reëchoed from the forest primeval. "Soon after the Reformation," John Adams wrote in 1755, "a few people came over into this new world for conscience sake. Perhaps this apparently trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire into America. It looks likely to me; for if we can remove the turbulent Gallicks, our people, according to the exactest computations, will in another century become more numerous than England itself. Should this be the case, since we have, I may say, all the naval stores of the nation in our hands, it would be easy to obtain the mastery of the seas; and then the united force of Europe will not be able to subdue us."

It is the imperialistic note which so embarrasses our statesmen when they come to discourse of the Monroe Doctrine, as it is this note which stirs the ever-renewed demand of our Latin-American neighbours that the Doctrine be elucidated. Nor does mere disavowal of this aspect of the Doctrine suffice—it belies too much history. Mr. Root attempted an exegesis of the Doctrine on this key in 1906. "We do not wish to win victories," he assured his South American audience, "we desire no territory but our own. . . . We consider that the independence and the equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires." Alas! His auditors had not yet forgotten what had occurred at Panama three years before.

Happily, there is another aspect of the Doctrine—another aspect of Manifest Destiny itself. The Declaration of Independence unfurled the standard of republicanism and self-deter-

mination in an autocratic world, and America at once assumed a new symbolic value both at home and abroad. "We have it in our power," wrote Paine, in that famous first number of *Common Sense*, "to begin the world over again. A situation similar to the present hath not presented itself since the days of Noah. The birthday of a new world is at hand." And there were men all over the world to whom the claim did not seem an extravagance.

But would the great experiment be allowed to work itself out? The great danger was that the new nation would become involved in the European Balance of Power, calculations based upon which had produced French intervention in the Revolution, and so independence itself. How could America disown the auspices of her birth? The question became acutely perilous when France, too, became a republic, arrayed against the monarchic remnants of mediæval Europe. If Manifest Destiny meant the destiny of republicanism and self-determination, now was the time to act; if it meant the national destiny of the United States, then a different procedure must be followed, a procedure which had already been forecast. In the midst of the American Revolution John Adams had warned against excessive "expressions of the generosity and magnanimity" of our allies: "Let us treat them with gratitude, but with dignity. Let us remember what is due to ourselves and to our posterity, as well as to them. Let us, above all things, avoid, as much as possible, entangling ourselves with their wars or politics. Our business with them, and theirs with us, is commerce, not politics, much less war; America has been the sport of European wars and politics long enough." Thus was born the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, the classic expression of which came sixteen years later:

> Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, or caprice?

The nobility of Washington's phrases matches their high political intelligence. A geographical accident of the greatest potential advantage is laid hold upon and erected into a system of policy, and the American people are urged to find in the combination their security. Nor should it be imagined that of this combination policy was at the time the less important factor. When Washington uttered the Farewell Address, England crowded us aggressively along the unmapped frontier of the North, the Northeast and the Northwest, while along the length of the Mississippi and the Southern boundary of Georgia the Spanish border marched with ours for fifteen hundred miles. Six years later the situation was even worse from the point of view of American security. Spain still held the Floridas, but Napoleon now claimed Louisiana, while in the far Northwest the Russian Bear was slowly descending from Alaska upon California. Of the five Great Powers of Europe, four at this moment held colonies in North America, and three were our immediate neighbours. So far from the principle of political isolation being the converse originally of geographical isolation, the opposite was more nearly the case, and hence indeed the urgency of the principle.

Many hard words have, first and last, been written and spoken against the Balance of Power. But so long as a considerable section of mankind reside in great national States whose safety and prosperity they deem the highest desideratum, the Balance of Power will continue about as ineluctable as gravitation itself. At a moment of quiescence the Balance of Power is only the *status quo;* but the term further signifies that if the *status quo* is seriously upset in a single quarter, the rushing of the waters to seek a new level of universal security will be apt to produce a general commotion. The notion thus testifies to a certain solidarity, as well as a competitive tension, among the States to which it applies. By the same token, the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, completing the work of the Declaration of Independence, categorically denied that any such solidarity existed between America and Europe as would warrant an extension to the former of the political arithmetic of the latter.

Yet that the Balance of Power, in some sense, was not to be

so easily exorcised from the American continent, was early apparent. That there must be an American Balance of Power had indeed been foreseen by Hamilton in *The Federalist*, where he had counselled that, "By a steady adherence to the Union we may hope, ere long, to become the arbiter of Europe in America, and to be able to incline the balance of European competitions in this part of the world as our interests may dictate." Here is clearly the picture of an American Balance of Power distinct from that of Europe, and kept distinct by American strength. Strength, however, is a relative matter, and so the convincingness of Hamilton's picture depended not more on the prospect of American growth than on the continued feebleness of our most important neighbour—Spain.

Early in 1802 came the rumour that Spain had transferred Louisiana and the Floridas to France. The momentary effect of this announcement upon American political calculations was pronounced and dramatic. In his inaugural Jefferson had sketched his vision of a country sustaining "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none," a country "kindly separated by nature and the wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country." Now with the news of the treaty of San Ildefonso before him, he wrote: "The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works most sorely on the United States. . . . It completely reverses all the political relations of the United States, and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her own low water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment, we must marry ourselves with the British fleet and nation." The two continents of America must be held "in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations".

But again the face of affairs was altered with equal suddenness

and completeness. For half the price of a modern battleship the United States was brought to the crest of the Rockies, and the continental destiny of the new republic made secure. The Doctrine of the Two Spheres was restored; the principle of the non-transferability of Spanish domain in North America except to the United States was implicitly established, to be made explicit in the case of West Florida eight years later. Manifest Destiny was again on the march!

Meantime the course of events had begun which led directly to the celebrated Message of December 2, 1823. In 1808 Napoleon invaded Spain; a year later revolution broke out in Peru and Mexico, and soon became general throughout Spanish America. The struggle was desultory and prolonged. The same year, 1815, that saw the formation of the Holy Alliance for the purpose of guaranteeing legitimacy on the continent of Europe in accordance with "the sublime truths taught by the eternal religion of God", saw also the recognition of the belligerency of the Latin-American revolutionaries by the United States. Not till 1822 did the President and Congress, in conjunction, accord recognition of their independence. A few months later, Ferdinand of Spain, recently restored to his throne by the French army, demanded at the Congress of Verona that the embattled autocrats extend their activities in his behalf to Spanish America.

Writing of this moment, Professor Hart has said: "Never till the present decade has the United States had such a glorious field for diplomacy; in Europe a syndicate of Great Powers undertook to rule the world; in America a complexus of feeble Powers looked to the United States for sympathy, commerce, recognition, aid, and comfort. At the same moment the Oregon question was presented in a new form through the preposterous claims of Russia; and our relations with Florida were such as to make necessary a treaty with Spain for its cession, as the alternative to war." Would American statesmanship rise to the opportunities, commensurate with the perils, of this complex situation?

The question of the authorship of the Monroe Doctrine, in the sense of the Doctrine of the Message of December 2, 1823, has recently been reopened with vigour by the partisans of President

Monroe as against his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams; and it is a question worth entering upon not only for its own sake but also for the light which it is capable of throwing upon the meaning of the Doctrine. Addressed to the American Congress, this celebrated document laid two inhibitions upon the chancelleries of Europe, each accompanied by a reciprocal ordinance of self-denial on the part of the United States. In its seventh paragraph the Message lays down the proposition, with immediate reference to the Russian advance along the Northwest coast, that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers". This is explicitly stated to be "a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved"; while along with it should be considered the pledge given in the forty-eighth paragraph of the message, that "with the existing colonies and dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere". In this same forty-eighth paragraph occurs also the warning meant for the European champions of autocracy, that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing" the new Governments whose independence we had just acknowledged, "or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States". In support of this warning is invoked our own abstention from the wars of Europe "in matters relating to themselves", our devotion to republican principles and to the maxim that "the government *de facto* is the legitimate government", and finally a just concern for "our own peace and safety".

That the non-colonization principle should be credited to Secretary Adams rather than to the President is generally conceded, and is at any rate amply proved by the former's contemporary dispatches to our representatives at the courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg. These same dispatches also elucidate the assumption which underlies this particular paragraph of the Message, namely, that even such parts of the American continents as were still unoccupied at that date had never-

theless been legally appropriated. The year before this the Spanish King had finally ratified the Treaty of 1819, ceding Florida to the United States, and with it, for good measure, all of Spain's claims in the Pacific Northwest above the forty-second parallel. In his dispatches Adams develops the thesis that by this treaty the United States had become the residuary heir of Spain in North America, that nature itself pointed to the United States as the rightful sovereign of the Northwest, that European settlements in that region were henceforth debarred. From the outset, in short, the non-colonization principle was a weapon with two edges—one edge for defense against European intruders, the other the weapon of Manifest Destiny.

It is with reference to the second part of the Message that the question of authorship is actively pressed by those who charge Massachusetts with endeavoring to snatch laurels from Virginia's brow. Let us see what the issue is and the moral thereof. In the first place, the quarrel can hardly be over the credit due for the form of the Message, which, adequate as it is for its purposes, is after all only prose. Moreover, when we consider its content, we soon discover that neither President nor Secretary of State is entitled to figure largely in the distribution of honours. The Doctrine of the Two Spheres is almost as old as the Declaration of Independence, and its extension to the entire sisterhood of American republics, as against Europe, had been suggested by Jefferson as early as 1813. Also it is Jefferson who formulated, during Washington's first administration, the American doctrine of recognition as a corollary of the maxim that just governments rest upon the consent of the governed. Even the idea that the United States ought to forefend European intervention in Latin America by an intervention of its own, did not originate with the Administration at Washington, but with George Canning, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose proposal was transmitted to Washington by the American Minister, Rush, in the late summer of 1823.

What, then, one may well ask, remains to be claimed for the Doctrine at the moment of its enunciation, save possibly the assumption by the President of certain grave responsibilities for the United States in the specific contingency before him? Yet

this is not all, for the question had also to be answered, as to what form the proposed intervention was to take, and it is the answer finally returned to this question which constitutes precisely the original significance of the Doctrine—makes it in fact a *doctrine*, with all that that word implies of guidance to future policy, rather than an episode bridging a lack of policy.

Canning's proposal was that the United States and Great Britain should unite in an announcement to the world against any "forcible enterprise" by the European allies for subjugating the Spanish American colonies. Monroe thought "we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government", as also did Jefferson, whom he consulted. Madison was for going even farther. "Will it not be honourable," he asked, "to our country, and possibly not altogether in vain, to invite the British Government to extend the avowed disapprobation of the project against the Spanish colonies to the enterprise of France against Spain herself; and even to join in some declaratory act on behalf of the Greeks?" The suggestion captured the President's imagination; not so his Secretary's. On the one hand, Great Britain was no champion of republican ideas, and her present coincidence of interests with ours was purely casual and temporary; on the other hand, our policy was already settled of not interfering with European quarrels. We, therefore, should not "come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war," but "make an American cause and adhere inflexibly to it".

Should America go tilting abroad in order to make the world safe for republicanism; or should it join its action in the present instance to a maxim of policy long deemed settled, and link the cause of republicanism with its own safety? Expansive Virginia said one thing; churlish Massachusetts the other—and Monroe's Message is proof that Massachusetts carried the day; albeit could Canning have brought himself to recognize the South American republics the outcome would probably have been otherwise. Fortunately he could not, with the result that the Message of December 2, 1823, instead of announcing the abandonment of the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, illustrates and perfects it. What was originally laid down in the humility of weakness is reasserted in the confident spirit of rising power. The cause of

republicanism in the Western Hemisphere is allied to that of the territorial destiny of the United States in North America. Was that an alliance which could endure?

It has been generally supposed that the Message of December 2 was warmly applauded in England, and this is true so far as the warning there given against European intervention in Latin America is concerned. Quite otherwise was it with the non-colonization principle. So seriously offended were British statesmen by this assertion that more than three years later Gallatin, who had succeeded Rush at St. James's, found their pique still an insurmountable obstacle to the satisfactory settlement of the Oregon question. The British perception that the doctrine of the Message was twofold, and that they no less than the Continental autocrats were addressed in the non-colonization principle, was correct. It was not until Polk's Presidency, however, that this principle was given a decidedly anti-British twist. Readily convinced of what he wished to believe, Polk found Great Britain actively pursuing an encircling policy against the United States. The Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were already hers; in the West Indies she was dominant; in Texas and California she was laying her snares. He accordingly deemed the moment "a proper occasion to reiterate and affirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy".

Unquestionably it has been of great advantage to a legalistic people like ourselves to have had the moral support of a doctrine in prosecuting our own interests. Texas was annexed in 1845; California three years later; meantime, in 1846, the United States had become the guarantor of good order across the Isthmus of Panama; and in 1848, Polk warned England and Spain that neither would be permitted to acquire Yucatan even with the latter's consent. Perhaps he might have gone farther—have acquired all Mexico and annexed Cuba—had not the bugaboo of slavery in the Territories paralyzed our taking hand at this moment. As it was, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850,—"floated through the Senate on champagne,"—by admitting Great Britain to equal partnership with the United States in the building and control of any canal or other line of communication

across the Central American isthmus, gave the Doctrine a decided check; while the Ostend Manifesto, in 1854, by the demand which it voiced for the immediate annexation of Cuba, aroused execration in a great part of the Union and led to the suggestion in South America of a Latin-American alliance of defence against this country. When we finally went to Cuba, forty-four years later, it was in the name of republicanism and self-determination, not of Manifest Destiny; and Mexico, the beneficiary of our intervention in 1867, has been similarly preserved.

Recent history of the Monroe Doctrine dates from the intervention of the United States in 1895 in the British-Venezuela boundary dispute. In advancing the claim of the United States to substitute itself for the other American disputant, Secretary Olney wrote: "Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." The British considered the claim outrageous, but they yielded to it all the same; and, what is more, in doing so they paved the way for a much more substantial abdication of British rights in this hemisphere, when six years later the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty gave place to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Two years after that Mr. Roosevelt "took Panama", pleading in justification a theory of international eminent domain which seemed to imply that the United States held the underlying title to all the soil on this half of the globe; while his Big Stick doctrine, formulated a little later, put the United States *in loco parentis* to all American States as regards their relations with outsiders. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson wielded the Big Stick, though their ministrations were confined to the region of the Caribbean. Mr. Wilson indeed went farther. He would fain have claimed for the United States the right to supervise Latin-American concessions to European beneficiaries; while his policy of non-recognition in the case of revolutionary governments in Mexico, Peru, and Costa Rica was an outright repudiation of a fundamental tenet of the Message of December 2, 1823. Meantime, in 1912, apropos the rumour that a Japanese company had bought land about Magdalena Bay in Southern California, with a view to transferring it to the Japanese Government for a naval station, the Senate had passed a resolution which

extended the non-transferability doctrine from transactions involving European Governments to those involving corporations, whether European or Asiatic.

That Latin Americans should, with this record before them, feel that the Monroe Doctrine has come to spell hegemony for us rather than autonomy for them, is far from remarkable; nor that they should see in hegemony a weapon ready to the hand of an imperialistic tendency ever threatening to sever the leash of the idealistic strand of the Doctrine, "To save themselves from Yankee imperialism," wrote Señor Garcia-Calderon, with the taking of Panama fresh in mind, "the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance or the aid of Japanese arms;" or as another South American has put it: The Monroe Doctrine is "a doctrine of absorption"; it is "the shield and buckler of United States aggression; it is a sword suspended by a hair over the Latin-American continent."

Yet I do not discover that the publicists and statesmen of South America wish to see the Doctrine scrapped; what they demand is assurance against what they consider its misapplication. To quote again from Señor Calderon: "In principle, the Monroe Doctrine is an essential outgrowth in the public code of the New World. . . . The wisest statesmen have no thought of divorcing this Doctrine from the future history of America, even when they criticize its excesses most severely." As a matter of fact, Señor Calderon explicitly accepts the United States as the conservator of peace among the nations of the Western Hemisphere, an interpretation which has been recently illustrated in the fruitful labours of Mr. Hughes for union among the Central American States. But the complete appeasement of Latin-American opinion can come about in only two ways: first, by the constant, unremitting manifestation of that spirit of Christian forbearance which found expression in Mr. Wilson's policy toward Mexico; secondly, by the recognition that the Monroe Doctrine has become, in these latter days, a principle of *intra*-continental, as well as of *inter*-continental, law, and that as regards its newer aspect its interpretation must sooner or later be shared with some at least of our Pan-American associates. Viewed in this light, the mediation of the A B C Powers in 1914

between ourselves and Mexico was a precedent of the highest importance.

It is, however, in its aspect as "inter-continental law"—to employ Clay's description of it—that the Monroe Doctrine is most under fire in this country at the present moment. The question raised is whether the principle of the Two Spheres—the original core of the Doctrine—is still a valid definition of this nation's relationship to Europe; or whether it stands in the way of a better definition? The critics of the Doctrine point out that, whereas in 1823 the ocean was a physical barrier against undesirable intrusions from Europe, that is not so today, and indeed that no such barrier is needed; that whereas Europe was autocratic a hundred years ago, it is today largely democratic, while on this continent the United States is no longer hemmed in by more powerful neighbours. Furthermore, it is contended that we logically abandoned the Doctrine when, in consequence of the Spanish-American War, we acquired territory on the other side of the Pacific; and that, at any rate, our entrance into the World War for world objectives committed us to a programme with which the Doctrine can in no wise be squared. Finally, it is argued that the problem of international peace is today the most pressing of all problems, that on its solution depends the fate of civilization itself, that in such a situation America can no longer lay claim to a separate destiny, but that its fate is bound up with that of the race, especially with that part of the race whose blood and culture she shares. For these reasons it is urged that the Doctrine be forthwith abandoned, as at best an irrelevancy, as at worst a superstition which clogs intelligent thought and action.

Suppose it be admitted that the Monroe Doctrine is irrelevant to certain problems which today urgently confront our diplomacy —that would not prove that it should be abandoned as to other problems to which it might be relevant. Nor can all the allegations of fact on which criticism of the Doctrine is based be conceded. Thus, it may well be questioned whether our entry into the late war committed us at the moment to anything more than the defence of our rights—an enterprise for which the phraseology of the Message of December 2, 1823, makes careful allow-

ance. Also, this same document contains a passage expressing the sympathetic interest of the American people in the Greek struggle for liberty then going on, from which it may be concluded that the Doctrine lays no paralyzing restriction upon the formation of public opinion in this country respecting happenings abroad which are calculated to arouse the moral sentiments. Yet again, how can it be said that a principle which—in the words of Jefferson—calls for "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations", hampers the development of national policy in the furtherance of any of these great interests of mankind, so long as the moral judgment of the American people is kept politically unentangled, as it was so fortunately in 1917?

The practical nub of criticism of the Doctrine is, of course, that we should enter the League of Nations. But the League Covenant itself recognizes in the Monroe Doctrine "a regional understanding for the maintenance of peace". The champions of the Doctrine, however, were not satisfied with this recognition, because they found other provisions in the Covenant which they thought tended to undermine the Doctrine as a guarantee of regional peace in an effort to obtain peace by agglomeration. The issue thus raised need not be debated here. It is sufficient to say that the whole tendency in the League today is toward the theory of regional rather than general guarantees, and that this theory underlies the pending disarmament project.

And the principle of regionalism may also assist redefinition of our relationship to the outside world in harmony with our traditions in yet another way, since it is capable of meeting the principal difficulty in the way of adherence to the World Court. The basis of the World Court's decisions must, of course, be furnished by international law. Hence the question arises, whether there is any incompatibility between international law and the Monroe Doctrine, so that an application of the former would weaken the latter? All depends upon the scope of international law. If it is broad enough to take account of long-standing diversities of practice in the grand divisions of the globe, no fear need be entertained for the Monroe Doctrine. But if it is not broad enough, still the moral advantage rests with the Doctrine, inasmuch as it conflicts with international law only

in disallowing rights of exploitation in this hemisphere which some versions of international law would allow. That the Doctrine puts no obstacle in the way of an impartial determination of the interests which it protects, is proved by our demand in 1895 that the British-Venezuela boundary dispute be submitted to arbitration.

For the rest, the Doctrine still retains its validity in at least two respects: It is still true that Europe should not be permitted to recruit strength on American soil for the prosecution of its ancient vendettas, or to control the destinies of the American peoples by political means; it is also true that any durable settlement in Europe must rest on what the evolutionists call its own "resident forces"—not on an American prop. As to the interest of the United States in maintaining the Doctrine, that no longer arises from the presence of formidable neighbours—thanks in part to the Doctrine itself—nor even perhaps from a perception of distinctive destiny. Rather it arises from a distinctive problem, that of welding into one American nation peoples drawn from all nations, of creating in the breasts of these peoples a national tradition which will sever old allegiances. That the Doctrine of the Two Spheres is decidedly relevant to this problem was amply demonstrated in the late war.

All of which does not blink the fact that there is danger of making the Doctrine a fetish, entitled to exact worship on the score of alleged achievement regardless of present worth. The idea of having a *doctrine* with which foreign policy must be squared is one which is well calculated to appeal to American constitutionalism, but the parallel suggested must not be pressed unduly. A constitution in the American sense is a grant of powers not to be exceeded, while the Monroe Doctrine does not, and never did, establish a closed system of foreign relationship; nor does it disclose an end in itself, as do certain statements of constitutional liberty. In all our relations impartiality is to be our rule; and the objective of this course of conduct is the building up of a nation which shall be strong enough to illustrate in a field where they have usually been lacking, the virtues of magnanimity and benevolence.

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

THE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES—I

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE statement that the position and economic relations of the United States have been revolutionized by the Great War has already become a platitude. But, like many other important commonplaces, though the fact is recognized its implications are not. The changes have been so fundamental that our bearings have been lost and it will be only through a process of profound and general study, a complete revision of the accepted point of view, and a bold but experimental course, that we can meet the new problems which have been thrust on us by events beyond our control. It is one thing to accept a fact, another to comprehend it, and still a third to translate the thought into action fitting to the occasion. The people of the United States are now challenged to rouse themselves from the habits of economic thought accumulated through the experience of a period which is ended and to prepare for a career which may break new ground in the progress of mankind.

Continental Europe is decrepit, the Orient is awake, and the United States has emerged as the predominant World Power. Our manufactures have suddenly outdistanced our agriculture; we are threatened with an unprecedented influx of alien peoples; we are in possession of about half the world's gold supply; we have acquired the second largest fleet of merchant shipping; we have shifted from a debtor to a great creditor nation. Such changes in dynamic and static pressures, from within and without, have discovered new strains and stresses and have developed the inherent weaknesses of old institutions and practices, some of which managed to survive the ante-bellum period of peaceful stability though they were outworn, while others, adapted to the

needs of those days, are entirely unfit in these. To date we have treated ourselves to first aid only.

It is not enough to let nature take its course, nor to rely on the undisturbed operation of economic law to cure such maladjustments to a new environment. Men do not need to blunder blindly through each seismic epoch of history. What is required is wise and positive leadership. The politician with his ear to the ground must give place to the statesman with his eye to the future. As Sir James Stewart said of the Industrial Revolution in 1796, "It becomes the business of the statesman to interest himself so far in the consequences, as to provide a remedy for the inconveniences resulting from the sudden alteration."

Yet at this very crisis in the history of the United States, the political parties are peculiarly adrift. Their platforms and their policies when in power are nearly indistinguishable, and they are divided within themselves by schisms and revolts. Their leaders have become followers whose principal purpose seems to be to perpetuate themselves in office, and to that end to take no decided stand nor decisive action, but to compromise among the demands of the most clamourous. The choice of the voters has been between men, not between principles. That this choice does not satisfy the people is clearly shown by the large number of established political reputations which have been suddenly upset and by the number of unknown and unqualified candidates who have taken the places of veterans. This turbulent condition is natural to times of discontent because many old representatives are found no longer to represent adequately their constituents. Ability and experience are too frequently not joined to alertness nor to a sincere sympathy with the desires and difficulties of the voters. The rebellion signifies only discontent, not revolution, and it is, as usual, fruitless at the beginning. No constructive programme nor real leadership results from such disorganized ebullitions. It is a period of little, untried men, petty politics, blocs, radical theories, old errors in new guises, and of a general lack of working unanimity.

Judging by the past these phenomena are the symptoms of a changing political alignment, of a period of solution from which new compounds will be precipitated. Habit, uncertainty and

inapprehensiveness delay the realignment. But the time must come and come soon when the new differentiation will appear, and the issues will again be sharply joined between two major parties.

Along what line will the new cleavage reappear? Will it be between sections or between classes? Is the future development of party government in this country to be based on the classic distinction between Conservative and Radical, or is it to be based on the clash of interest between the Agricultural and the Industrial sections? Hitherto it has tended more toward sectional lines, based originally upon opposed economic interests and perpetuated by the acrimony of a civil conflict.

Our country is almost a continent in itself. This fact has always threatened the possibility of a gradual disintegration such as has occurred in Europe. The interests of the sections are diverse—far more so than is generally appreciated. Some have no resources except their man power; others have vast natural resources which they are wasting by too rapid private exploitation; while still others lack nothing so much as man power to exploit theirs. Some have a plethora of capital, while others starve for lack of it. There are the creditor sections and the debtor sections. Nature, man and the stage of development show almost as wide a range of diversity in the United States as is found on any other continent. Nevertheless, inured to the habit of unity and coöperation, broken only by one appeal to force, we have in the past managed to compromise our differences, or have allowed the densely populated to overrule the sparsely settled districts.

To a large extent this half century of internal peace has been due to conditions which are now rapidly passing away. The manner of settlement of the Trans-Mississippi territory defined for a time its political character. The South colonized with its poorest white population; the North with its best, combined with the most substantial and consanguineous of foreign immigrants. Sons of Southern planters stayed at home, as was suitable to a landed aristocracy. It was the "poor whites" and the mountaineers who settled the tier of Southwestern States across the Mississippi—Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana—and who

filtered into the wilderness of Texas and the Indian Territory "before the War". The Missouri Compromise established the political cast of this section. After the Civil War there overflowed from the prosperous, growing North, where landowning was but unpretentious farming, a virile stock of younger sons to people the West. Waves of early immigration, composed of "'48" Germans and later of Scandinavians, broke over the East and poured into the Upper Mississippi Valley. The mass was so great that it spread down into the area engrossed by the South, changed the character of Missouri, occupied Kansas and Nebraska and, at the last, took much of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, nearly balanced the Southerners in Texas, and, when Oklahoma was opened, rapidly outnumbered the Southerners there.

As a result of the then recent schism between the South and North it was but natural that each group of settlers should have retained its own heritage of political tradition, and that the new States of the last half century should have been added to the Republican or Northern column. Now, however, that these Trans-Mississippi colonies have become full-fledged commonwealths, arrived at manhood's estate, they will display more tendency to think for themselves, to forget the link with their paternity and to exchange early acquired predilections for an indigenous political programme suited to their needs and genius.

The danger of sectional disintegration is not imaginary. In so far as the character of these great districts is fixed and the types of development diverge, discord is more likely to increase than decrease and the threat of separation to become more imminent. Great size is a source of weakness as well as of strength, and the bonds which hold together a highly specialized congeries must strengthen as the mass increases, or the biological tendency towards scission comes into play.

It is therefore desirable for the future unity of the United States that the distinction between the two major political groups should be directed as rapidly as possible toward the classic lines of Conservatism and Liberalism, or Radicalism, and that the appeal of party policy should be to the native bent, temperament and circumstances of the individual regardless of

his whereabouts. Only in this way can the constructive forces in the nation be knit together politically as they are in other ways. But if the Republican party is to retain its hold, and the growth of an Agricultural-Industrial schism is to be inhibited, then the political power of this adolescent Western civilization must be conceded and a way must be found by which the needs of its preponderant Conservative class, the farmer-proprietor, can be made to coincide with those of the Conservative classes in the industrial sections. Then too, as a happy by-product, it is not impossible that the first real rent in the Solid South might ensue from a sincere effort towards *rapprochement* on the part of the Republican party.

Before discussing the definite programme which such a movement would require, it is advisable to examine in detail the various districts, or groups of States, to determine their economic character, their past and present political leanings and their political power. The following summary divides the States, not quite according to accepted, but by economically homogeneous, grouping.

New England—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island: The manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural in all these States, and only in Maine and Vermont is the agricultural portion more than one-quarter of those engaged in gainful occupations. There are little or no natural resources. In all but Maine and Vermont over half the population is urban. These are the ancient, rock-ribbed Republican States, where sectional interests seem to outweigh all other political considerations. New England is the original "bloc"—the counterpart of the "Solid South". Senators, Republican, 10 to 2; Representatives, Republican 26 to 6, as against 30 to 2 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Industrial Section—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois; Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia: The manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural in all these States except West Virginia, and only in Indiana and West Virginia is the agricultural population over one-quarter of the workers. In Pennsylvania and West Virginia over one-tenth of the working population is engaged in mining.

Agriculture is still important in the western section and most of these States are actively exploiting great stores of natural wealth —coal, oil and iron. All but West Virginia show a majority of urban population. Historically this section has been Republican, though Ohio and Indiana have been considered pivotal States and Maryland is torn between its generic Democracy and its present interests. At the present time, while powerful centres of "boss" infection confuse the prognosis, it seems that the new alignment between Conservative and Radical is making its first appearance here and that it will be increasingly difficult in the future to carry this region on grounds of sectional appeal or to secure its vote as a unit on any issue. Senators, Republican, 12 to 8; Representatives, Republican, 116 to 61, as against 160 to 16 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Agrarian Section—Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa; Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska: The agricultural exceeds the manufacturing population in all these States except Wisconsin. Wisconsin may be regarded as the border between industry and farming, for its agricultural population is still well over a quarter of all workers. In Minnesota and Missouri, as well, manufacturing is sufficiently developed to employ over a quarter of the workers. Nevertheless all these States have a majority of rural inhabitants. It is the great district of home-owners. Natural resources are of real importance in Minnesota and Kansas. Politically this is the errant section. In the south it espoused Free Silver in the Populist days and has since vacillated towards Democracy. In the north its vagaries have been toward Insurgent Republicanism. It is perhaps the pivotal section of the future, but on social questions it will always be fundamentally Conservative in character. Senators, Republican, 12 to 1; Representatives, Republican, 50 to 15, as against 66 to 2 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Solid South—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida; Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky; Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas: In all these States the agricultural population exceeds the manufacturing, and only in Florida is the number engaged in manufacturing over one-quarter of the workers. The important natural resources are timber east of the

Mississippi, and oil west of it. All have a greater rural than urban population, but, except in Texas and Oklahoma, the greater part of the rural population is of a different character from that elsewhere in the country, being small landholders of a renter, or peasant, type and not of the capitalistic farming class. The "Solid South" has been uniformly Democratic in politics through the tradition growing out of the Civil War, and because, before that time, it represented the Planter interest against the Trader interest of the North. It has been in the past the sore spot of sectionalism, and its political amalgamation with the rest of the country is one of the most essential needs of the time. Senators, Democratic, 24 to 2; Representatives, Democratic, 116 to 6.

Mountain Section—Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico: This thinly populated district has a preponderance of agricultural population. In Wyoming, Arizona and Nevada, mining occupies a considerable portion of the workers. This is also a district of home-owners. The rural population far exceeds the urban in the entire section. Natural resources in mines, oil and timber constitute the principal sources of wealth. Politically the district is of doubtful complexion, though its population is at present so small that it has little influence except in the Senate. Senators, Republican, 9 to 7; Representatives, Republican, 9 to 5, showing a slight change in favour of the Democrats in the Sixty-Eighth Congress.

Pacific Coast—Washington, Oregon, California: In California and Washington the manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural. In fact, the latter is less than one-quarter of all workers. Oregon, on the other hand, has more people engaged in agriculture than in manufacturing. Here the former is over a quarter and the latter less than a quarter of all workers. In many respects Oregon is, at the present time, more closely allied to the Mountain States, but it is included in the Pacific Coast group because it is rapidly approaching the condition of Washington and California. In all these States the urban population constitutes one-half or over. It will be seen that the Pacific Coast is becoming industrial in character and that its interests are more closely allied with those of the East than with those of

the great territory which lies between. This section has been uniformly Republican in politics, though tinged with insurgency. Senators, Republican, 5 to 1; Representatives, Republican, 15 to 3.

This analysis shows the following party division according to sections in the two Houses of Congress.

	Senate		House	
	Republican	*Democratic*	*Republican*	*Democratic*
New England	10	2	26	6
Industrial	12	8	116	61
Agrarian	12	1	50	15
South	2	24	6	116
Mountain	9	7	9	5
Pacific Coast	5	1	15	3
	50	43	222	206

From this it is clear that the Agrarian section now holds the balance of power in both Houses of a Congress which is otherwise almost equally divided between the two parties. The "Agricultural Bloc" is therefore in position at the present time to get all of its logs rolled. But, on the other hand, the potential political power of the industrial and of the agricultural districts is quite evenly balanced. New England, the Industrial Section and the Pacific Coast, voting solid, could control the House of Representatives by 230 to 205 votes. The Agricultural States could control the Senate by 58 to 38 votes. And the relative power of each in the Electoral College would be almost exactly equal.

If such a complete sectional division should arise, the effectiveness of party government would be destroyed, since that requires that the party in power should have its leader in the White House and a working majority in both Houses of Congress. The result of such division has always been inaction, the neutral measures characteristic of compromise between opposite views, and a more or less complete absence of definite, coherent and continuous policy both in domestic and foreign affairs. At the present time we are drifting rapidly towards this situation.

If the old alignment continues, the Republican party will be in an almost untenable position. It can no longer depend on a

solid vote from the industrial sections. Yet its major policies are opposed to the interests of the agricultural sections, and, as a result, that wing of the party is already asserting its independence. There is only one way of salvation. It lies in the adoption of a new *rôle* which will break up sectional coalitions and secure the support of those classes which, in the greater part of the country, are in the majority. The campaign of 1896 is warrant for the conclusion that, at a time when the voter is vacillating, what is needed to reaffirm essential party loyalty is a hard-fought contest over great issues. At that time ten important States, which had been drifting into the Democratic column, were brought back into Republican ranks and remained loyal for several elections on account of the antagonism aroused by Bryan's Free Silver campaign.

If the Republican party is to become the Conservative party it must sponsor such a programme as will appeal to the naturally Conservative classes. For the most part these voters will be found among property owners, including all home-owners and local taxpayers. Farmers are the most numerous group and, when aroused by an important economic issue, the most powerful politically. Merchants, manufacturers, financial and transportation interests, producers of raw materials from natural resources, together with the professional classes and all persons living on income from property, constitute with the agriculturalists the backbone of the Conservative group. But a large part of the older, steadier and more intelligent working people, particularly those of the "white collar" type, also naturally align themselves behind Conservative leadership. And this is particularly true in times of stress. In the aggregate these groups represent a large majority of all citizens and include the best intelligence and provide the natural leadership of this or any other nation. They are today controlling the policies of all great peoples except those which are in ruins. And this sad inference points the moral that it is this alignment which will more than ever before be required to meet the social as well as the economic problems of the future.

It is an undertaking of the greatest difficulty to modify the time-honoured creed of a political party, even if it has been worn to empty phrases. This is true, both because the confirmed

adherents of the party do not readily accept new doctrine, and because the needed recruits from other parties are slow to be won over from their old allegiance. Both custom and ignorance tend to keep the wheels in the rut. Old policies have become fortified by a sort of sanction, fostered by usage and tradition, until morality, the wisdom of experience and schools of learned thought have seemed to confirm them in a quality of eternal and ubiquitous rightness.

Yet the criteria of economic policy are not those of right and wrong. Apart from the considerations of equity, security and stability there is no element of right or wrong in such policies. On the contrary they are merely instruments to effect certain purposes. These purposes may be the satisfaction of the general needs of the period, but they are more often specific benefits required by certain elements which have special political power. Where advantage is gained for one group, a corresponding disadvantage usually accrues to some other. If the burdens of debtors are lightened, creditors are injured. If industrial labour is benefitted, agriculturalists usually suffer. Certainly fairness and political expediency in a democracy require that the greatest good of as many as possible be attained, and this requisite of political success usually serves in the long run to maintain a reasonable balance of favours to all groups.

There is no economic policy which is universally correct at all times and places. Sound doctrine in one period is heresy in the next. As a matter of fact, history shows that the dogmas of political economy are the consequences of and are evolved to justify the practical policies that have been worked out to meet conditions at each stage. The only common factor of succeeding schools which seems to have the permanent sanction of experience is the recurrent demolition of obsolete institutions and the elimination of worn-out restrictions, artificial stimulation and barriers to free development—in other words, a return towards *laissez-faire*. Periodically the crystalline mass must be liquefied to permit a new flux, a new polarization, and a new structure.

To a certain extent nations seem to pass through a somewhat uniform cycle of economic evolution in each age. There are three arcs in this orbit, that of rise, that of ascendancy and that

of decline. The range and duration of each nation's cycle is largely dependent upon the extent and availability of natural resources and upon the course which the channels of trade happen to take with regard to them. Various nations are at different stages of their cycles at the same moment. In a general way there seems to have been a succession in these cycles which has moved gradually from East to West, presumably because hitherto the frontier of unexplored and relatively unpeopled lands lay to the west, and a wall of impenetrably dense population lay to the east.

Continental Europe—and perhaps England—seems to be arriving at the beginning of its stage of decline. We are perhaps at the end of our period of rise. Our situation is in no way analogous to Europe's. Yet it has been customary for the Radical element to direct our attention to Europe as if there we might perceive the light of a new day. And this, as Lewis Carroll might have said, is strange, because the sun of the new day has a habit of rising in the West.

On the other hand we can look back and find a strong resemblance between the changes that were revolutionizing England in the early part of the nineteenth century and the transformations which are troubling us today. Then England was passing from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. The protective economy of the Mercantilists had been undermined by Adam Smith and was later turned to general ridicule. England was establishing herself in a new trade with the wheat exporting countries, exceeding her old trade with the wheat importers. Her banking was beginning to feel the strain of world finance. The internal balance as between vested interests was shifting. We can gain by the experience and profit by the mistakes in cognate circumstances of our nearest prototype. Historical example and actual experiment are the only guides available in perfecting the political economy of the new era.

It is clear that we have come to a fork in the road, and that we must choose between a headlong change from an agricultural to an industrial people, on the one hand, or, on the other, a restoration of the former balance and a continuance through another and greater era as a substantially self-contained economic partnership

between industry and agriculture. If we elect the latter course, the policy of artificial stimulation of industry and the resultant artificial handicaps on agriculture must cease. Industrialization will come eventually in spite of all we may do. But in the meantime, we can maintain the wholesome influence arising from the infiltration of population from the farm and the virile social strength contributed by that element which is in immediate contact with the soil, if we seek to perpetuate as long as possible the balance between the two great lines of production.

The major economic-political issues of the near future will be Free Trade versus Protective Tariff; Inflation of Credit versus Sound Money; Exclusion versus Immigration; the character of Taxation; Government Control and Ownership of Utilities; and finally the nature of our Foreign Policy. While the differentiation between the parties has been far from definite upon these issues, the Democratic platform has in the past espoused Free Trade, modified later into a half-hearted Tariff for Revenue Only; shown a tendency towards Cheap Money (Inflation), first under the guise of Free Silver and later through the introduction of the Federal Reserve System and its reduction of required reserves; the incidence of taxation upon property owners through Direct Taxation; Exclusion as a protective embargo in favor of Labour; the increase of Government Control and Ownership; and a Foreign Policy of a liberal, idealistic, interventionist character. The Republican party has generally favored a high Protective Tariff; Sound Money on the gold basis, and, more recently, deflation of credit; Indirect Taxation; "less government in business"; Dollar Diplomacy prior to the War and non-intervention since the War. While the Republican party has taken no stand upon Restriction, it is under great pressure from powerful supporters to modify the present measures.

Immigration, as an economic issue, depends finally upon the course of action followed with reference to the Tariff. The questions of Taxation and Government Control are already clearly and correctly envisaged by the leaders of each party. The Republicans have elected the stand which should appeal to Conservatives wherever they may be, and should suit for the most part the present sectional supporters of the party.

The immediate and pressing domestic issues, upon which the alignment is now neither clear nor consistent, will be Low Tariff versus High Tariff and Sound Money versus Inflation. As yet these two questions do not seem to have been recognized as the most fundamental and momentous in consequences of all those we have to face. Their bearing upon the welfare of the various groups which go to make up the nation, and the extent to which Republican doctrine on these subjects must be modified in order to meet changing times and to secure the support of those who will naturally form the Conservative party, requires thorough examination and discussion. This I will undertake in succeeding articles.

Finally, the third great question is that of our Foreign Policy. Much pressure is now being brought to bear upon us, both from within and from without, to abandon our traditional attitude of political independence and isolation, and, upon economic grounds, to undertake to intervene in the affairs of an ailing world. Political internationalism is the new creed of some leading classes in America. It is a mixture of idealistic "good will towards men" and the beginnings of an urge to commercial empire. In its first aspect it is admirable and may, perhaps, find means of expression without the practical entanglements consequent upon definite commitments, alliances under new names, or other active diplomatic or military demonstrations. But the second aspect is to be deplored. If ever there has been an occasion when a nation might evince to the cynic world that a great, prosperous commonwealth may exist without threat of domination over or interference with other nations, without territorial ambitions, and without the instinct of exploitation, then these United States of America in the twentieth century present the opportunity. Military or commercial empire has been the ambition of all previous great nations. But always they have themselves been dominated by a military despotism or a commercial oligarchy and the people have been led as sheep to the slaughter. At this parting of the ways in our career, the American people themselves are peculiarly "in the saddle". The decision is in their own hands. And I believe they will demand a policy of non-intervention, of freedom from commitments, of "peace and good will".

From the clod of this almost thoughtless intuition, the sympathetic leaders of the masses may distil the stuff of a vision which will guide our course in the future. It will be a vision of the greatest, richest and most powerful nation in the history of the world, deliberately rejecting precedent, refusing to embark upon an imperial career with its oppression of weaker nations and its forcible acquisition of the natural wealth of foreign lands. Instead of securing its prosperity at the expense of others, it will choose to maintain none but friendly, helpful relations with all peoples, whether their civilization be backward or forward. In full realization of the interdependence of the whole world, it will accept its responsibility as leader and endeavour so to adjust its great affairs as to help, not hinder the lesser nations. Its own prosperity will be a contribution to the welfare of all. And its constructive ideal will be the demonstration, by example only, that certain social and economic principles applied in practice will solve many of the chronic problems which have beset the nations throughout history and will avert the normal process of decay. These principles are peace, work, thrift, and a temperate increase of population.

Such a career was forecast in the words of Washington, which seem so well to reflect the will and wisdom of the common people today and which, it is hoped, may in the course of time become the "shorter catechism" of the American national faith: "I believe it to be the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of this earth; and this I am persuaded they will do if rightfully it can be done."

The Republican party has done well to carry this policy into effect and to abstain from the tempting exercise of a new-found power. It will do well to continue. And at each crisis the voters can be depended on to endorse it as they did in 1920.

But what of our Economic Foreign Policy? In this field we have acquired, almost without calculation, the habit of extreme Economic Nationalism. We have recently erected an almost insuperable tariff barrier against international trade, and have declined to remove the shackles from our merchant marine, or

finance the utilization of an idle fleet which would facilitate the exchange of commodities. Moreover it has scarcely dawned upon us what responsibility is ours, through the force of circumstances, in connection with demoralized world currency and banking.

If the phrase "exchange of commodities" meant to George Washington a free and untrammeled trade between nations, to the mutual gain and advantage of each, would he have approved the artificial and inflated basis upon which by careful manipulation and restriction we are managing to support ourselves at a level out of all relation to the world at large? Surely, in this twentieth century, economic isolation and independence are incompatible with growth and prosperity within. To curtail natural trade relations is to inhibit our own development, to sacrifice our inherent advantages, and to keep our internal prosperity out of balance. Nor is it consonant with "peace and amity" without. The criteria of political and of economic policy are not analogous.

In the sphere of Economic Foreign Policy the doctrine of the Republican party is antiquated. The interests of the Conservative groups in the country demand that it be revised. Thus the major questions of economic policy, both foreign and domestic, resolve themselves into the same elements. Again the fundamentals appear to be Protection or Free Trade, and Sound Money or Inflation. And it is these subjects which will be dealt with in detail in the two following numbers of this REVIEW.

C. REINOLD NOYES.

MUSSOLINI AND THE LEAGUE

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

One of my most intimate friends happened to be with Signor Mussolini the very day—August 31—that the Italian fleet occupied Corfu, and later recounted the scene to me. The Dictator was seated behind a big table. From without, the feverish agitation that stirred Rome mounted through an open window. But Signor Mussolini remained calm—master of each of his words and movements. Suddenly, someone came in and handed him a document. He glanced through it rapidly, and murmured, "*Bene! Molto bene!*" (Good! Very good!) Then, turning to my friend, he said simply: "It is done. We have occupied Corfu. We shall occupy it until we have received complete satisfaction." And, quietly, he gave a detailed account of the case, as if speaking of something that had happened long ago.

"It was not for his personal pleasure that General Tellini covered the ground along the Albanian frontier, defining its boundaries, and placing frontier posts. Neither did he do this for Italy. He was there on the order of all the Allied Governments. He was there to accomplish an act that was essentially pacific—that of delimiting the frontier between Greece and Albania. He had already been threatened twice before. The Greeks, dissatisfied with the line traced by the Inter-Allied Commission, held him responsible. They had twice before registered a vehement protest against his decisions, and the very night that preceded his assassination they displaced the frontier posts that had been set up by the Inter-Allied Commissioners. Their moral participation in the perpetration of the crime is beyond doubt. Their legal responsibility for the crime is just as certain. Well, I hold that we must finish once and for all with such savage proceedings. We are continually speaking of first and second class Powers. No! There are neither first nor second class Powers. All countries are morally equal, and have the same

rights. But they also have the same duties. The rights of a small Power do not extend to the point where it may with impunity assassinate the representatives of a greater Power. If they ignore this, they must take the consequences."

My friend pointed out that the Italian decision might be variously interpreted in the rest of Europe and America. "Your decision will no doubt be understood in Paris," he said, "but it will probably be blamed in London." Mussolini's face flushed. His eyes brightened, and his voice fell. "Really?" he exclaimed sarcastically. "So this is the first time that one country having a complaint against another has acted energetically? Is this the first time that a country wishing to obtain satisfaction has seized its guarantees? Is it?

"Let me tell you a story taken from history. In 1850, a Portuguese Jew, protected by England, Don Pacifico, living in the Piræus, was pillaged in the course of a riot. He immediately asked for an indemnity of 800,000 drachmas. He received nothing. He then appealed to England, his protector. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister. He replied immediately by sending a British fleet, under the command of Admiral Parker, which blockaded the Piræus, and captured two hundred Greek vessels. The House of Lords found that Lord Palmerston had gone a bit too far, and gave him a vote of censure. But Palmerston appealed to the House of Commons. A formidable debate opened on the subject, and lasted for three days. Palmerston spoke for four hours, and carried off one of the greatest victories of his political career. What did he say? He affirmed the right of England to substitute its action where a foreign court proved itself to be manifestly incompetent; and proclaimed the right of every British citizen to say to the entire world '*Civis Britannicus sum!*' He was acclaimed by the House of Commons. Peel, his adversary, cried in admiration, 'He makes us all proud of him!' And, from that day, Palmerston was called 'the great Pam'. That is what we find in history. So, if for 800,000 drachmas not paid to a Portuguese protégé England could capture two hundred Greek vessels, how many islands has Italy the right to seize for 50,000,000 lire not paid in reparation for the massacre of an entire mission?"

"Why," asked my friend, "do not you permit the League of Nations, now sitting in Geneva, to arbitrate the matter?"

"Because there is nothing to be arbitrated," was the quick reply. "We have no intention of declaring war on Greece, nor has Greece, we believe, the intention of declaring war on us. We have no intention of annexing Corfu—we are merely going to occupy it until Greece has satisfied our demands. These demands are not open to discussion; they do not envisage any change in European status, either political or territorial; they merely ask for apologies, salutes, and the payment of an indemnity for people who were assassinated while accomplishing a pacific mission confided to them by an international organization. These demands we cannot submit to the judgment of Geneva, where the eventual judges have already manifested but too clearly how their judgment would run."

Signor Mussolini had recovered all his calm, and his voice once more became quiet. At this moment the telephone bell rang. The Dictator picked up the receiver and listened. And the same man, who had just shown remarkable *sang froid* in speaking of diplomatic problems dealing with the peace of the world, seemed to be terribly upset, exclaiming, "*E terribile! E una giornata nera!*" (It is terrible! It is indeed a black day!) Tears came to his eyes.

My friend was anxious. He believed some terrible international incident had occurred. But no, it was something else. Two aeronautical accidents had occurred, the one after the other; and four aviators had been killed. They were Italians, young, audacious, and active, who had risked their lives in the air, just as the Dictator himself daily risks his life in automobiles and aeroplanes. And, in the depths of his sorrow, the man who had just shown himself insensible now broke down like a child. All of Mussolini reflected itself in that scene.

But let us go to the bottom of this dispute, which after all was less a dispute between Italy and Greece than one between Italy and the League of Nations. "Geneva," the Italian Dictator had said, "is not qualified to pronounce itself between Rome and Athens. Geneva has not the spirit of an arbitrator." Is this so? If so, what must we think of it?

I happened to be in Geneva when, on September 6, the affair was brought up before the League. A public that was both ardent and nervous filled the Assembly room. The air was fairly saturated with feverish passion. The emotion of the audience reached its height after it had heard Signor Salandra plead the cause of Italy and M. Politis that of Greece. Lord Robert Cecil rose. A strange light burned in his eyes. With impressive solemnity, he asked that the articles of the pact be read. He then added: "If the treaties are not observed, Europe no longer exists." A thrill passed through the galleries; and the reporters stopped writing to applaud. Women stood up and acclaimed the speaker, waving their handkerchiefs. But, for my part, I could not help but think that there were in the Peace Treaty many other articles that are now dead letters. There is, for example, Article 226, which states: "*The Allied and Associated Powers publicly accuse William II of Hohenzollern of supreme offence against international morals and the sacred authority of treaties. A special tribunal shall be constituted to judge the accused.*" This was signed by twenty-seven nations. The article has never been observed; yet Europe continues to exist.

In fact, I have never had so little an impression of a Court of Justice as I had that day of September 6, 1923, when the League of Nations wanted to render justice. Both the jury and the audience were agitated with too much passion. In order to render international justice, just as in the rendering of justice in an ordinary criminal case, a more serene atmosphere, and less noise, is necessary. It is necessary to feel that politics is not brooding over the court. It is also necessary that an inflexible jurisprudence exist upon which the judges may lean with authority. Now the Geneva court has no definite rule of judgment; and its attitude may vary according to time, circumstances and the pleaders. One cannot, for instance, help being struck by its indifference toward events in the Near East in 1921 and 1922. At that time, the whole of Asia Minor was a prey to fire and sword. Fighting was taking place along thousands and thousands of miles. Whole provinces were devastated. Towns were burning. Thousands of human beings perished. Greece threw herself headlong into the conquest of an immense territory.

What did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And the only initiative that the League of Nations thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!

Now, this was by no means the first case wherein the League of Nations had been called upon to act on serious divergences between its members. It was at least the fourth. Once, it had before it a divergence between Bolivia and Chile; a second time it was asked to arbitrate between Poland and Lithuania on the Vilna problem; a third time between Great Britain and France on Upper Silesia; and, most recently, on the dispute between Italy and Greece. Let us see what the verdict of the World's Court was in each of these cases.

One day, in September, 1921, Bolivia bitterly complained against Chile before the Assembly of the League. "Our country is as large as France," its delegate pointed out pathetically, "yet, because of a treaty imposed upon us after our defeat of 1883, we are in a state of semi-dependence. We are cut off from the sea; and in view of the fact that Article 19 of the pact states that 'The League from time to time may invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable,' we ask for a revision of the treaty that has been imposed upon us." Chile objected that one could not continually revise treaties. Furthermore, it added with some pertinence, the Monroe Doctrine did not permit the League of Nations to intervene in the quarrels of the various American States. Seized with respect and terror at this invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been so careful about formulating an opinion that Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply.

With regard to Vilna, claimed by Lithuania, and annexed by Poland, the attitude of the League has been even more ridiculous. M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian statesman, who was charged by the League with the arbitration of this difference, rendered three successive judgments, none of which has been executed; the Lithuanians taking in his decision that part which served their purpose, and refusing to adhere to that part which displeased

them. The Poles did the same. For two years, the League endeavoured to conciliate the enemy pleaders, with no results. Finally, on March 14, 1923, the Council of Ambassadors, sitting in Paris, traced the eastern frontiers of Poland, and assigned Vilna to that country. That was the end of the dispute. All the merit for this goes to the Council of Ambassadors.

The case of Upper Silesia is practically the only one wherein the decision of the League of Nations was strictly and immediately adhered to by the appealing parties, Great Britain and France. It is therefore the case of which the League is most proud. Now, whenever anyone casts any doubt on the authority of the Geneva Assembly, he is immediately confronted with the Upper Silesia decision. "Do not forget," one is told, "that the League solved the problem confronting the world in Upper Silesia." But, in all honour, one may still point out that any other arbiter might have settled it in a like manner. If, instead of appealing to the Council of the League of Nations, France and Great Britain had appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, or to the Pope, they might no doubt have obtained a similar verdict; and have bowed before it just as they bowed before the decision of the Geneva Council.

Last, but not least, we have had the conflict between Italy and Greece. It has been settled—but not by the League of Nations. It has been settled by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris.

So, to sum up, of the four cases brought before the League for judgment, in the first (the case of Bolivia and Chile), it failed to render any decision at all; in the second (the case of Vilna), and in the fourth (that of Corfu), it failed to conciliate the pleaders, and was forced to place them in the hands of the Council of Ambassadors in Paris. It was only once (in the case of Upper Silesia) that it succeeded. But any one would have succeeded, as the adverse parties had decided to submit the question to arbitration. Even then, we assisted at the extraordinary spectacle of one of the judges—the Spanish arbiter—refusing to take the responsibility of forming the sentence, and passing his pen to another judge—the Japanese arbiter. This explains why, today, so many Europeans are but little disposed to consider the League of Nations as the World's Court

of Justice, and why they feel much more inclined to look upon it as a club. It may be a club in the high sense of the word. It may be a club where great and noble problems are discussed; and where countries separated by natural distance may learn to know each other, and thereby to come to a better mutual understanding. How many personal susceptibilities may be smoothed out by the mutual relations brought up in a club! What useful arrangements can there not be made through the medium of a club! But a Court of Justice needs something more—more authority—and something less—less nervosity.

Now let us return to the Greco-Italian conflict, and form our conclusions. The conflict has cast light upon a certain number of points that should not be forgotten. In the first place it has proved that in the actual state of Europe, one must unhappily expect here and there certain acts of violence. Certain countries still value human life too lightly; and the representatives of the most pacific organizations, working for the most justifiable of purposes, run as much risk of being killed as the soldiers who some eight years ago ventured forth to battle from their trenches. If the nation whose representative had been foully murdered is a bit quick-blooded, can one stop it from desiring to avenge the outrage at once? Can one stop it from defending its dignity?

And again, it has once more been proved that the old form of diplomacy, which has been so criticised and condemned,—the old diplomacy, silent and knowing its business,—is still more efficient than the new diplomacy, so idolized, which discusses matters in the street in its shirt sleeves. It was really marvelous to note how four old diplomats of the Paris Council solved the problem of Corfu, of which the one hundred and twenty younger diplomats of the League of Nations did not even dare to take hold.

Signor Mussolini is perhaps the newest man in Europe. He has, however, put into relief some of the oldest axioms in the world—that humanity can perfect itself but slowly; and that it is not enough simply to draw up a Covenant in order to bring peace on earth. No Super-State can keep ordinary States from quarrelling, any more than the Super-God Jupiter in his Olympian heights could appease the dissensions among the ordinary gods.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

"WHEN GERMANY OCCUPIED FRANCE": A REPLY

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

Professor of History at the University of Berlin

I ASK permission to add some supplementary remarks to the article[1] which Mr. Stephane Lauzanne has published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Mr. Lauzanne says Germany (he writes "Prussia") in the war of 1870 had "so to say not even suffered as much as a broken window". He has forgotten that at that time, next to England, France was the strongest naval power, and that Germany then, so to speak, had no navy whatever. Owing to this fact the French were able completely to interrupt Germany's overseas trade and to inflict great damage upon it. Germany's overseas trade, though not nearly as important as in 1914, was even then of very considerable volume.

Mr. Lauzanne lays stress upon the allegation that the Allied and Associated Powers in 1919 had demanded no indemnity from Germany, "but merely asked reparation for the terrible destruction of life and property". He omits to say that the Allied and Associated Powers in the Armistice had solemnly pledged themselves to demand compensation solely for the damages inflicted upon the *civilian* population. If this stipulation had been adhered to, Germany would have fulfilled her obligations long ago and peace would reign in the world. In the Treaty of Versailles, however, Germany's obligations were extended by the interpretation that the soldiers, too, who subsequently returned to civilian life, belonged to the civilian population, and on the strength of this argument Germany was also burdened with all pensions. President Wilson objected and his juridical advisers declared that no American lawyer would lend

[1] Entitled *When Germany Occupied France*.—THE EDITORS.

himself to approve this interpretation. In spite of this, however, the President gave way to the joint pressure of Lloyd George and Clémenceau. Thereby German reparations have been trebled. Germany asserts, in concurrence with almost all financial experts of the world, that the performance exceeds her capacity of payment. She offers a neutral impartial investigation and Court of Arbitration. France, however, declines this offer and, without the slightest legal title, occupies a number of German towns and the Ruhr District.

Mr. Lauzanne says that, with the exception of the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, the Treaty of Versailles had provided no guarantee for its fulfilment. He is forgetting the principal thing, viz., the complete disarmament of Germany, dismantling of fortresses, and neutralization of a zone of 50 kilometres east of the Rhine. In 1871 Germany not only did not disarm France but, on the contrary, returned to her all prisoners of war and allowed them to be supplied with arms in order to enable France to suppress the revolutionary outbreak of the Commune and to reëstablish inland order. For the reason that France remained under arms, Germany was compelled to keep parts of French territory occupied until payment of the reparation. For the rest, however, Germany did everything that was possible to facilitate a speedy payment of the reparation on the part of the French; she furthered the International Loan, and even German bankers subscribed to it; today, however, France does everything in her power to make payments by Germany impossible. Mr. Poincaré himself has publicly stated that he would be displeased if Germany were to pay, for the reason that then France would have to evacuate the Rhineland. (*Le Populaire* of July 26, 1922.) When Mr. Briand was endeavouring to conclude an agreement which would have given Germany a possibility of payment, he was overthrown by Mr. Poincaré.

Mr. Lauzanne compares the payment of her debt by France to Germany within two years with Germany's non-payment today. This comparison requires a supplement in the form of the question as to the reason why France paid and Germany has not. France paid, because the amount fixed was so reasonable that the coun-

try was able to pay it within a short time and because German policy aided the speedy restoration of French credit. Germany has not paid, because the sum demanded exceeds her capacity and because French policy prevents the restoration of Germany's credit. The devastation which French policy causes in German economic life today is immeasurably greater by far than all the devastation which the four years of war caused in French economic life. If the French really intended nothing but the payment of a reparation within the limits of Germany's capacity, there would be a very simple remedy in their hands. The occupation of the Rhine and Ruhr District is the most unfit method for obtaining payments from Germany, for the reason that the costs of occupation devour the greatest part of what Germany is able to pay, and because the occupation is most seriously injurious to German economic life. The foreign army of occupation in the Rhine Province is twice as large in numbers as the German troops garrisoned there before 1914. The pay of an English private (according to the rate of exchange prior to the invasion of the Ruhr District) amounted to about one and a half times the salary of the German Chancellor; a General who presides over one of the innumerable Commissions of Control receives, beside his quarters, a cash salary higher than the total salaries of the President of the German Republic, the German Chancellor, all twelve Federal Ministers and all eight Prussian Ministers together.

If France were to evacuate all the occupied territory, with the reservation of reoccupying it should Germany fall in arrears in payments, France would be in possession of a guarantee that could not possibly be more effective and productive. For Germany would make the most extreme efforts to forestall reoccupation by French troops by punctual payments. In case one were to reply that Bismarck, though a wise statesman, did not proceed in this manner in 1871, but kept French Departments occupied until payment, reference must be made to the vast difference that France then had an army, arms and fortifications, whereas Germany today is defenceless. The fact that the French were able to occupy Düsseldorf, Duisburg, the Ruhr District and many other towns, and that according to German opinion in

contravention of the Treaty of Versailles, without any resistance having been offered by Germany, proves that Germany is completely in the hands of France.

Why then does France need further guarantees, if she really wishes nothing but the payment of the reparation due to her? Mr. Lauzanne cites Mr. Poincaré as saying: "We shall not hold this mortgage a single day longer than is necessary." Germany and a great part of the world believe, however, that Mr. Poincaré and the French Government will always assert that the occupation of the district is "absolutely necessary" for France. As regards Bismarck, it is an established fact that he wished the occupation of French territory to last as short a time as possible. Mr. Poincaré has the opposite desire. This seems to be a very essential difference between the occupation of that time and of today.

From this difference many other things follow. Mr. Lauzanne refers to the very reasonable instructions which President Thiers at that time issued to the French officials, and asks why President Ebert did not act in the same way. This comparison must be supplemented by the facts that, first, Bismarck at that time issued exactly the same instructions as Thiers; and, second, that the German authorities today have shown even greater considerateness than the French at that time, but that the atrocious brutality with which the French troops of occupation oppress the German population in the occupied territory does not tend to establish now the friendly relations which actually existed between the German troops of occupation and the French population from 1871 to 1873.

I do not wish to illustrate here the incredible atrocities with which the French troops of occupation systematically torture the German population. Even in war there would be no excuse for many of them. Every day people who, peacefully and expecting no wrong, walk along the streets, are shot by French patrols. Many thousands of officials, provincial governors, burgomasters, railway officials, post officials, forest officials, customs officials, have been driven from their homes and expelled from the occupied territory, and not only they alone but also their whole families. Suddenly, within a few hours, sometimes,

these unfortunate ones have had to leave their home and were not allowed to take any of their belongings with them except those they stood in. Women and children were driven out in the rain, those even with newborn babes. Schools and hospitals were commandeered for the French troops. Even in war confiscation of the monies of private banks is prohibited; the French, however, do so incessantly in the occupied territory, forcibly breaking open the safes. They have stolen the printing blocks of the Reichsbank and print counterfeit money. Whosoever wishes to obtain more minute information as to these conditions, I would refer to the July number of the *Deutsche Nation*. It appears to me that therein the reason is very well explained too why these atrocities do not attract greater attention in the world, but rather meet with mistrust, incredulity and indifference:

> Where is the cause to be found? For five years the Allied and Associated Powers have inundated the world with tales, pictures and films of German atrocities. Pictures of soldiers with tongues torn out, of women with dismembered bodies, of children chopped in pieces, were manufactured from old illustrations of Russian pogroms, of murders preceded by rape, and so forth, and for years have been believed. Who would not believe what he sees with his own eyes in black and white in a picture? Meanwhile the methods which were applied during the war have become known; reminiscences of the atrocities manufacturers, proud references to the work performed and the cleverness shown, together with concrete proofs of the falsifications, have unveiled the lie, and have filled the world, in particular the Anglo-American world, with a *post festum* nausea. Now no one wishes to hear more of atrocities, and the Germans, who at first had to suffer from the belief in the atrocities falsely imputed to them, today have to suffer from that incredulity: one is of opinion that pictures and stories of French atrocities originate in similar methods, refuses to believe them and indifferently turns away.

If one inspects more closely what Mr. Lauzanne has to say, as to the—as he calls it—"bestial" behaviour of the Germans in 1871–1873, one finds nothing but some insignificant social frictions and, in particular, a decree of Bismarck, in which he threatens that, if French courts of justice would not punish murders of German soldiers, he would demand the extradition of the murderers and, in case of necessity, would take hostages. Mr. Lauzanne alleges that the Commander-in-Chief of the

German troops in France, General v. Manteuffel himself, said of this note: "I am really surprised at its brutal violence and outrageous perfidy." It is true that Comte St. Vallier reported to Thiers such a remark of v. Manteuffel. From this report, however, it may also be seen that there existed the greatest friction between Bismarck and v. Manteuffel at that time, and that each suspected the other of intriguing against him. The question may be left open whether the Comte St. Vallier on his part has not exaggerated the remark of v. Manteuffel's. If one personally examines the note of Bismarck, nothing whatever is found therein which might give cause for such a judgment. Let us see: A German soldier had been murdered. During the trial the defending counsel had said of the accused: "*Il a eu raison de dire je voudrais tuer un prussien. Qui donc de nous n'a pas dit cent fois, je voudrais tuer 200,000 de ces brigands?*" Thereupon the jury, though the Public Prosecutor himself requested the most severe punishment, acquitted the man. Bismarck, however, restricted himself to a mere threat in case of recurrence, and simultaneously reported to the German Emperor that he did not wish to do anything further, in order not to cause difficulties to the French Government. This is the action which General v. Manteuffel is reported to have designated as brutal and perfidious. Mr. Lauzanne further compares the acquittal of that murderer with the acquittal of certain so-called war criminals by the German Supreme Court in Leipzig. He forgets, in the first instance, that not only acquittals but sentences as well have been given in Leipzig, and further, that in the one case deeds committed in war time are concerned, where the border between permissible and prohibited is sometimes indistinct, whereas in the other case premeditated murder in peace is in question.

Mr. Lauzanne himself, in the end, cannot abstain from saying that General v. Manteuffel "despite all showed himself to be human enough and generous enough during the occupation". This remark, too, I should like to supplement by a few sentences. When the occupation had come to an end, the new President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, wrote to General v. Manteuffel: "*Au moment où les troupes allemandes vont quitter le territoire*

français, je crois devoir exprimer á leur commandant en chef les sentiments que je prouve pour la justice et l' impartialité dont il a fait preuve dans la mission difficile qui lui était confiée." Mr. Thiers himself, however, sent to General v. Manteuffel a copy of his historical work: *Du Consulat et de l'Empire*, with the dedication: "*A son excellence le général de Manteuffel, en souvenir de son humaine et généreuse administration des provinces occupées françaises, dévoué A. Thiers.*"

Perhaps these were but phrases of courtesy? Oh, no! The French Ambassador, Comte St. Vallier, reports to his Government (March 7, 1872): "Manteuffel fully shares your view as to the interest which his country as well as ours has in not drawing out the occupation too long;" on July 7: "Manteuffel, as far as is in his power, will ease the heavy burden by his endeavours;" on February 23, 1873: "The generous sentiments of Manteuffel make the occupation bearable for the population;" and ultimately, on September 27, 1873: "Manteuffel, too, though he is Prussian, deserves a page of sincere gratitude in our historical records."

Mr. Stephane Lauzanne, however, without being able to cite a single outrage, calls the behaviour of the Germans during the occupation "bestial."

This judgment of Mr. Stephane Lauzanne I should like to contrast with the following letter of his famous compatriot, Comte Gobineau, directed to the Earl of Lytton, later British Ambassador in Paris. He writes: "It is possible that one will speak to you of the personal atrocities committed by the Prussians. I ask you to tell all those who talk like that, that I have had in my house sixty officers and 500 soldiers of all arms, and on my country estate 3,000 Prussian troops, and that neither a blade of straw has been stolen, nor a woman insulted, nor a child terrified."

HANS DELBRÜCK.

JOHN MORLEY: 1838–1923

BY W. L. AND JANET E. COURTNEY

"LIGHT rather than heat!" It is his own phrase, summing up what to him seemed the great need of the age in which he grew up to manhood. But it might well serve as an epitaph for the statesman and thinker—austere, remote, seeking always to keep burning the clear flame of truth undimmed by any concession to prejudice or superstition. His was not a personality to kindle enthusiasm, but he never failed to command respect, and as the years went on, and one by one the great Victorians passed into silence, John Morley came to symbolize for his countrymen that tradition of honesty, uprightness and uncompromising devotion to the truth as he saw it, which is the very opposite to the temper of the politician. Men might disagree with Morley,—they often did, especially with his Irish policy,—but they never attributed his action to mean motives; they knew him at heart to be disinterested.

He was Lancashire born, a North Countryman through and through. His father, a surgeon, came from the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his mother was Northumbrian. He, himself, was born at Blackburn, then a newly risen Lancashire cotton town, lying in a valley between bleak moorland ridges, a hive of industry with little of beauty to soften life for its citizens. "The punctual clang of the factory bell in dark early mornings, with the clatter of the wooden clogs as their wearers hastened along the stone flags to the mill, the ceaseless search for improvements in steam power and machinery and extension of new markets, the steady industry, the iron regularity of days and hours, long remained in memory as the background of youth, with perhaps a silent passage into my own ways and mental habits from the circumambient atmosphere of some traits of my compatriots."

Though his up-bringing was not definitely Nonconformist, all

his surroundings were Puritan. The prevailing spirit of the Lancashire folk was, as he says, "stiffly Evangelical." His own father had indeed turned from Wesleyanism to Anglicanism, why, his son never knew; but he retained an equal horror of Puseyites and German infidels, and he sent the boy to a school kept by an Independent. Young Morley seems to have inherited bookishness. His father carried pocket editions of Virgil, Racine and Byron about with him on his daily rounds, and strained his resources later to send his son to schools he could with difficulty afford; University College School in London, and then Cheltenham College. There the boy distinguished himself, especially in Greek verse—not, perhaps, the direction one would have expected. Indeed one of his tutors said of an attempt at a prize poem that his "verse showed many of the elements of a sound prose style". He won a scholarship, at the expense of a pious founder, to Lincoln College, Oxford, once the home of John Wesley, whose old rooms Morley now found himself occupying. The college at the moment had fallen on evil days; its Rector was a more or less illiterate clergyman, and its later famous Head, Mark Pattison, was sulking in his tents. But in Thomas Fowler, afterwards head of Corpus, Morley found a sympathetic tutor, who trained him in the Aristotelian philosophy congenial to his Lancastrian temperament. Conington on Virgil, A. P. Stanley (afterwards Dean) on ecclesiastical history, Mansel on the philosophy of intuitionalism, Goldwin Smith as an exponent of Liberalism, were amongst his teachers. He was a great hearer of sermons, having, as he confesses, "an irresistible weakness for the taking gift of unction" (how this must later have attracted him to Gladstone!) Newman's golden voice had long sunk to silence in another communion. Bishop Wilberforce now occupied the University pulpit, but he excelled in that special quality, his only later rival in Morley's opinion being Charles Spurgeon, the famous pastor of the South London Tabernacle, with his "glorious voice, unquestioning faith, full and ready knowledge of apt texts of the Bible, and deep and earnest desire to reach the hearts of congregations". It is interesting in this connection to recall that Morley himself had been destined to take Orders. Life at Oxford, he says, so far "shook the foundations" of his early

beliefs that this was out of the question; but he retained to the end many of the characteristics of a preacher and prophet.

Amongst other influences of the mid-Victorian period to which he belonged,—his Oxford life fell in the decade 1850–60,—he mentions George Eliot and Cotter Morison. George Eliot in 1857 "began the career of story-teller 'in shadowy thoroughfares of thought' that laid such hold upon the reading England of her time and made critics of high authority, both French and English, both Catholic and Rationalist, call her the most considerable literary personality since the death of Goethe." No doubt this was an extravagant estimate. "Experience," as Morley says, "brings discrimination;" but he adds his own conviction that Acton was right when he called her teaching "the highest within the resources to which Atheism is restricted". Cotter Morison's influence was more personal. *The Service of Man*, that work with the "pregnant and moving name", was in Morley's opinion "a miscarriage both of thought and composition . . . the rash attempt of failing days", though "it could not impair the captivating comradeship of his prime".

But Agnosticism, Rationalism, Atheism, or whatever name was attached to freedom of thought, was less the distinctive note of the period than Liberalism, using that word in its noblest and widest connotation. From the bankruptcy of creeds—"there is not a creed which is not shaken . . . not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve", said Matthew Arnold of the time—young and ardent spirits turned to the hope of progress, to striving for the uplifting of man. Here is Morley's own definition of the true Liberalism; it may well stand as an expression of his life-long faith:

> Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgment of all claims of external authority, whether in an organised Church, or in more loosely gathered societies of believers, or in books held sacred. In law-making it does not neglect the higher characteristics of human nature, it attends to them first. In executive administration, though judge, gaoler, and perhaps the hangman will be indispensable, still mercy is counted a wise supplement to terror. General Gordon spoke a noble word for Liberalist ideas when he upheld the sovereign duty of trying to creep under men's skins—only another way of putting the Golden Rule. The

whole creed is a good deal too comprehensive to be written out here, and it is far more than a formalized creed. Treitschke, the greatest of modern Absolutists, lays it down that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected is the work of Liberalism.

What Morley felt about the counter theory, Militarism,—"that point blank opposite of Liberalism in its fullest and profoundest sense, whatever the scale and whatever the disguise,"—he was often later to testify, about Egypt in the 'eighties, at the time of the South African War, and most emphatically of all in 1914, when he withdrew from Mr. Asquith's Government.

To a young man of his views with slender means, the choice of a profession presented difficulties. The Church was barred, and Agnosticism was scarcely a recommendation for a teacher. He could not well afford to go to the Bar, though in later life he regretted the loss of "its fine gymnastic in combined common sense, accurate expression and strong thought". There was little left but journalism. He had not been able to afford the longer Honours course at Oxford and left with a Pass degree owing to the necessity of immediate earning. Obviously the Liberal press, such as it then was, was his appropriate destination, and he joined the staff of *The Leader*, edited by George Henry Lewes. This paper shortly expired, and so did a weekly called *The Literary Gazette* (later *The Parthenon*) which Morley edited for a short time. He next became a fairly regular, though anonymous, contributor to *The Saturday Review*, then at the height of its reputation, until in 1867 his old connection with Lewes brought him the reversion of the editorship of *The Fortnightly Review*.

This had been founded in May, 1865, by Anthony Trollope, Frederic Chapman and Lewes, with Lewes as its first editor. One of its fundamental principles, as appears from its original prospectus, was the signing of contributions. The *Review* was to be in no sense a party organ. Every writer was to be free "to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity"—provided he put his name to them. How revolutionary this proposal seemed to a public used to quarterlies directed by an editor of pronounced views and entirely regardless of any standpoint but his own, is clear from the criticism of an

Edinburgh publisher, who said he had always thought highly of Lewes's judgment "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles and open to both sides of every question".

Like many new ventures *The Fortnightly* had early to be "reconstructed". The first "Company Ltd." who put up the money, chiefly the three founders, were soon at the end of their resources. The *Review* was then made over to its publishers. It had already ceased to be "fortnightly" in anything but name. Lewes gave up the editorship before the end of its second year, and in January, 1867, John Morley became its editor. He held the post for fifteen years, a period as memorable in the political history of England as any that could be named. And though so strong and determined a personality could hardly fail to stamp its impress upon any publication he edited, Morley was not the man to refuse a hearing to sincere advocates of views opposed to his own.

To one part of the original prospectus he faithfully adhered. Anonymous journalism was never to his taste. A very early contribution by himself in his first year of editorship was devoted to this subject; it contains a most interesting estimate of the power of journalism and a protest against the prevailing practice of anonymity. Morley took his profession very seriously. "The immeasurably momentous task of forming national opinion," he thought, should not be entrusted to a body of men whom secrecy made irresponsible. He admits that much journalism, though strictly speaking anonymous, can by the initiated be identified as the work of particular writers; but he justly urges that the great mass of newspaper readers have neither the knowledge nor the capacity to make the necessary allowance for the personal equation. "Let us never forget that the exertion of mental activity upon public transactions, still more upon questions involving some powers of abstract thought, is thoroughly exceptional." The leader writer, therefore, is only too often in the position of an oracle; it is of the utmost importance that he should be imbued with a sense of full responsibility, and there is no greater safeguard against frivolous and irresponsible writing than the necessity of signing it and possibly having to defend it in

person. There never was a period, in his opinion, when it more behooved men to speak out. He complains of the "artificial and unnatural silence" of English society. "On every kind of subject men shrink from speaking the things which are clearest and most constant in their own minds. . . . But silence cannot be an eternal condition of things. Men will not always continue to revere hollow and eviscerated conventions. . . . If controversy is to become more sincere, more earnest, more direct, and if, therefore, there is to be more hard hitting, it is indispensable that those who take a part in it should give the strongest possible guarantee that they mean exactly what they profess to mean, neither more nor less, and that they are ready to stand by it."

There was plenty of hard hitting, both within and without the pages of *The Fortnightly Review*, during John Morley's editorship. Frederic Harrison's powerful defence of the trade unions was denounced by outside critics as "incendiary". *The Fortnightly's* advocacy of free education and its defence of Forster's modified undenominationalism in the public schools, were interpreted as a deliberate plot for suppressing the Bible in education. Because writers like Harrison, of Comtist opinions, were allowed to contribute, the *Review* was often called the organ of Comtism. When Morley was giving up the editorship, in 1882, he referred to this charge. He frankly admitted that the *Review* under him had "unquestionably gathered round it some of the associations of sect". But he argued that the wider term Positivist better described it than Comtist, since only a few of its contributors were disciples of Comte, and he urged further that the great political programme, Free Labour, Free Land, Free Schools, Free Church, preached in its pages, was wider even than the Positive creed. If a label must be found—and "this passion for a label is, after all, an infirmity"—he would have preferred the great word Liberalism, the religion of himself and those like-minded who had left the orthodox creeds.

His own deepest convictions on this question of free thought and free speech found expression in the essay *On Compromise*, published in 1874. "No compromise about it but the name," said contemporary critics; and indeed on its title page Morley

quotes Archbishop Whately's saying: "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." After analyzing at some length the English dislike of general principles, neglect of the Historic Method and persistent tendency to compromise, he gives two striking instances of the moral confusion introduced into politics by this exaltation of expediency above truth—England's expressed sympathy with the Southern Slave States during the American Civil War, and her condonation of the unscrupulous methods whereby Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor of the French.

Writing so soon after the event, he cannot but be struck by the swift Nemesis which overtook the Imperial adventurer. "Not often in history has the great truth that 'morality is the nature of things' received corroboration so prompt and timely." Yet this is no occasion for surprise:

> We need not commit ourselves to the optimistic or sentimental hypothesis that wickedness always fares ill in the world. . . . The claims of morality to our allegiance, so far as its precepts are solidly established, rest on the same positive base as our faith in the truth of physical laws. Moral principles, when they are true, are at bottom only registered generalizations from experience. They record certain uniformities of antecedence and consequence in the region of human conduct. Want of faith in the persistency of these uniformities is only a little less fatuous in the moral order than a corresponding want of faith would instantly disclose itself to be in the purely physical order. . . . The system of the Second Empire was an immoral system. Unless all the lessons of human experience were futile and all the principles of morality were articles of pedantry, such a system must inevitably bring disaster. . . . Yet because the catastrophe lingered, opinion in England began to admit the possibility of evil being for this once good and to treat any reference to the moral and political principles which condemned the imperial system . . . as simply the pretext of a mutinous or utopian impatience.

The essay contains many pregnant sayings. The time in which he wrote seemed to him, as to Matthew Arnold, more than any previous time an age of "transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale, old fears dim; strong sanctions are become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power . . . conscience has lost its strong and on-pressing energy,

and the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge. . . . The souls of men have become void. Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity." What is the remedy? Not, as the timourous urge, hiding the light and allowing error to persist for its usefulness's sake. To the contention that "for the mass of men . . . use and wont, prejudices, superstitions—however erroneous in themselves—are the only safe guardians of the common virtues", Morley replies that though the mass may walk in little light, "whatever impairs the brightness of such light as a man has is not useful but hurtful". To hold error is to make the intelligence less and less ready to receive truth. Moreover, to associate virtue with error, as for instance to threaten little children with hell fire, is to risk the associated virtue directly they discover the baselessness of the threat.

No, none are more deeply interested in upholding a high ideal of conduct than "those who no longer place their highest faith in powers above and beyond men". To these the "cherishing the integrity and worthiness of man himself" must be a supreme object. Matthew Arnold expressed the same truth in his fine sonnet, *The Better Part:*

> Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high.
> Sits there no Judge in Heaven our sin to see?
> More strictly, then, the inward Judge obey!
> Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
> If we then, too, can be such men as He!

By sinning against intellectual honesty, more than by anything else, man can make his own hell. "We do not find out until it is too late that the intellect . . . has its sensitiveness. It loses its colour and potency and finer fragrance in an atmosphere of mean purpose. . . . Those who deliberately and knowingly sell their intellectual birthright for a mess of pottage . . . have a hell of their own; words can add no bitterness to it." Such self-deception is Plato's "lie in the soul", the Gospels' "sin against the Holy Ghost", "and it is not any more shocking to the most devout believer than it is to people who doubt whether there be any Holy Ghost or not".

It is impossible to read many pages of Morley without seeing

how deeply he and his generation had been imbued by their early training in the Scriptures. It is not only the language but the very thought of the Hebrew Bible. Is this as true now? Will it be true at all of the next generation? And if not, will not thought, as well as its manner of expression, have suffered a grievous loss?

But to turn from John Morley the preacher to John Morley the publicist, soon to become the great parliamentarian. For the last three years of his editorship of *The Fortnightly*, he also edited *The Pall Mall Gazette* and made of that daily evening paper a stalwart champion of Liberalism. W. T. Stead was associated with him, and took over the editorship in 1883 when Morley stood successfully for Parliament, being elected Liberal member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Under Stead the paper continued its Liberalism and its championship of social reform with equal zeal and more daring but less balanced judgment. Morley meanwhile was associated in the House of Commons, as he had been previously in *The Fortnightly*, with Joseph Chamberlain, whose articles on the New Radicalism had terrified country parsonages in the middle 'seventies. Their paths were later to diverge, Morley going with his leader, Gladstone, whole-heartedly in his Irish policy, whilst Chamberlain reverted to Unionism, even to Imperialism and Protectionism, views at the opposite poles to Morley's most cherished convictions.

We are here concerned, however, rather with Morley the man of letters than with Morley the statesman, the Irish Secretary of Gladstone's Government, or the Secretary for India under Mr. Asquith. He had very early sat at the feet of John Stuart Mill, and from him imbibed the spirit of the English Utilitarian philosophers. He owed also to that same influence his abiding interest in French thought, especially the thought of the philosophers immediately preceding the French Revolution. That Revolution, its intellectual origins and its results, could not but fascinate a man of Morley's humanitarian sympathies, and no disciple of Comte could fail to find in it the roots of the Positive philosophy. Moreover Carlyle's book on the subject, owing much as it did to Mill, though diverging under German influences into a glorification of German culture as against that of France,

had attracted the attention of all England at the time. One of Morley's earliest studies of French thought, his life of Voltaire, published in 1872, tried to redress the balance. Carlyle had sought to discrown Voltaire and to put Goethe on the throne. He had treated Diderot and the Encyclopædists with contempt. He had spoken of the French Revolution as though it were little more than a tragic farce without any deep-lying causes or any lasting results.

Such a view was impossible to a disciple of Mill and a believer in the Historic Method. Morley sought to show that Voltaire was not, as Carlyle had said, the incarnation of scepticism. On the contrary, he was an unwearied seeker after knowledge, insisting that we must criticize, discuss, bring all things into question—not so as to leave them in uncertainty but rather to lead up to some positive conclusion. And so with the other French thinkers, Diderot, Condorcet, Rousseau. They were seekers after light, they tried, one and all, to bring all things to the test of reason, and to find in that reason which Robespierre and the revolutionary enthusiasts afterwards deified, a sure guide in human affairs. On the side of English philosophy, Morley based himself upon Mill, who in his turn was the descendant of Locke and Hume, and the inspirer of Herbert Spencer. Knowledge was a slow acquisition of facts learned in experience and leading up to generalizations, valid only in so far as they could be tested at every link in the chain. Ultimate verities cannot be so tested; our attitude to them, therefore, must be one not of denial but of nescience. Positivism, the third stage, according to Comte, in mental development, when men no longer ascribe events to the Deity as first cause, or to any metaphysical entities, but study phenomena as they present themselves, is the creed for rational men. Positivism tinged deeply with humanitarianism, working itself out in striving for social reform—that was Morley's creed, and it expressed itself in his life no less than in his writings.

Hence his deep interest in character and his profoundly interesting studies of men of action such as Cobden, Cromwell, Walpole, Burke, and last of all Gladstone. But behind the biographer, the publicist, the statesman, remained always the preacher

and prophet, the thinker, who, though as far as possible removed from a mystic, himself lived the inner life of thought, which gave him the key to the mystical and the spiritual. Writing of Thomas à Kempis, and discussing the *Imitatio*, he says:

> Is not the sphere of these famous meditations the spiritual rather than the moral life, and their aim the attainment of holiness rather than moral excellence? . . . By holiness do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty: still less is it the same as religious belief. It is a name for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of all reason, argument, and the fierce struggles of the will, dwells in living, patient, and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good. In this region, not in ethics, moves the *Imitatio*.

And in this region must at times have moved, though he rarely expressed it, the spirit of John Morley.

W. L. AND JANET E. COURTNEY.

DUSE

BY STARK YOUNG

Of all the artists in the theatre of the world there is none that so illustrates the nature of art as Duse does. Not that she is the greatest actress necessarily, not that; such argument is beside the point. But that Duse exemplifies what lies behind every art and the quality of every artist and his relation to life. So that in a sense it might be said that the history of one's perception and understanding of Duse is a history of the growth of one's understanding of art in general and of life and art as they embody and complete one another.

I saw Duse first in Rome, soon after I left college. She was playing *Magda*. I had heard her name, of course, a name spoken romantically and with the breath of her D'Annunzio affair nearly always upon it. But I had never heard of her as I had heard of Bernhardt, for example, whose splendours had long since dazzled the public world of men, and whose art had, in addition to its magnificent power and sonorous eloquence, something about it that was easily detected as art, or at least accomplishment, by the average person. Bernhardt's genius was essentially public in its character; and there was no wit so slow or so untutored, and no eye so dull, as not to know that when she played, the universal elements were shaken and passions that might have been domesticated and blurred by now became suddenly glamourous and superbly mythical. With Duse there was no such thing. Artists over Europe were drawn to her almost unendurable tenderness and truth; in Italy her audiences alternately worshipped and railed at her. With her there was nothing audacious and spectacular, nothing violent, seductive or world-wide.

I remember Duse when she first came on the stage that night. She was past her prime then, of course, or what is called an actress's prime; at any rate she was no longer young and her body no longer slight like a girl's. Her voice seemed so natural and

expressive that its quality almost eluded me; I think I must have taken it for granted, or I should have done so but for a few upper tones, quietly and poignantly said; they had something in them that all next day kept moving in one's thoughts. Her face seemed to me to disappear with the words she said and the thing she felt. I did not think of it as a beautiful face; at that age a more regular line might have seemed to me more beautiful. Perhaps youth runs to types in beauty as it runs instinctively to forms and patterns in general ideas. Her body and all her movements I seemed not to see till after several days were past.

At that time everyone was talking about modern drama and we were all busy learning how the thing was done. There was a high hope in mere craft, and supreme delight might lie in the detection of skill, artifice and technical intention and economy. We even read Sudermann with some respect and thought of *Magda*, which various actresses had essayed and even lurid stock companies ventured on successfully, with no little respect as a stirring piece of theatre and, it might be, a serious study of provincialism, art and revolt against parental authority. I remember that Duse in *Magda* had me taking it all for granted. I forgot the effective high lights of this old piece of theatrical dexterity; I forgot entirely that there was supposed to be a matter of a modern problem play in *Magda*. I saw only a woman's life there on the stage being twisted through a series of events that wounded and revealed her to me; otherwise what happened seemed extraneous and imposed. I had learned already a technical sense of acting, and to rejoice in the exercise of acting as a craft. But here in Duse there was nothing to rejoice in, nothing technical that I could youthfully extricate and set aside to itself as a means, a studied piece of skill; there was no eloquence, no recitation, no arrangement or technical economy or evident accomplishment. I was to have no academic pleasure in this acting there on the stage before me; I was to take it for its truth and was to forget that art could ever be dissected or separated from the thing it conveyed.

A few days later I saw Duse in *Francesca da Rimini*, and after that in *La Gioconda*, *La Citta Morta*—she insisted those days on playing D'Annunzio, often at great expense in popularity and

receipts—and Goldoni's *La Locandiera*. It was the same. Tragedy or comedy, life in them was tragic or comic; and the history of the soul that Duse gave me with each impersonation seemed merely that. And yet it seemed always the history of her soul, too, and the history of mine, simply that; and I took it for granted, no doubt, as youth can take true things for granted, not knowing what ardour and pain and skill must go to the expression of any kind of truth. The day following this series of performances, I remember, I suddenly felt the meaning of them rush over me. I could see the likeness in them to what I had felt in great poetry and music and deep feeling. And with that reservation and that settlement of Duse as a part of one's own, inner, secret reality, I passed on; for there were a great many things arising full of zest.

After that I came back to America and Duse meant nothing further to me, nothing added to this quiet accepted place she had in me, until a few years later, in the country at the beginning of summer, when I began to read for the first time Dante in Italian. It was the first seven cantos in the *Inferno* that amazed me. I had read English poetry well, Spenser and Shakespeare's sonnets, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, but never any poetry quite like this, poetry as great or, if you like, greater, but never this peculiar realism and poetry together, never anything that seemed so close and poignant and exact. Nowhere as in Dante can the lines, the verbal medium, quiver and disappear into the intense life expressed and yet remain with a certain music and beauty of their own. In the garden as I read, I can recall, Dante's images and the things he said seemed to have an immediacy like light, a reality like trees. With the life that Dante expressed in his poetry I recognized the same thing that I had felt always in all deep emotion, a sense of terrible pressure and privacy and individual distress, and at the same time a feeling of participation for the moment in some universal and eternal force among men. And out of this the beautiful in Dante arose, the beauty of a passionate, sorrowful precision of understanding and of an infinite response to life. And all this, which is the poet in Dante, runs side by side with an immensity of cerebral activity that is astounding, a study of letters and history and the government of

states, philosophy, theology and logic and the science of the world of his day. Dante's poetry plays in and out of this knowledge and intellectual curiosity, and this informs and solidifies the visions of his poetry. Enormous subtlety, enormous simplicity, the courage and straight line of what is living, the warmth and abundance of that out of which life springs. I remember as I read him of thinking how much like Dante, the poet, Duse, the artist, was; the same race, the same power to be subtle and simple at once, the same tenderness and pathetic irony and consuming life.

A few months afterward I was in Italy again. I saw in Naples the Greek marbles once more and realized how subtly individual they were, types yes, but within the security of the type intensely varied and singly felt. In the north I passed on then to the sculpture of the younger Renaissance. I saw not the type become real and individual, not the poetry of the individual soul set forth with reticent intensity in universal forms, but the individual reality, the very actual surface of the thing portrayed, set down with such spiritual and physical precision that its soul became its body and its body its soul. At this time I began to look with a new eye on the work of Desiderio da Settignano, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano and others, seeing freshly and for the first time their singular distinction in fidelity and feeling. The portrait of the bishop at Fiesole, how much the man it was but how removed from him and brought into our souls by the artist's taste and imperceptible style! The Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna, a little too direct perhaps, too close to a mere likeness in the face at least, but how full of intensity of life and animation, how full of death too, how simply tragic and yet how subtle and elaborate in its surface planes and in its comment on the young spirit within. Mino da Fiesole added to Holbein, for example, a singular sweetness and grace of culture. Mino da Fiesole had an ease and poetry of distinction where Holbein had distinction of artistic conscience and character. And Rosellino's bishop's tomb at Samminiato, those fine and sensitive nostrils, those still, perfect hands quieted in death, the mouth droll and clear, almost alive and yet remote with death, the modelling under the chin sagging slightly down with its own weight and yet suggesting the

idea of weight rather than the sagged flesh and mere incident of it, the closed eyes and their shadows under them, the still breast with the breath now taken somehow out of it—what exact and literal truth in all this, and yet what invisible style and what distinguished approach to the actual detail, what learning and culture and reflection! And underneath all this and putting the life into it, what an endowment of sheer animal talent and vitality! This, then, could be realism; not the realism we had heard so much about in France, where Zola and his school had reigned, and where Henri Becque and Flaubert wrote their gray masterpieces; not the realism of Dutch painting, with its grotesque or brutal detail or its sound honesty, as the case might be; and not the gracious and ample realism of Velasquez. A realism this was, then, like Dante's, poignantly acute, poetic and literal at once. Duse, I understood better then, belonged to the same race as these men who wrought in marble their bishops and young warriors and dead princesses; I could understand better how she belonged to no classic school and had no formal tradition, but rather was in revolt against schools and formularies, and yet had no violence, no excess and no accidents, because she kept her art close to her spirit and made sure that it expressed herself.

Then I came to D'Annunzio, to *Il Fuoco* in particular and to *Le Virgine delle Rocce.* I discovered the quality of D'Annunzio's gift, untranslatable into English, a gift of expression almost abnormal, a sensitivity to the color of experience carried beyond bounds, an abandonment to life and sensation and idea that was in itself a kind of power. And with these faculties D'Annunzio had a gift for style, for words; he achieved an orchestration of whatever single line he chose to follow. One could see why Duse followed his art and in the face of obstacles forced on the public his plays, though she must have known their dramatic defects. D'Annunzio's plays gave her a constant, beautiful release of the life in her; they poured her spirit out on things, on people, on thought; they created her over and over, and lighted her genius with another. Her art was more ordered than D'Annunzio's, more in scale, more wisely and sweetly seen, and from this proportion and wisdom and sweetness and from her sorrowful humanity, she was more universal in meaning and appeal than he

could ever be. But D'Annunzio remained a commentary on Duse's art.

And thus, from association with life and art and with artists and people trying to live their lives at their centres, I came to understand somewhat better at least, though imperfectly of course, Plato's saying that most men are blind to the fact of their ignorance of the essential character of each individual thing. I saw more and more how easy it is to achieve a certain illusive surface in living and in art; how much of painting was mere detail and deceit, how little sculpture was through and through sculpture, working in its own terms of mass and line; how hard it is to secure in any art the fundamental character of the subject, from which all its truth must spring; how rarely a man exists in his own kind of truth. Duse could never be a school, her method was herself. And to her a drama or a character exhibited only some power of life that lay in it; and so to hollow rôles, like many of Sardou's and of the ordinary theatre, she brought a devastating light; she acted out of herself some beauty and meaning that the dramatist had never imagined; and what he had not felt, of tragedy, irony, tenderness, she felt and created in the rôle.

And finally, though by no means least, there is the Italian country, Italy, as a commentary on Duse's art. That land brought by so much labour and devotion and through so many years of work and living, to such beauty and civilization, seems after all most easy and natural and gently taken for granted. Its air and colour and light, though they may be either meadows and green valleys thick with almond and olive trees or volcanic fierce regions, harsh and touched with death, have every day when the right hours fall a divine sweetness come over them and often something elegiac, something that is ancient, poignant and grave. And those towns over Italy, after long centuries of art and living, of violence, peace and varied hopes, and permanence and change, present every one of them something that is its own; and that seems to simplify all that went to make it up into at last a vivid and uninsistent whole, with its own character and truth. And everywhere in Italy the famous *combinazione* is to be seen, the faculty of taking whatever one wills out of any style or age or origin and putting it where one pleases and adding it to whatever

one likes it to have added. This freedom and naturalness of choice and this absence of the academic are almost the first quality in the aspect of Italian towns. And this labour and unity and apparent ease are the first quality in the aspect of Duse's art; which draws from many regions but lives always in one; and which uses its culture for ends so immediate and necessary that it cannot be pedantic or highly schooled.

In June last I saw Duse again, and in November, after twelve years and more. The pressure of poverty after the war is no doubt one cause that drew her from her long retirement. But I have heard too that she expressed a desire that the young actors of this generation might see before she died the nature of the art she followed. When the curtain rose I saw her there by the cradle, leaning over the dying child. A face almost too beautiful with the intense life in it, eyes almost unbearable with what they knew. She had almost no make-up; there was no particular illusion of youth, no interest in being anything but her own idea. In her movements there on the stage, as the play went on from scene to scene, and in the transitions in feeling and thought, there was established from the very start a rhythm that detached itself from imitation and from all mere representation of the actual, and became in itself a pure medium of idea precisely as music does. Something appeared in it that was complete in itself, as music is complete. What Duse did could not be taken as mere acting, however great, but only as a kind of terrible revelation. There were no tricks, no efforts to attract or pique or impress, but only the desire to exist in the life she had given herself to for those two hours on the stage, the desire to convey to us and to confirm for herself the infinity of living within the woman she portrayed; and this detachment and intense absorption with the truth she endured and expressed gave Duse's art an extraordinary purity, free of all exterior considerations and effects. And this purity, this beautiful singleness of mood, was combined with a strange fascination and elusive vitality and magnetism.

Duse has never been an overpowering actress in the ordinary sense. She could not have recited as Bernhardt was able to do, in an elaborate, heroic diction and with that incomparable vocal spell that Bernhardt knew how to weave. Duse is not the equal

mimic in any and all styles that Garrick is reported to have been. She never had the magnificent raging power that Rachel had. She could not have lifted her rôle ever to any classical fatality and splendour as Mounet Sully could do in *Œdipus*. She had not a certain golden lustre that Ellen Terry had. She could not have exhibited that wild animality, speed, passion and impetus that Mimi Aguglia at her best moments seems to exercise without effort; she had nothing of that romantic epic style that Chaliapin has in *Boris*. She has none of the gusto and bravura of an actor like Coquelin, or even Rejane. Some of these qualities and accomplishments Duse obviously might have had, if her nature and idea had led her to the classical, heroic or seductive, or highly veneered, stylized, violent, brilliantly farcical or superbly epical.

On the contrary when we come to Duse in the art of acting this must be said: from time to time in every art great artists appear who tend to break down the long and painfully built structure of the art they profess. To them their mere craft is only a clutter of old boards, rags, a necessary but obstructing shell. Their passion is truth, an immediate and urgent truth in them. These artists by their great gifts master the domain of the art with a security and completeness that few artists professing it can ever hope to approach. But whatever craft one of these artists masters he smashes, restates, forces to vanish, scorns save only as a means to an end; in acting Duse will have nothing of acting for itself; she is like those who despise their bodies save only as the body disappears before the spirit within that is to be revealed. And so it happens that people watching such an artist as Duse on the stage tend to forget that there has been a craft to be learned; and they forget acting entirely and receive only the matter to be received.

What draws artists to Duse then is not only her purity of mood, her truth, her instinctive independence, the intense poetry of her presence, but also the culture they perceive as having gone into her technical equipment. The eyes of artists can see in Duse's art the fruits of music, of great painting and sculpture and poetry and of hard labour in the plain craft of acting; but all this delights them by its having passed long since into one single art, one quality, one almost invisible medium for the expression of this

one artist's soul. And this in Duse's acting satisfies and feeds them, because it partakes of the nature and function of all arts and of every single art.

And for all people for whom Duse's art is a power and a new impulse of life, Duse's supreme quality is what lies behind no art in particular but behind all art, the response to life. The poet, the musician, the painter and architect and actor or dancer, and the saint also, whose life and ways possess the continuity and creative passion of art, all draw life to them by their capacity for it. In them life is gathered, it refracts, simplifies, finds out its essential and eternal principle or idea and a new body for it, and so goes on. And in Duse of all artists people most feel the thing they most respond to in all living, an infinity of tragic wonder and tenderness.

STARK YOUNG.

EARTHBORN

BY ALICE BROWN

Being born, shall I whimper for milk
From the breast that beguiled me to birth?
Shall I soften my couch with the silk
Of the polleny petals the earth
Has been weaving and rending and weaving
Since the making of mortals began,
The tapestried garment of beauty,
The cloak for the clothing of man?

Has she brought me to birth but to turn
From the pulsating heart she had made,
And forsake it to waste and to burn
In the fever of hungers betrayed?
Or whene'er I cry out will she listen
And be kind, as a mother is kind?
Or, born without breath, is she bloodless,
And born without eyes, is she blind?

Mouthing mist, she came staggering forth
In the day when He called her to come
And encircled the south and the north
And the east and the west, for a home
Where His beasts and His men and His angels
Might inhabit, as darkly He willed,
And He set her the pillars of being,
That time and desire be fulfilled.

And He gave her the menace of night,
And the glamour of things as they seem,
And the faintest foreshadowing light
Of the dream that is more than a dream.
But her deep breasts are milkless and sterile,
And her heart is as cold as a clod.
The weft of her web is illusion,
The veil of her Lord, Who is God.

And forever our tongues shall be dry
For the nurture her breasts cannot give.
She is ours and not ours, and we die
From the lack of her love, as we live
Through the pitiful waste of renewal
As she scatters our hopes to decay,
And we make our faint music of silence,
And braid up her dimness in day.

I will lock my hot lips on lament,
I will bid my lax fingers let fall
The illusion of beauty she lent
To allure or to blind me withal.
I have that she has given not, nor taketh,
Like a star in black waters, the gleam
Of the light that lies drowned in her darkness,
The dream that is more than a dream.

THE CHARITY OF FROST

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Love came to me as came to me
The cool clear meaning of your hands:
So quietly—as quietly
As water when it stands.

It cannot end as all things end,
Grow old and sicken and be lost;
Like water it will comprehend
The charity of frost.

LINES BY THE BOSPHORUS

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Five hundred years since, Osman's fiery son,
Led his nomadic warriors in the night
Down in the curving shadows of the Straits,
Silently crossed, and owned thenceforth the roads
To all the western world,—five hundred years—

I see Byzantium's walls tossed in the dust.
I see Pope Urban bless the hopeful bond
Of Hungary's ruler with the Emperor John,
And their joint force tumultuously driven
Like the Maritza's muddy spring-time flood
Beside whose banks they fought before they fled.
The last Serb princes meet on Kossovo,—
I see their swords flash out,—and all is dark.
I hear Bayazid's threat to feed his steed
From off St. Peter's altar when the tide
Of conquest should engulf the Seven Hills.
Corsairs I see, harrying all the coasts
From Spain beyond the Lizard to the North:
Buda becomes the Sultan's, and his hordes
Surge up around Vienna's inmost walls.

Five hundred years of darkness and decay,
Of death and waste and almost of despair;
Five hundred years of night—five hundred years—

The nations eye the slow-receding tide;
They wonder at the corpses that will show
When all the troubled beach is bare at last,
And who will have the pick and choose thereof.
But what, for envy, emperors would not do
I see well done by hunted peasant chiefs
From rocky crags and bogs and little isles.
I see Black George summon his mountaineers
And smite Semendria's crenelated walls.
Hellas awakes—an Englishman exclaims

"The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?"—
The guns at Missolonghi one by one
Sound slowly for his death, but not defeat.
I feel again the thrill of that strange name
Australia's sons belted the world to win
At Anzac, under savage Turkish fire.
I see the landing boats at Suvla Bay,
The heights enplumed with caustic puffs of smoke,—
The sand,—the rocks,—the desperate, desperate boats—

I see this day a Turk upon the heights
Pause and survey the gleaming Bosphorus,
The needle minarets, Sophia's dome,
Turn and descend through crooked lanes, and cross—
Cross back to Europe,—back five hundred years.

POSSESSION

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I would possess you with that certitude
Which is the sole prerogative of Death—
Subdue to one fixed mood your many a mood—
Catch in one song your many a hurrying breath—
Make of your dear diversity such a whole,
So welded, that you never might again
Retrieve your rainbow brokenness of soul
But must my white eternal dawn remain.
And I would do such violence to you, dear,
As only Death, corrupting Death, can do—
Bury your body, to have you always near—
And stop your heart, to keep it ever true—
And hide you in such darkness of embrace
That none, not even I, could see your face.

THE DREAMER

BY M. E. CROCKER

If in the greenwood of a dream
I sit as still
As still may be, and hold my breath
And listen, till

Soft rustlings of a leaf I hear,
A whispering bough;
Catch a swift, guarded glance that darts
From a branch—now

If in that greenwood wild and sweet
I stay so still
As if a breath would wreck the world,
If I wait, till

I hear a soft, soft sound that seems
Scarce sound, but more
The thinking of a bird that first
Is murmuring lore

Half-way remembered by his throat—
Catching a note
Before he flings to melody,
Be-starred, remote—

There in that woodland, while I stay
Unmoving, come,
If I am grown into the moss,
Things that were dumb.

Songs of remembered, unchanged dreams
Float close to me;
Souls that were hid slip out from flowers,
Leap from each tree.

But when I move to snatch, to trap
A song, a soul—
With the first finger's-breadth I stir,
Lost is the whole!

A CHRISTMAS CITY OF THE OLD SOUTH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

THE only way to visit old Salem of the old South is with a child's heart for luggage. Otherwise this old town in the middle of North Carolina may lie before your eyes actual enough, with its old streets, its old houses, its old Square, its old Home Church as its inmost core, and Salem may welcome you with the gentle, unobtrusive courtesy peculiarly its own; but unless you have learned the wisdom that knows how to put away grown-up things, you cannot really enter the Christmas city.

In Salem, of all places I have ever seen, it is easiest to drop from one's shoulders the crippling pack of maturity and become once again a little child stepping along a Christmas road. Of all places it is easiest in Salem to forget the jangle of faiths and of no-faiths that have deadened our ears, to slip away from the clangour of an age proud and fevered as ancient Rome, and to listen to the confidence of old carols ringing along moonlit dreamy streets, mysterious with the black of magnolia and of boxwood, or to hear floating down from the church belfry high up under the stars the silver melody of the ancient horns which, better than any other instrument, express the soul of the Moravian church. A most musical religion it must seem to every visitor who yields his spirit to the spirit of Moravian Salem. Not only the church liturgy but also the everyday life of the community is keyed to old tunes that date back, some of them, to the Bohemia of five centuries ago, and were familiar in Moravian households in the days when John Huss was martyred for the beauty of his faith.

There is a spell on southern Salem, the spell not of a dead past but of a living one, constantly revitalised, so that, as one walks these uneven red brick pavements, one is haunted by memories of long past Christmases, thoughts of those far times when in secrecy and fear the Hidden Seed kept its feast of candles and of

anthems, thoughts of happier festivals in Saxony where young Count Zinzendorf offered the heretics the refuge city of Herrnhut, thoughts of brave long ago love feasts right here, when a tiny, intrepid band of colonists sang its Christmas chorales in the midst of endless miles of wilderness, while wolves nosed and howled at the cabin door. Along with these Moravian memories come thronging recollections of one's own childhood Christmases in all their unforgotten wizardry, so that here in Christmas Salem I seem to be walking again the midnight aisle which leads through a great wood of fir trees looming black against high stars. Just as at five years old, I am aware again of mystery and danger and bewilderment lurking far off in the forest; but along the Christmas roadway there is no fear, only joy and magic, for it lies straight as a shaft of silver through the black wood, and along it troops of youngsters go dancing onward. At the instant that the children pass, each dark, bordering fir tree becomes bright with tinsel and candles, and along the spicy twigs gay little bells stir and tinkle. From time to time there come snatches of happy chants echoed among the tall dim trunks. Since the wayfarers are children, they know that the soft, unearthly radiance upon the road before them is the long beam from a star not yet seen because it hangs so low above a stable cave, and they know, too, that their silver path is leading all child feet toward that star. Small difference for children between that spirit light of Bethlehem and the merry twinkle of Christmas tree candles. For them, readily enough, their own carol singing mingles with the voices of herald angels, and even Santa Claus himself, all ruddy and kind, may steal to the stable door and gaze in on a Divine Baby. Even so are Christmas faith and Christmas fancy interwoven in old Salem, where white headed men and women still have their Christmas trees, and still with their own hands construct beneath the green boughs the wonderful Christmas "putzes"; for while we who are visitors must retread in stumbling unfamiliarity the Christmas path, the Moravians of old Salem have always kept straight and clear within their hearts the child road toward the star.

When, a few days before Christmas, I arrived in Salem, people told me I had missed what for Moravians is always the opening

key to the Yuletide season. For unnumbered years there has always been sung on the Sunday before Christmas the anthem of *The Morning Star*, written in the later seventeenth century, and set to music in the nineteenth. Although I never heard choir and congregation unite in its mighty joy, I seemed, during my two weeks' visit, always to be catching its echoes, as if the strains of Christmas minstrels had come floating back to me where, unseen in the distance, they had passed on before, along the silver lit highway, so that the words and the music of *The Morning Star* voice for me the innermost spirit of a Moravian Christmas.

The anthem has both the quaintness of old Germany and the vigorous confidence of the new world, so that the old words and the new are equally expressive of the unchanging faith of present-day Salem, while the music vibrates with the sheer child-gladness of its praise:

Morgenstern auf Finster Nacht
Der die Welt voll Freude macht,
Jesulein, O kommherein,
Leucht in meines Hertzens Schrein.

When, in stanza two, music and words swell out into grandeur, it is as if, out of the black forest mystery of life, some hidden joyous congregation suddenly pealed forth a psalm to the mounting Christmas dawn:

Morning star, thy glory bright
Far exceeds the sun's clear light;
Jesus be, constantly,
More than thousand suns to me.

For the holiday guest there slowly emerges upon that glamourous woodland roadway of his child memories a silver lighted city, gradually shaping into the everyday reality of actual Salem. As I look out from the window of the little gray cottage that harbours me, there become sharply etched against the mistiness of dreams the tall water oaks of the old red brick Square, the domes of boxwood against old walls of buff stucco or of brick, the stretching flat white rows of gravestones holly trimmed, the white belfry of the Home Church, where in Christmas week I heard little boys, high up there in the soft December sunshine, sound the trombone announcement of death. So unobtrusive and yet

so sweet were those strains out of the sky, so blent with the Christmas air, that I listened to them for some time supposing them merely carol-singing floating out from some home where the family had regathered for Christmas.

On one side the little cottage looks forth on the sunny graveyard where Moravians keep their dead too close to life for any sadness, and on the other side it nestles to the prouder, taller buildings of the Square, laid out in the seventeen-sixties by founders who established Salem as the central city of their Wachovian grant of seventy thousand acres, to be built and to be kept a city meet for their faith. The solid eighteenth century houses still remain, skilfully adapted to modern usage, or unobtrusively altered. Half of Salem traces its ancestry back to those earlier days, and all of Salem keeps alive, both in family life and in public, the traditions and the customs of its unforgotten builders.

Perhaps it is only in our own South that so gentle and half romantic a faith could have found so gracious a flowering as is typified in the Easter and the Christmas customs of this Salem of North Carolina. There is a blending of native warmth and glow and kindliness in the spirit of this Southern Province of the Moravian Church. The first colonists came seeking a mild climate and friendly neighbours, and found both. For a hundred and fifty years Salem has been true to its first purpose. Long ago it was a little refuge city of peace in the wilderness, and still today it offers its benediction for all who seek to penetrate beyond the mere externals of a locality into the inner sanctities of tradition. Long ago a brave little band kept to their secure daily round of work and worship, amid perils of Indian attack and the backwash of Continental armies, and freely gave their hospitality to everyone that asked it; and today the mind of those first settlers still dominates and moulds the life of the city. Yesterday and now the people of Salem have possessed both the art of shrewd adjustment to the contemporary and the power to withdraw from all its fever and conflict into the peace of a child faith. With quaint literalness those early founders looked upon themselves as all members of one family, and today one of the strongest impressions of any visitor is that of a great household,

close bound in sympathy, and all turning toward the old Home Church as to a central hearthside, while up and down the worn old streets there moves the form of one still young at eighty, who in himself is host and shepherd and father of all the city.

One wonders if the inhabitants of Salem fully realize their high privilege of living in a community which both expresses their religion and preserves the finest traditions of their ancestors. In these bewildering days it is the lot of most idealists to live in a solitude, unable, amid the surrounding mists, to distinguish the shapes of their fellow believers. But in Salem people have the sacred advantage of dwelling with those who constantly share and reinforce each other's faith as naturally as they have shared each other's childhood and each other's memories of the old Infant School. Probably Moravians do not dream with what strange nostalgia a visitor listens to persons who treat God conversationally, who talk of Him as spontaneously as a little boy speaks of that splendid comrade he calls Daddy. Normally enough, naturally enough, has the Moravian spirit been able to strike deep roots in our own South, for there religion is still a custom unquestioned, and leisure can still be found for an obsolete, Old World culture, and intellect still bows in reverence before the soul. In old Salem of the old South there can be no blur upon the radiant confidence of the Christmas story, no smirch upon the silver purity of that far lit path toward Bethlehem's cave.

In Salem I feel myself to be sometimes in Cranford, sometimes in Barchester, while all reminiscence of those two familiar home towns of the fancy is touched by an atmosphere sacred to Salem. From one window of my room I can gaze up the long, silent avenue, forbidden to all vehicles, that skirts the high ivy hung picket fence of the graveyard. Even in December the graveyard grass is vivid in the sunshine. I am so near that I can almost see the crimson berries of the holly wreaths laid on the little flat marble slabs. Cedar Avenue lies, a white path at the heart of Salem. On one side of it are gateways whose sunny arches, blazoned with texts of hope, stand bright against the mystery of shadowy spruce and cedar massed beyond the triumphant little gravestones, marching forever onward in steadfast Christmas faith. Along Cedar Avenue I have watched a funeral pro-

cession move with confident tread, while the trombone strains floated forth delicate and clear upon the New Year's morning.

Another window of my room looks toward the old Square, toward the Bishop's home beside the Bishop's church, toward the aging buildings that still bear names witnessing to the deep Moravian reverence for the family as a holy entity—the Sisters' House, the House of the Single Brethren, the Widows' House.

A simple vital reverence for tradition is as characteristic of each individual home as it is of the larger home life of the church congregation. In the tiny cottage that offers me hospitality there is a little wooden rocking chair carefully treasured. One turns it up to find on the bottom in a handwriting too alive ever to be forgotten these words, "This rocker was used by mother to rock all her nine babies to sleep from 1828–1844. Keep it in the family." There lies on this little chair a touch of that personal immortality that the home-going dead must value; and yet it is only a little wooden rocker, tawny drab, and finely lined like an old parchment, or an old face. It has no arms, therefore had no bumps for little heads. It has spreading legs and rockers, and on each rocker is painted a bunch of fading wild roses. All the little home is gentle with old memories. Each morning at the close of breakfast I listen first to the daily reading from the Moravian Textbook for the year, the custom of the Textbook dating back to Count Zinzendorf; and after the Textbook comes the reading from birthday and memory books. As I listen, a kindly past made up of small family events becomes vital for me, the guest. Yet the little cottage is alive to the present as well as to the past. The neighbour children blow in and out, all ruddy with ball playing. The Moravian is a children's church, its services crowded with jolly youngsters, seated as happily beside their parents as seedlings grow around a tree. To Moravian children the story of a children's Friend is no dead tale. The rosy seven-year old Harold who comes flying so often to our door has a hearty affection for Santa Claus, but with that Other he is even more familiar. A few weeks before this last Christmas a little playmate died. Harold was puzzled by the sorrow of the grown-ups and protested, "But Louise has gone to Jesus, and she will be there for His birthday."

The star faith of Salem is today no dying creed, but an imperishable growth in the hearts of young men. One has constantly the sense of a past neither decayed nor decadent, being entrusted to younger hands that are vigourous and willing. One seems to witness the very act of a sacramental transmission, the faith of one great united family being handed down to its sons. In the big house next to our cottage I saw on Christmas Eve the table spread for a family party of thirty-two. There was the cushioned seat for the grandmother at the head, and the high chairs for the smallest grandchildren. Down through the center amid the heaped holly and carnations extended a long green board holding eighty blazing candles, the long frame having been originally made for the Bishop's birthday, and now borrowed in Salem's characteristic neighbourly fashion. But it is not the old time Yuletide glow of the stretching Christmas table that will longest remain in my memory, but the chanted grace I heard later from my window, a grace composed by the English John Cennick nearly two hundred years ago:

> Be present at our table, Lord;
> Be here and everywhere adored,
> From Thy all-bounteous hand our food
> May we receive with gratitude.
>
> We humbly thank Thee, Lord, our God,
> For all thy gifts on us bestowed;
> And pray Thee graciously to grant,
> The food which day by day we want.

More impressive than the rich harmony of men's voices ringing out upon the starlit evening was their utter reverence; and these, it must be emphasized, are the voices of young men, young bankers, young merchants and lawyers of that Twin City which is made up of two united towns, one new, one old, named on the maps Winston-Salem. These are the torchbearers whose first memory of their faith is as toddlers brought to the Children's Christmas Eve Love Feast. There are the young fathers who now bring their own toddlers to hear the Bishop tell once again to children, as for forty-five years he has been telling it, the child story of a star.

There are persons who walk the Christmas lighted path through earth's black mystery not on one day of the year only, but on all the days of all the years. The Magi were subtle students, keen men and free minded, rich with the long inherited treasures of the intellect. It was their science, not their superstition, that revealed to them the birth of a new light in the heavens. Bishop Rondthaler's eyes are a seer's eyes, clear blue lanterns at eighty. His face is of the type transmitted only through long generations of the finely educated. There is not a child in Salem who does not know Bishop Rondthaler's smile, Bishop Rondthaler's voice. How many times he must have sung that old glad anthem, which each year on its appointed Sunday rings out upon the Christmas road of Salem:

> Morning Star, my soul's true light,
> Tarry not, dispel my night;
> Jesus mine, in me shine,
> Fill my heart with light divine.

The Children's Love Feast of Christmas Eve is a custom as old as Salem, and older. More than a hundred and fifty years ago, when Wachovia was still a forest wilderness dark with perils of wolves and bears and hostile Indians, the Moravian Brethren of the little settlements of Bethabara and Bethania welcomed to the children's love feasts not only their own children, but those of their neighbours. The old records come down to us all bright and warm with Christmas hospitality. In the diary of the Bethabara congregation of December, 1760, one reads:

> On the 5th it was reported that the Indians were killing again on the Catawba. Br. Ettwein had a talk with a Tuscarora. On Christmas Day the English children from the mill came to see our Christmas decoration, they were so poorly clad that it would have moved a stone to pity. We told them why we rejoiced like children and gave to each a piece of cake. In Bethania Br. Ettwein held a Love Feast for the 24 children there, at the close of the service each received a pretty Christmas verse and a ginger cake, the first they had ever seen.

In 1761, one first reads of the giving of lighted tapers, that custom never yet broken. In the account written December 24, 1770, one can still hear those far off carols, still see the twinkle of candles held high by youngsters dancing homeward along the

dark woodpaths: "At 6 P.M. a Love Feast was held for the children, appropriate hymns were sung, and small lighted candles were distributed, which they joyfully carried home, still burning."

As those first settler children must have come all eager to those long ago celebrations of their Moravian neighbours, so today the Christmas Eve crowd is composed as much of non-Moravians as of church members, all flocking to the old Home Church of their city. For half an hour before the doors could be opened, while the sunshine of the late afternoon poured over us, I waited with a happy throng, fathers and mothers and grandparents, and youngsters of every age from one year to twelve. As soon as the doors admitted us, the wide arc of each pew was instantly filled, but the little low heads were not all visible except as they popped up to peer around, little brown or blond heads, bobbed or meticulously curled. The church hummed with little voices. Now and then a baby protested sharply against being repressed by some solicitous mother, but for the most part all the noise was happy. The long window which showed children crowding to Jesus's welcome was still clear in the afternoon light, which as the service proceeded dimmed to shadowy evening. All the Christmas decoration focussed the eye upon the picture above the choir platform which extends across the front of the church. In a deep green frame of shining laurel and spruce there shines out each year the same ruddy illumination of Correggio's Nativity. On each Christmas Eve every child in the congregation looks up to see, all bathed in glowing light, a mother bending over the Christ Baby in his stable.

As if it had been quaint home incense, the aroma of the love feast coffee is fragrant through the church. There is rustling, there is chatter of children, and yet also there is the restraint of a great reverence. Then a hush, and everyone is listening. Somewhere high and far away there is music, silvery announcement from the sky. Grown-up hands touch the little ones to quiet, that all may hear. It is the trombone players in the belfry, but how easily it might have been the herald angels! Soft at first, then in growing volume, the organ takes up and continues those strains from overhead. The service moves on all musically, old carols, jubilant anthems, but because it is a

children's service in a children's church it is brief and simple. It is not long before the two doors at the right beneath the gallery swing open, and a reverent procession of women all in white enters, bearing the baskets of love feast buns. There follows a line of men carrying great wooden trays of the straight white mugs of love feast coffee. Quietly as in some happy sacrament, each child is given his bun and mug. Seated in front, close to them, sharing their love feast meal, the Bishop looks forth on his children. Gently his voice breaks upon the rustling, and the subdued chatter of little lips: "Fathers and mothers who at this moment are guiding a child's hand, as he eats his love feast, one too young to know what he is doing, pray each one of you that at this instant Jesus Himself may come and be near your little child with His Christmas blessing."

When the bun is eaten, the coffee drunk, and the mugs collected and taken away by the silent procession, the Bishop rises. The church is growing dark with the stealing shadows of twilight. Never has the Bishop's telling of the old story been twice the same. To him it is forever new. He speaks on the brief text, "Yet for our sakes He became poor." The babbling of little tongues grows still. Young eyes grow wide, looking into the Bishop's. In words instinctively pictorial he tells us there was once in Heaven a marvellous house, golden and splendid, where Jesus lived with His Father, surrounded by love and tenderness and beauty beyond any telling. Outside of this house were stately trees, and lovely flowers, and darting birds of rainbow colors. All about Jesus in His house were angels more than you could count, and these angels asked only one thing, to serve Him. To wait on Jesus was the sole wish of all these regiments of angels in this beautiful house in Heaven. Yet all this love and all this royal splendour Jesus left, that He might come a little baby, too poor to have a cradle, a baby born in a stable, laid to sleep among the cattle. He came to us, all poor, to see whether we would love Him for Himself alone, without any riches of money or of power. And still today, as He lies there, a little baby in a stable, He is asking, "Children, will you love me for myself alone?" And if we do love Him for Himself alone, pleads the Bishop's voice, remembering how He loved us enough to leave His splendid

home to come to us, if we love Him and try, each child of us here in this church today, to please Him, then some day He will take us home, to live with Him in His beautiful house in Heaven, forever.

Gently the twilight wraps us in darkness, more carols ring through the old church, then on each side of the organ in front of us, a door opens and two women in white appear, the van of a procession which moves down the platform steps and through the aisles. Each woman carries a lighted candle, and each pair is followed by a man bearing a great tray of blazing tapers. The women distribute the candles, one to every child in the congregation. The giving of the candles closes the service. Theirs is the only light in the darkness as we rise for the Bishop's blessing, and then afterward pour out beneath the old hooded doorway into the starlit Christmas Eve. Looking back one sees still faintly discernible the figures in that high window which against the outdoor darkness and mystery reveals Jesus blessing little children.

The Moravian is a children's church by no accident, but by long conviction, as the Bishop himself once explained to me. When, in the early eighteenth century, the ancient Unitas Fratrum of Bohemia experienced its great revival at Herrnhut under the protection of young Count Zinzendorf, there suddenly occurred—as it appears, quite spontaneously—a great wave of religious enthusiasm among the children. The quaint touching account comes down to us in the words of ten-year-old diarists. Ever since that time, says the Bishop, "Our reverence for childhood has been founded on the belief that a child can be as good a Christian as a grown-up—and perhaps a little better." In Salem the children's Christmas Eve Love Feast, and the Children's Memorabilia Service at New Year's, are made fully as important as the corresponding celebrations for adults. Just as, in the afternoon, the children come to receive their Christmas candles, so, a few hours later, the grown-ups gather in their turn, for their reverent Christmas love feast.

Except for its deeper solemnity, the evening love feast is a repetition of that of the afternoon. The crowded church is a body of men and women assembled once more to gaze with the

Bishop at that shining picture of the Nativity. Again there floats down upon the hushed congregation the faint, silver music from the belfry, sacred minstrelsy sounding out of the darkness to be taken up by the confident organ. As the congregation rises, the whole building resounds with the joy of the anthem, and when this dies away, the Bishop's quiet voice asks us to continue standing while he reads Luke's account of that long ago night in Bethlehem. There in the old Home Church of old Salem, the story of the first Christmas becomes instinct with a mystical reality. Later in the service, which, like all the ritual of the Moravian church, consists far more of praise than of prayer, the Bishop speaks to us of that undying narrative, and as his steadfast belief leads us, children following his eighty-year-old guidance, back to that holy birthplace of his faith, it is as if we trod once again a silver pathway bright against all gloom, all doubt, while sturdy shepherds and glistening angels come thrusting aside the darkness to companion us along the road to Bethlehem.

The Bishop reminds us that a great literary critic once pronounced Luke's Gospel the most beautiful book in the world. Of this book the second chapter is the most beautiful of all. Thoughtful readers of it must remember always that Luke was a Greek doctor, highly educated, scientific in dealing with his sources. He was Paul's physician, and Paul was after his conversion the familiar friend of the apostles in Jerusalem, undoubtedly the friend of John at whose home Mary lived. We may well believe, therefore, that the story of Christ's birth, as we have it in Luke's Gospel, is His mother's story, coming down to us how near, how quick and alive! Between us and Mary's own voice telling it only two people, Paul who transmitted the account, Luke who wrote it down! The Bishop points out how tender and how holy is the chronicle with details only Jesus's mother could have known. As the most sacred thing in our physical life is the relation of a human mother to her human child, so it is most fitting that the story of the birth of a divine Child should be a record from a mother's lips of mother love.

Beneath the illumined scene of that Nativity which focuses forever all Christmas worship on the holiness of a family group,

we eat the Christmas love feast that symbolises by our sharing of food and drink together our close knit membership in one great family. In utter quiet, in utter reverence, the procession of white clad girls and women moves slowly down the aisles distributing to every one present the love feast buns. According to custom, each one of us wraps our bun in a tiny napkin brought for the purpose. On one corner of the napkin is embroidered a cross. Then at the entrance of the men with the great laden trays, the high white mugs of coffee are passed from hand to hand along the wide-curving pews. The solemn hush is gently broken by the Bishop's words pointing out our unconscious courtesy, courtesy which is like Christ's own, he believes, and which cements for this holy hour the intimacy of our kinship. He asks us, while we wait, to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds—" According to old custom the Bishop has been the first served, seated by the communion table, close to his people, as always, and wearing, as always, merely the ordinary dress of his fellow worshippers. When every one has been served, then the Bishop and congregation together eat the love feast bun, drink the love feast coffee, while the organ peals forth its Christmas joy.

Musically the service passes on to the candle-giving. All the church is darkened. As in the afternoon, to right and left of the organ in front of us, doors open, and two by two the white-dressed women, holding each her burning candle, and the men carrying the long trays that blaze with light, enter and pass down all aisles and through the curving gallery. Beginning with the Bishop, they give to everyone in the church a lighted taper, slim, green, girdled with its frill of crimson paper. Briefly the Bishop explains the meaning of the Moravian Christmas candles. "As Jesus came that He might be a shining light for us in a black world, so let each of us bear a light for Him."

When everyone has received a candle the procession moves back up the converging aisles, remounts the steps of the platform, but does not pass out. All the middle space in front of the organ is a screen of spruce and holly and dark glistening laurel, from the centre of which the Nativity scene glows just above the Bishop's head, as he stands facing us, his figure discernible only by the light of the taper in his hand. In front of the choir doors,

to right and left, are grouped the women all in white except for a sprig of holly on the breast. Behind them stand the men on whose trays is still left a mass of blazing candles rosy-trimmed. In the gallery and in the body of the church, people have become invisible in the dark, but the curve of every pew above and below is outlined by a shining row of tapers against the blackness. All in silence we have risen. The Bishop speaks, "Let each of us at this instant lift high his candle, so that Jesus from heaven may look down and see the shining of our light for Him." Then as we stand, each holding high his tiny gleaming taper, the Bishop's voice, melodious from out the engulfing shadows, leads us all as we sing, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

As we leave the church, the moonlight is pouring down on the old roofs, the old streets. Cedar Avenue lies like a shaft of silver beyond the church door. Shadows of bare trees are etched black on the worn pavements. Moonlight glistens on the ivy walls, on the long leaves of the magnolia trees, on the towering domes of boxwood. Little streets and old alleys opening on the Square are black tunnels of mystery. The tracery of the water oaks is delicately clear against a sky flooded with silver. Salem lies as still beneath the Christmas moon as if it were a city in some old world legend. In the hush there goes still ringing sweet within one's mind the music of ancient trumpets from the sky, the melody of a clear voice, reading a mystical story. Today's rushing progress seems as far away as the clangour of the trolley on the next street. If on one long ago December night some Roman traveler, posting from city to city on a tour through ancient Palestine, had stopped, puzzled, to investigate a strange light coming from a stable cave on the outskirts of a little hill town, and if, as he approached that light, the sky above his head had suddenly been riven by angels singing of a new born god, how afterward when he went back to that bustling, imperial centre of the world would he have related that portentous incident of his journeyings? In what words comprehensible to that proud, fevered Rome of Augustus Cæsar could a Roman traveler have translated his impressions of a far away little village, made holy by faith, a far away little village lying in peace beneath a silver flooded Christmas sky? Would

such a traveler, as the crowded, noisy years went on, cease trying to explain to anyone that strange vision, even while in his heart the picture of that midnight village grew always more vivid, more arresting?

To one traveler turned aside last Christmas time from the clamourous streets of today, to walk for a little while the Christmas road through old Salem, the memory of the Christmas city grows ever more significant, more challenging. The glory of imperial Rome has faded into darkness, but does the road to Bethlehem still lie silver clear, beckoning to wise men? As long as little children shall be born, shall there be reborn each Christmas the faith in a God who became a baby? Ringing through midnight streets, echoed among the black overshadowing branches of mystery, shall there sound forever, as always at Christmas time in old Salem, the praise of a great light?

Thy glad beams, Thou morning Star,
Cheer the nations near and far;
Thee we own, Lord alone,
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

A PRINCE OF LIGHT VERSE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

Mr. Carl Sandburg has never been accused of slavish imitation. He may admit the sway of Walt Whitman, but otherwise we gather that he is proud to have eschewed the past. We hear him referred to sometimes as the most autochthonous of contemporary American poets. Not for him the primrose path of Keats and Shelley or the desiccated atmosphere of New England—he sings of delicatessen clerks, of Chicago, "hog butcher of the world," and of slabs from the sunburnt West. Whether he is really more American or only more modern than Longfellow and James Russell Lowell is of no great consequence, but it is interesting to note that it is his vocabulary rather than his ideas that commands our attention. His poetry finds utterance in words that have hitherto been regarded as the more or less exclusive property of essentially unpoetic prose.

Not long ago we came across a passage from Ronsard's *Abrégé d'Art Poétique* which might have been written to vindicate Sandburg's additions to poetic phraseology. "*Je t'ordonne,*" says Ronsard to the young poets of the sixteenth century, "*de fréquenter les artisans de tous mestiers comme de Marine, Vénerie, Fauconnerie, et principalement les artisans de feu, Orfèvres, Fondeurs, Mareschaux, Minérailleurs et de là tirer mainte belle et vive comparaison avecques les noms propres des métiers.*" Probably Carl Sandburg is unconscious of the long arm of Ronsard reaching out through the centuries and directing him in the way he should go. The total rupture with tradition, however, is inconceivably difficult. Theories of poetry strew the ages and the most iconoclastic of moderns always runs the risk of devoting himself to some creed repudiated by his grandfather as a vulgar error.

This constant straining to break the fetters of tradition is just as evident in French literature of the nineteenth century as in

contemporary American letters. The literary Radical invariably concentrates his contempt upon his immediate forbears. The further they recede the more innocuous they become. In another generation or two we shall not be surprised if even the New Englanders emerge from the shadows. So it was with the romantic poets under the ægis of Victor Hugo. They indignantly spurned the pseudo-classic poetry so beloved by their fathers and set out to win their laurels by a direct assault upon feeling. Close upon their heels came the Parnassians with a different theory of poetry founded entirely upon form. They were followed by the Symbolists, who like every literary or political régime in France during the last hundred years withered under the scorn of the opposition.

In its anxiety to escape the thraldom of eighteenth century reason and to cater to the insistent demand for novelty, Poetry found its way back to Ronsard. Sainte-Beuve had already called attention to his flexibility, to his variety of metre and to the essentially musical note in his verse. The great critic pointed the way to the promised land but he never penetrated into it himself. It was left to his admirer, Théodore de Banville, to recapture the full flower of Ronsard for French poetry. Without surrendering himself to Ronsard's archaic charm, Banville emulated his suppleness and his love of words for their own sake.

As he was born in 1823, the fashion of celebrating centenaries would earn him a cursory nod even if he were not the literary ancestor of a large and ever growing family. Every man who wrestles with the demon Rhyme in the frantic effort to produce a graceful ballade struggles in the chains forged by Banville. He did not invent the form, to be sure, but he restored it to fashion after it had been lying idle for two hundred years. The learned ladies of the Hotel de Rambouillet had long ago delighted in ballades. Unluckily, when the sway of the Précieuses Ridicules was broken by the overpowering common sense of Molière, the ballade had become too much associated with their name to continue an independent existence. English poetry has twice transplanted this measure from France. In the fourteenth century Chaucer borrowed it from Eustache Deschamps,

and fifty years ago Swinburne and Austin Dobson selected it among other literary wares that were being exhibited by Théodore de Banville as worthy of reimportation.

We are apt, however, to think of Banville too much as a mere master of technique. Certainly he carried to perfection the art of the ballade, the triolet, and the rondeau, but he was not styled the legislator of the new Parnassus on the strength of these accomplishments. His *Petit Traité de Poésie Française* is the codification of the Parnassian theories of poetry. Anatole France dismissed it summarily as expressing a nightingale's metaphysics, and no doubt Banville's conception of poetry is curiously unintellectual. He staked everything on what he called *richesse implacable de la rime.* By richness he meant repetition not only of the vowel but of the supporting consonant. "Breeze" and "freeze" for instance, would be a respectably affluent rhyme, whereas "breeze" and "squeeze" is obviously a poor, poverty-stricken thing. The poet's inspiration must find its vent in such rhymes and the reader must seek enjoyment in his perception of the ingenuity displayed. Banville also insisted on the importance of utilizing the musical resources of the language by recognizing the sonority of certain words and calculating their æsthetic effect. It is easy to see how Mallarmé, following in his footsteps, arrived at the conclusion that the value of poetry lay more in the sound of words than in their sense. Arthur Rimbaud carried the flag of sensuousness even further by allotting specific colors to each vowel. He was no doubt convinced that the poor limited creatures who did not see that "i" was red or that "o" was blue were quite incapable of appreciating great poetry.

Banville's poetic theories might well be ignored if they did not happen to go hand in hand with his sense of humour. We have mentioned his connection with the Parnassians. As a young man he wrote a vast amount of statuesque poetry, but in the mythical desert island library which all of us are forever envisaging Banville will be represented by his one volume of *Odes Funambulesques.* In this collection of parody and lyric satire rhyme again plays the leading part. We have nothing in English that quite compares with it. Bergson's philosophic treatise on laughter

explains humour as a sudden jerk to the imagination. This definition would seem to fit the average parody which relies on the constant juxtaposition of the trivial and the sublime. But parody for the most part confines itself to ridiculing an idea, whereas Banville always strives for the double jerk of sense plus sound. He never forgets that he is primarily a lyric poet, and his satire consequently exhibits his own dexterity more than the absurdities of his victim. Take, for instance, his gentle burlesque of Victor Hugo's poem, *Sara la Baigneuse.* Here are the first stanzas of the original and the parody.

Sara, belle d'indolence,
se balance
Dans un hamac, au-dessus
Du bassin d'une fontaine
Toute pleine
D'eau puisée a l'Ilissus.

Veron, tout plein d'indolence
Se balance,
Aussi ventru qu'un tonneau,
Au-dessus d'un bain de siège,
O Barège,
Plein jusqu'au bord de ton eau.

For *Sara, belle d'indolence,* Banville has substituted Veron, the director of the Opera, whose portly figure would be familiar to most of his readers. The jest is perhaps not one to endure the ravages of time, but we can still appreciate the deftness of the versification. The *Odes Funambulesques* are, unfortunately for the casual reader, stuffed with topical allusions. Banville wrote for the Paris of Gavarni and Balzac, and unless we know that delectable city we must fall back on the precious prerogative of youth which, according to Anatole France, differs from old age in its capacity for admiration without understanding. There are no doubt people to whom the skill of the tight rope walker does not appeal. We beg them not to waste their time on Banville's odes. They will only gaze with compassion tinged with wonder upon his feats of equilibrium. That a human being should spend so much time and industry on an accomplishment that at its best is only curious, will strike them as incomprehen-

sible. There is no convincing such people; their strongholds of sanity should never even be attacked. The polar explorer may try to justify himself by feigning a scientific interest in certain obscure currents, but the sympathetic listener knows better. The sheer difficulty of reaching the pole fascinates him just as the taut wire fascinated Banville, the literary rope walker. The parallel is not entirely fair to the rope walker, for he must also create the illusion of extreme facility.

Banville never labours anything. He dances around the bourgeois, his favorite object of satire, darting in occasionally to tweak his nose without ever tumbling into didacticism on one side or bitterness on the other. He belonged to the generation that made a fetish of despising the commonplace. The bourgeois epitomized normalcy, and Banville no less than Mr. Mencken always regarded normalcy as the unpardonable sin. Throughout all his satire runs the unexpected vein of good humour. No one resented his sallies. He could describe the bourgeois at the theatre, his ill-fitting clothes, and his inept criticism, without apparently arousing the slightest antipathy. His shafts are barbed but they are never poisoned. English poetry has no tight rope artist to match against Théodore de Banville. Locker-Lampson's *London Lyrics* are equally urbane, but they are intentionally sentimental rather than humourous, while Austin Dobson, whose metrical felicity would have fitted him admirably for the task, was irrevocably wedded to the eighteenth century.

Now to tip the balance we must admit the obvious limitations of the *Odes Funambulesques*. Even when he would be most serious, Banville can never throw off his air of trifling. This growing incapacity to speak from the heart is still more evident in the *Idylles Prussiennes*, where for the first time the outer world ruthlessly thrust itself upon his attentions. His raw material consisted of Beauty, Love and Poetry, out of which he wove exquisite fabrics. Humour was merely incidental. Instead of being, as it usually is, a measure of intellectual depth, Banville's humour was rather a blind to distract attention from the shallowness of his thought. Not understanding realism, either on the stage or in life, he instinctively fought it with the only weapons at his command.

The *Idylles Prussiennes* represent the gallant attempt to laugh in the midst of disaster. While France was plunging from incomprehensible optimism to unplumbed depths of despair, Banville's rivulet of satire made its way through the daily papers. The only weapon left to the conquered is irony, and for a workman of his happy nature sustained irony is an unsatisfactory tool. One must be something of a misanthrope, which he never was, to be a great satirist. Try as he will, the fires of contempt do not burn with a "hard gem-like flame". The tragic intensity of a Raemakers is never even approached in these rather toothless satires. Like the *Odes Funambulesques*, they are essentially lyrical, and lyric poetry is a bad medium for transmitting hatred. Bismarck and Moltke are substituted for the complacent bourgeois, whom Banville had so often rallied, but now when he would exchange persiflage for downright castigation, something is lacking. A Voltaire or a Pope can always "without sneering teach the rest to sneer". Banville is too ingenuous; the limpid flow of his stanzas leaves the Prussians singularly unscathed.

One of the most typical of the *Idylles Prussiennes* is *L'Épée*, a poem in which he laments that swordsmanship no longer plays a part in modern warfare. No one will disagree with him, but the picture of Moltke overpowering France by means of a *boîte de géométrie* is, satirically speaking, quite ineffective. It is not surprising that these innocuous war poems made little impression upon the public. Banville had nothing to say that could possibly arrest the national imagination at such a moment. Indeed, if we except the songs of Déroulède, which reduced patriotism to its simplest terms, the Franco-Prussian War was curiously unproductive of popular poetry. Déroulède pointed the way to national self-respect, while Banville tries to veneer the disaster with a thin coating of academic irony. The contrast between the poetry of 1870 and 1914 is very significant. The poets inspired by the Great War seem to have explored the whole gamut of human emotions except hatred. We do not suggest that they actually accomplished the difficult feat of loving one's enemies, but the expression of animosity did not find its way into their verse. While the cartoonists had their

little joke with the Kaiser and Hindenburg, the poets for the most part left them severely alone. The fact is that poetry and international polemics have nothing in common. The satirist may occasionally blunder into the garden of poetry by lampooning his personal enemies, but so soon as he attempts to draw up an indictment against a whole nation he had better confine himself to prose. The gates of poetry have never yet been forced by a hymn of hate.

We should perhaps consider the *Idylles* as a form of military service rather than as a contribution to literature. Banville's continual ill-health prevented any active participation in the war, so he goaded the enemy as best he could with the lash of lyric satire. He was not lacking in the courage of his convictions as he had previously shown by his defense of Victor Hugo, who was decidedly *persona non grata* to the Imperial Government. An article in the *Figaro* which betrayed an unseemly devotion to the great exile cost him a fine of five hundred francs and fifteen days' imprisonment. The punishment was remitted, owing to the timely birth of the Prince Imperial, an occasion seized upon by Napoleon III for a general amnesty to all petty offenders. A few years later, when he was invited to Court to see the performance of *Gringoire*, his only really successful play, Banville must have smiled to remember his narrow escape from the Imperial dungeons. Politics in themselves never attracted his attention except in so far as they affected literature. During the Third Empire, however, the adventurous man of letters was continually being reminded of the Government's existence. The Emperor was painfully sensitive to any impropriety. Consider for a moment the record of censorship for 1857. That year saw the publication of *Madame Bovary*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Les Diaboliques* of Barbey d'Aurévilly, and the *Odes Funambulesques*. Flaubert, d'Aurévilly and Baudelaire were all haled into court to answer the charge of corrupting public morals. We who complain of the pernicious activity of Puritanism should thank whatever gods may be that we have been spared the solicitude of the last of the Bonapartes.

Banville only just escaped the law courts on another charge. Some of his odes came dangerously near poking fun at Imperial

dignitaries, but for once common sense came to the rescue of the Empire and it decided to ignore the antics of a literary clown. Humour is always a dangerous quarry for the hounds of law. It was characteristic of Banville that he rather encouraged the notion that he was only a Pierrot and that beyond a certain skill in rhyming he had no claim upon the attention of his countrymen. In the *envoi* to the *Ballade sur lui-même*, he makes the following profession of his faith:

Prince, voilà tous mes secrets
Je ne m'entends qu' à la métrique
Fils du Dieu qui lance des traits,
Je suis un poète lyrique.

There was at least one of his contemporaries, however, who refused to accept Banville at his own valuation. Baudelaire acclaimed him as a classic, and for reasons that are all the more interesting as coming from the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*: "*En pleine atmosphère satanique ou romantique, il a l'audace de chanter la bonté des Dieux, et d'être un parfait classique. Je veux que ce mot soit entendu ici dans le sens le plus noble, dans le sens vraiment historique.*" Surely Baudelaire has here laid his finger on an aspect of classicism that we are inclined to forget. He does not mean of course that Banville was a nineteenth century Pangloss declaring that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Such an opinion in view of the *Odes Funambulesques* would be impossible. Banville was classical in his hatred of fanaticism, in his equable temper and in his unerring workmanship. In one sense, as Baudelaire explained, he was a lonely figure. While his friends deliberately grappled with the powers of darkness, he dallied in the sunshine, but he was caught up by the wave of scientific accuracy just as inevitably as they were. The same spirit that impelled Flaubert to expose Madame Bovary's soul in all its nakedness, that inspired Taine's first *Essays in Criticism and History*, drove Banville to devote himself to the art of versification. Whatever the social defects of the Third Empire, at least it rallied psychology and erudition to the standard of literature.

Banville would be the first to deprecate an exaggerated estimate of his literary importance. We make no plea for an in-

tensive study of his whole work, as that has already been done in one of those honest, flat-footed university theses that somehow contrive to disembowel an author without ever extracting his essence. Posterity has decided that Banville is a minor poet, and the judgments of posterity are usually right. His plays, with the possible exception of *Gringoire*, his numerous short stories without any exception at all, need detain no one but the inquisitive literary student. Even the six volumes of his poetry can be whittled down so as to fit into the average pocket. But on that one volume comprising the odes, the *ballades joyeuses*, the *rimes dorées* and perhaps one or two chapters from the *Souvenirs*, we are prepared to make our stand. The retreat of depreciation shall go no further. Banville remains the prince of light verse. His kingdom is still flourishing and it has not been without influence upon its more imposing neighbors. To cite but a single instance, let us glance for a moment at *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Lovers of Rostand will recall the scene where Cyrano fashions an impromptu *ballade* as he crosses swords with the Vicomte de Valvert. On the last line of the *envoi*, he reaches the epitome of *panache* as he breaks through the Vicomte's guard. Rostand is perhaps rated more highly abroad than at home, but the most rigorous critic will not deny him the gift of metrical agility. There was only one man from whom he could have gleaned that particular quality, and that man was Théodore de Banville.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

NEMI AND THE GOLDEN BOUGH[1]

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

On one of the first days of spring we went out across the Campagna by the Via Appia Nuova. Before us the Alban Hills were partially shrouded in mist, but as we began the long ascent the clouds were breaking. We passed through Albano and Aricia, over deep gorges to Genzano, where we inquired the way to Nemi, and by muddy back streets came suddenly upon a path which sloped steeply to the lake nestled in the hills. We lingered on the hillside to pick some of the violets and crocuses that were scattered thickly along the vineclad terraces. In half an hour we reached the border of the lake where the breeze sent tiny waves to break among the pebbles. By midday we were beneath the walls and campanile of the town of Nemi, dominating the heights on the side of the lake opposite that from which we had come. The mellow noontide bells of Genzano were answered sweetly by those of Nemi. As we followed the path along the shore, we thought of those so contrasting pilgrims who by night long ago had one after the other, at longer or shorter intervals, skirted stealthily "Diana's Mirror" on a ghastly quest; and of the priest of Diana who, with drawn sword and peering warily, had watched for the coming of the man stronger than he who should slay him as he had slain his predecessor. We thought, too, of another quest, which had begun at the sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis and had led far away in time and space from Nemi.

For at the beginning of *The Golden Bough* Sir James Frazer promises his readers "the interest and charm of a voyage of discovery, in which we shall visit strange foreign lands." "The wind is in the shrouds," he says; "we shake out our sails to it, and leave the coast of Italy behind us for a time." Yet when he first applied himself to the solution of the problems: Why was the

[1] I have borrowed a few sentences in this article from my review of the new abridged edition of *The Golden Bough*, published in *The Nation*.—S. C. C.

succession to the office of priest of Diana determined by mortal combat? and Why, before the aspirant to the office might attack the incumbent, must he pluck the golden bough from the tree beside the temple? Frazer had apparently no idea of the tortuous length of the quest before him. For the first edition of his book was in but two volumes, while the third and definitive edition is in twelve. *The Golden Bough* has put down branches into the ground in many directions and has become "a golden banyan tree". The forest is of such density that at times it is difficult to force a way through the tangled undergrowths.

One result of Frazer's many years of patient investigation is an anthology of unique interest. We are, as it were, in a dark-room, where the magic lantern throws curious and melancholy pictures upon the screen. A priest, accompanied by his leman, is seen in the ruined church at midnight, where he mumbles the mass backward. In place of wine he uses ditchwater; and though he makes the sign of the Cross, it is with his left foot and upon the ground. This is the Mass of Saint Sécaire, and the man for whom it is said will surely die. A crowd of Sicilian peasants, during a great drought, pitch their saints into the parched gardens to view the havoc they have wrought by their negligence; the people threaten the image of Sant' Angelo with frenzied cries of "Rain or the Rope!" The scene shifts to Bohemia, and we see the image of Death hustled out of the village and tumbled unceremoniously into the water. A moment later we are at Paphos or Heliopolis or Baalbec, and see the women waiting at the temple of Mylitta or Ishtar or Astarte, to submit to the embraces of the stranger that they may dedicate to the goddess the wages of their sanctified harlotry. And then another ghastlier dedication: in the sanctuary of Cybele, to the sound of clashing cymbals, the priests gash their bodies and bespatter the altar with their blood. Presently we are in India and hear the hunters beg pardon of the elephant before they kill him; or in Madagascar and hear the propitiation of the whale; or somewhere in the heart of Africa and see a black man smearing himself with red paint so that the ghost of his victim will not recognise him. The picture changes; the Wotyaks are beating every corner of their houses that Satan may find no lurking place therein. And then we are afloat on the

turquoise blue waters at the foot of Cape Leucadia, while from the Lover's Leap the scapegoat is hurled headlong with the cry "Be thou our offscouring!" And now we mingle with the crowds of the Roman Saturnalia, where drunken slaves rail at their masters who wait upon them at table. This picture melts into one of mediæval ecclesiasticism, and the Abbot of Unreason censes the altar with burning shoe leather. Shrinking and horrified, we are next witnesses in Mexico of the festival called Toxcatl, and see the priest hold the heart, torn fresh from the breast of the victim, to the sun. And in the light of fire festivals the spectacle comes to an end.

When in Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, the gods of Olympus, evoked by the power of Hilarion, have passed before the saint and have disappeared into the abyss, the Etruscan divinities follow after: Tages and Janus and Summanus and Bellona; and among them there appears a naked woman, four-footed as a beast, and served by a black man who holds in each hand a torch. Hilarion whispers:

C'est la déesse d'Aricia, avec le démon Virbius. Son sacerdoce, le roi du bois, devait être un assassin;—et les esclaves en fuite, les dépouilleurs de cadavres, les brigands de la voie Salaria, les éclopés du pont Sublicius, toute la vermine des galetas de Suburre n'avait pas de dévotion plus chère!

A procession similar to that which troubled the bemused eyes of Saint Anthony streams past us as we read *The Golden Bough*, a huddled rout of figures quaint and curious, grotesque, terrible and pathetic by turns, nightmare phantasies as from the brain of some Brueghel or Jerome Bosch.

The King of the Wood is the fugleman of this parade. Behind him a gibbering crone from the Scotch Highlands carries a knotted handkerchief that contains a favorable wind which she will sell to sailors. And behind her follows a stately figure, in satin and velvet and lace, with pointed beard and melancholy eyes; a crowd of evil-smelling scrofulous wretches jostle one another to get near him; he is Charles the First, touching for the King's Evil. The Bantu twins sing ribald songs and dance immodest dances to bring rain. Then come a lunatic crew who endeavor by obscene antics to further the ascent of the soul towards the Father; they are the Brethren of the Free Spirit. They pass; and the perfume

of the English spring steals over us, and the sound of maidens' laughter, as we see garlanded girls tripping out before the dawn to welcome the coming of the May. The centre of the procession is at hand. It is led by the Roman king, impersonating Jupiter, with eagle-topped sceptre and oaken crown. Beside him is the Mikado, burdened with his innumerable taboos. And then a long train of kings and kings' sons and mock kings, and slaves and criminals who carry the pretense of royalty. Carnivals appear bearing effigies of Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday and Death and Summer and other oddities. And the mourners for Tammuz go wailing by, and the Egyptian rustics lamenting for Osiris. The maiden tribute to Minos passes; and the effeminate priests of Attis, with whitened faces, walk mincingly along. Mithra, a grand and solitary figure, vague and ill-defined but with something of divinity about him, next is seen; and Isis, suckling Horus, gracious and Madonna-like. Mænads and bassarids riot around Dionysos, the many-shaped. By torchlight a stately company moves as though through the rocky defile where the *Via Sacra* leads down to the Eleusinian plain. In grotesque contrast to this momentary vision of Hellas is a man of the Punjaub who hurries by crying "May every ill be far! Obey the serpent and you will thrive!" Base, foolish and degraded scapegoats come; he of Lhassa, shaking the yak's tail over the people that they may transfer their bad luck to him; he of Rome, Mamurius Veturius, beaten with rods. But what is this nauseating apparition that succeeds him? A priest dressed in the bloody skin of the girl who has impersonated the great goddess Chicomecohuatl and who has been flayed alive. We turn away, our last glimpse being of witches speeding on their errands of mischief. The fairies, too, are loose; and a rabble of gnomes and trolls, elves and bogles, pixies, kobolds and jinns, lamiæ and succubæ, vampires, ghouls and afreets, and all manner of wraiths and hobgoblins, brings up the rear.

But amid this picturesque and multi-coloured evocation of the past, there runs a thread of serious and significant argument which can be followed only with some difficulty; for though the author at times arrests his progress to scrutinize the evidence collected and the results achieved, at no place does he offer a

summary of his entire theme. Such an epitome I shall attempt here.

The guardian of Diana's temple at Nemi was at once priest and king. The origin of kingship is discoverable in the principles of magic which are based upon two "laws" that are in reality but perversions of the phenomenon of the association of ideas. These laws are, first, that things which resemble one another are the same (the Law of Similarity) and, second, that things which have once been in contact with each other are always in contact (the Law of Contagion). From the former notion Imitative Magic (like the melting of the wax image of an enemy to destroy his life) is evolved; from the latter, Contagious Magic (like the beating of an enemy's coat to harm the distant enemy) comes. Some magicians sincerely believe in their preposterous claims, but the very nature of their calling offers a reward to the clever mountebank; and the power wielded by the medicine man tends to fall into the hands of the person of keenest and most unscrupulous intelligence. With the emergence of the single resolute mind from the sluggish conservatism of primitive democracy, monarchy in its essentials has begun. The fallacy of magic was not so quickly detected as might be thought, for in most cases the rite performed was to bring about a result which, like rain or sunrise, was bound to happen sooner or later anyway. But in time the realization is borne in upon men that the proud art by which they claim to control nature is but a delusion. Now, the magician has this in common with the modern scientist, that he assumes a sequence of events determined by law. Only, he totally misunderstands the nature of the laws which govern that sequence. And the first step towards an understanding of his error leads him astray. If he cannot control nature, he thinks, it is because beings more powerful than himself control it. In this error lies one of the origins of religion. We have thenceforth the opposition of the two principles: Magic, which, operating by given laws, claims to produce desired effects; and Religion, which seeks to propitiate and conciliate higher powers who, it is believed, can produce those effects if they will. At times there is a confusion between the two, and even today the peasantry of Europe occasionally resort to magical practices when the prayers of their

priests have been unavailing. But fundamentally the two systems are opposed; the arrogance of the magician arouses the jealousy of the humble priest.

The drift of Frazer's argument now sets in toward a more detailed inquiry into the origin of the kingship. The magician claimed to control the great forces of nature, and by virtue of his pretensions he often gained the highest position of authority over his credulous fellows. He became king. But he was punished if he failed in his duties; and with the waning of trust in magic he gradually tended to exchange its practice for the priestly functions of prayer and sacrifice. Not only did he become a priest; the imperfect distinction between the human and the divine combined with other causes to make men imagine that temporarily or permanently some men may be possessed by a powerful spirit and even attain to godhead in this life. The god-men descended from the old order of public magicians or medicine men do not always control all nature. Often they seem to have specialized, so to speak, in some particular side of nature; they are departmental kings. Kings of Rain and Fire have been discovered in Africa; but to bring home the analogy to the priest of Aricia it is necessary to discover other Kings of the Wood. This need opens up the vast theme of the Worship of Trees. (Frazer expressly disclaims any belief in the supreme importance of such worship in the evolution of religion; he holds it altogether secondary to other factors, especially to fear and worship of the human dead.) Beliefs in tree spirits and their beneficent power, and the relics of tree worship in modern Europe, are passed under review. The purpose of the spring and summer festivals was to quicken magically the growth of trees and plants. The attendant license was not accidental excess but was originally an essential part of these rites; for the intercourse of the sexes promoted, it was thought, the fertility of the earth, though one finds the contrary practice of continence as a method of turning the vigour of human beings into a store of energy for the vegetable world.

By a somewhat precarious analogy Frazer now draws together the Whitsuntide Bride and Bridegroom of modern Europe, and the priest of Diana who had, perhaps, the goddess herself for his mate. Diana's male partner Virbius was perhaps embodied in

the King of the Wood. Annually their sacred nuptials were performed at Nemi, or at least so the argument from analogy suggests, for there is no ancient testimony to this portion of the Arician ritual. At this point we encounter one of the tenuous links in the chain that binds these theories and suggestions together. There is weakness as well as strength in the comparative method, and no one is better aware of its dangers, as of its allurements, than is Frazer himself.

Upon the priest-king and god-man depends the course of nature; any smallest act of his may overset the nice equipoise of the world. Care must be taken so to regulate his life that no act of his shall disturb this established order. He is bound around by prohibitions; the burden of royalty is great. The purpose of these restrictions or taboos is to preserve the divine man's life for the good of his people. But what dangers threaten the king?—a question that provokes another: What does early man understand by death? The soul is conceived as a frail and tiny replica of the human body, a facsimile much reduced but complete at all points.[1] Many people believe that the soul may be absent temporarily from the body, in sleep or at other times. The departure is not always voluntary, and the soul may become lost or its return to the body prevented. In the Malay Peninsula the art of abducting souls is carried to a high pitch of perfection. The shadow of a man or his reflection in a mirror or in water is sometimes regarded as his soul, and harm may be done him by trampling on his shadow or by striking his reflection. To such dangers the wandering spirit is exposed. Each individual is concerned to protect his own soul; but the welfare of the whole tribe is bound up with the soul of the king.

The anthropomorphic conception of a divine being implied in its first stages the supposition that gods, like men, must die. Tombs of the gods were shown at various places: Dionysos was

[1] I leave Frazer's argument for a moment to note that on the wall of the smaller cloister of the Certosa di Pavia there is a terra-cotta Annunciation: the Virgin kneels meekly in the right-hand corner; at the upper left the Father is seen blessing her; and from him, on a stream of light, the Holy Spirit, in likeness of a dove, glides down towards Mary. So much of the bas-relief follows the tradition of Christian iconography. But on the tail of the dove rides a tiny baby, the image in little of the Christ-child. He is about to enter his mother. It is a quaintly ingenuous conception.

buried at Delphi; Zeus in Crete; the mummy of Osiris was to be seen at Mendes. If even the high remote gods die at last, so, surely, must a god who abides within the frail shelter of a man's body. Yet the prosperity of a community depends upon its man-god. How avert the calamity of his death? This question opens up the central theme of *The Golden Bough:* the Dying God. The instances are multitudinous of the killing of kings either when their strength begins to fail or at the end of a fixed term of office. In this way the king's soul can be transferred to a vigorous successor before it is impaired by decay. The old custom of regicide is gradually softened down; the king abdicates annually and a temporary king assumes the office. Often he is a criminal already under sentence of death; but always he is treated with reverence and is granted regal privileges. His subsequent death, since he is to die in any case, is less shocking to feelings that have acquired some degree of humaneness. Relics of this periodic regicide still exist in the mummings and carnivals of Europe.

Frazer now applies the evidence as to the natural or accelerated death of various gods of nature to a study of the ancient myths of Adonis, Attis, and Osiris, and abandons the main line of his argument to investigate many interesting but only faintly related problems. And then the ceremonies of the annual renewal of the life of vegetation are studied; the idea common to all such rites is that the life of the god-man passes into his successor in full strength. But another and originally unrelated idea is intertwined with that of this transference of vitality. This is the grandiose idea of the Scapegoat, which the progress of time has, as Frazer says, refined from a foolish notion "into the sublime conception of a God Who dies to take away the sins of the world." At the base of this notion is a confusion between the real possibility of transferring a physical load and the supposed possibility of shifting mental and moral ailments to another person. A finely characteristic passage opens Frazer's discussion of the Scapegoat:

> For ages the army of spirits, once so near, has been receding farther and farther from us, banished by the magic wand of science from hearth and home, from ruined cell and ivied tower, from haunted glade and lonely mere, from the riven murky cloud that belches forth the lightning, and from those fairer clouds

that pillow the silvery moon or fret with flakes of burning red the golden eve. The spirits are gone from their last stronghold in the sky, whose blue arch no longer passes, except with children, for the screen that hides from mortal eyes the glory of the celestial world. Only in poets' dreams or impassioned flights of oratory is it given to catch a glimpse of the last flutter of the standards of the retreating host, to hear the beat of their invisible wings, the sound of their mocking laughter, or the swell of angel music dying away in the distance. Far otherwise is it with the savage. To his imagination the world still teems with those motley beings whom a more sober philosophy has discarded. . . . Their constant presence wearies him, their sleepless malignity exasperates him; he longs with an unspeakable longing to be rid of them altogether, and from time to time, driven to bay, his patience utterly exhausted, he turns fiercely on his persecutors, and makes a desperate effort to chase the whole pack of them from the land, to clear the air of their swarming multitudes.

All over the world there have been occasional or periodic expulsions of intangible, inaudible and invisible evils, often driven out with sticks and stones and shouts, or bundled off in some sort of vehicle, as when certain savages launch a demon-laden ship with the cry, "Fly away, devil; never come again!" Or the evil may be embodied in a material form which is sometimes an animal; in Assam a monkey was formerly crucified annually as a public scapegoat. Or the scapegoat may be a human being; and that human being may be a god. The expulsion of evils usually marks the beginning of a new year, and the periodic riddance is often followed or preceded by a period of general license.

Thus far the long inquiry has been directed towards the solution of the question: Why had the priest of Aricia to slay his predecessor? In the final part of Frazer's work the problem of the golden bough is approached through the story of Balder. This in turn leads to an account of the fire-festivals of Europe, which is one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of the book. A parallel between Balder and the priest of Nemi is drawn. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the Arician priest was a departmental king of nature, the representative of the oak-god Virbius, wedded annually to Diana, and put to death when his strength began to fail, that his life might go into his successor. Upon his existence, that of the grove and the surrounding vegetation was believed to depend; and upon the mistletoe his own life depended.

Thus in the end Frazer returns to Nemi, a tentative solution in hand, having sometimes solved and more often indicated many other problems by the way, and having gathered a mass of evidence of the slow, discouraging progress of the human mind and of the ignorance and credulity and cruelty and superstition of which our poor race has been guilty in its long history. Beside the lake he bids it and us farewell; these are his majestic words of parting:

> Our long voyage of discovery is over and our bark has dropped her weary sails in port at last. Once more we take the road to Nemi. It is evening, and as we climb the long slope of the Appian Way up to the Alban Hills, we look back and see the sky aflame with sunset, and touching with a crest of fire the dome of St. Peter's. The sight once seen can never be forgotten, but we turn from it and pursue our way darkling along the mountain side, till we come to Nemi and look down on the lake in its deep hollow, now fast disappearing in the evening shadows. The place has changed but little since Diana received the homage of her worshippers in the sacred grove. The temple of the sylvan goddess, indeed, has vanished and the King of the Wood no longer stands sentinel over the Golden Bough. But Nemi's woods are still green, and as the sunset fades above them in the west, there comes to us, borne on the swell of the wind, the sound of the church bells of Aricia ringing the Angelus. *Ave Maria!* Sweet and solemn they chime out from the distant town and die lingeringly away across the wide Campagnan marshes. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi! Ave Maria!*

As one reads these words one hears Hilarion—himself the personification of Science—whispering in the ear of Saint Anthony:

> *Ils vivent toujours! L'empereur Constantine adore Apollon. Tu retrouveras la Trinité dans les mystères de Samothrace, le baptême chez Isis, la rédemption chez Mithra, le martyre d'un Dieu aux fêtes de Bacchus. Proserpine est la Vierge!*

Frazer's wide range of evidence embraces matter of very varying degrees of reliability; some of his theories and conjectures are untenable; some of his conclusions are uncertain or even fantastic. His initial "laws" of magic tend to exaggerate the intellectual element in the savage's life and to obscure the emotional. Some links in his argument are weak. He pushes the comparative method to an extreme. Upon the agricultural aspects of primitive religion he lays an emphasis which his own later writings are serving to modify. Anthropologists of the future must re-sift and rearrange his vast stores of material. The science of anthro-

pology, despite the labours of Mannhardt and Tylor and Robertson Smith, was in its infancy when he began his work; even now a proper methodology is not completely formulated. All this may be granted. But the author of *The Golden Bough* has often emphasized the fact that his conclusions are but tentative and that he has ever been ready to revise or discard them when better explanations present themselves. Meanwhile he has used his theories as "pegs" on which to hang the collections of data that he has brought together from the reports and recollections of the army of explorers who for the sake of religion or conquest or commerce or science have penetrated into the wild places of the earth, or of that other army which in the cause of scholarship has groped inquiringly into the dark background of human history. Even if every one of his theories is at length swept away by the rising tide of knowledge, I find it impossible to believe that in any future state of literary culture thoughtful people will allow this great achievement of learning and imagination and literary art to accumulate dust upon high, unsought shelves.

But we, too, were forced to bid farewell to Nemi. The walk around the lake was quickly over, notwithstanding our delays to pluck the first flowers of the spring. For the flowers return, though the magician who once brought them year by year and who died that they might live again has long since vanished. Fitful showers and more fitful sunshine fell upon us while we pursued our way around the shore; and the long shadows were reaching across the water as we climbed the heights of Genzano and turned away from Nemi's immemorial woods.

Samuel C. Chew.

ANASTASIA FEDEROVNA'S AMERIKANSKI

BY PAUL WRIGHT

When at last Carter threw himself upon his cot in the big khaki tent he found that sleep was out of the question, so he lay still and listened to the sounds that told of the midsummer madness of all this Russian world, of which he now suddenly and unexpectedly discovered himself to be a part.

From the village a few hundred feet to the east came the notes of a balalaika or two and a concertina, and the mingled voices of groups of singers, young men and women, boys and girls. Carter listened to the confusion of melody and analyzed it. He wondered whether Anastasia Federovna had a balalaika. It would be good to walk the dusky paths with her, to its music. He had seen young folks so engaged ever since the warm weather had come. They looked happy and very much like people taking part in a pageant, or walking in their dreams.

He attempted to sleep and gave it up. The high potential personality of the Russian girl was still with him. Never had he known anything like it, nor had he imagined that such intensity of emotion was possible to him. He felt himself touched powerfully by a force outside himself. He was like a bit of iron filing in the field of a magnet. Compared with this Siberian experience his affairs with the girls at home had been mild and flavorless. He counted them over. Mary, Gladys, Beth, Alma—their anæmic ghosts refused to differentiate. He had taken them to dances and to the movies and to picnics, but they had no grip on his soul. All the Mabels and Ednas and Josies he had ever known were nice girls, certainly, but they meant nothing. On the other hand, this Russian, this vigorous and enormously vital daughter of earth's most youthful race, fascinated and astonished him.

Memories of dead cigarettes filled the tent and became oppressive. Carter's cot was opposite the entrance, along the

rear wall. He raised the lower edge of the canvas from off the ground. A little fresh air entered and he heard more distinctly the subdued revelry, which grew less as the groups dispersed, for even Russians must sleep sometimes in summer.

An owl hooted. Carter raised the canvas a few inches higher and looked out. The country was still bathed in moonlight, although the moon itself was now well down the western slope. The black face of the hill opposite was all that he could see. The moon revealed but little of that precipitous front, along which were ledges where the trees and bushes grew tangled and menacing. From one of these thickets the supposed owl had called. The top of the hill was well up beyond his angle of vision.

Every time, whether by day or night, since the beginning of his sojourn in Petrova, that Carter had studied this sullen height, it had set him wondering and now it filled him with oppression. The thing scowled at him. It was too high, too bushy, and quite too close to the line of tents at its foot.

Of course, if the natives were genuinely and permanently well disposed towards the Americans, the exposed position of the camp was a matter of no moment. But were they?

* * *

Some hours later Carter awoke. It was as if he had been drugged. He opened his eyes smiling, and went through the routine of the morning and afternoon like a wooden man, and was conscious only of the fact that he was excruciatingly happy. Five or six times that day his feet carried him past the little log house that was in no way different from all the other little log houses in Petrova, except for the notable fact that it sheltered Anastasia Federovna. Of her there was no sign.

The hours dragged along. Carter borrowed Bratshaw's vest pocket dictionary, with the Russian-English in one half and the English-Russian in the other. It had been compiled for the embarrassment of British tourists and gave complicated phrases for the tramway, for shopping in Petrograd and for sending the soiled linen to the laundry, but was defective as a promoter of philandering in Eastern Siberia. Nevertheless Carter read diligently and made some progress. He might have had assistance from some of the old Russians who came to the camp

selling vegetables; but, though they no doubt remembered the customary terms, his sense of fitness prevented his making the request.

With the rest of the men Carter went to his evening chow. He displayed what he felt was amazing composure, although his food choked him. Somehow he finished eating, drank his too thoroughly boiled coffee, and polished his kit without attracting attention, as he kept well within the speed laws. Then he managed to stroll away unconcernedly, with a cigarette between his lips, and in the course of twenty minutes had fetched a compass that brought him to the house that just then was the hub of his universe.

Raspberry bushes grew beside the house and close to the unpaved pathway that served as a sidewalk. As Carter approached he saw the girl, for the first time that day. In the cool of the evening she had emerged and now was engaged in studying the raspberry prospects. She did not even look up as he drew near, but explored the bushes, looking for vagrant berries.

Carter pulled his wits together and marshaled the Slavic phrases he had been graving on his memory.

"Dabr' utro!" he said as he came to a halt.

Anastasia Federovna ceased from her berry hunting, smiled sweetly and replied, without pretending to be greatly surprised at his presence:

"Dabr' vecher!"

Carter blushed. He had made a mistake. "Boob!" he told himself. "Here I've gone and went and wished her good morning when it's past sunset, and she is too decent to tell me what a slant head I am!"

He tried again: "Dabr' vecher!"

This time the girl not only smiled but nodded, like a teacher whose prize pupil has retrieved an error. As her red lips parted Carter noted her splendid white teeth. Her eyes were wide and there was enough light left from the departing day to disclose the purely Slavic violet in them. Her deep chest was disturbed by some emotion. The girl was only seventeen and until yesterday had never met an American.

He returned to the task in hand. "Hot-eatchy gulyat?" he

asked. Would she take a walk? His command of Russian now surprised him and, what was more amazing, the girl understood. The absurd syllables that to him sounded like nothing whatever evidently conveyed a message. She smiled and nodded again.

"Da," she said. "Spasebo! Sank you!"

Then they both laughed.

From the pocket of his blouse the American extracted a bar of chocolate with almonds in it. This he gave to the girl and she thanked him radiantly, with a gurgle of merriment. Then, as a good Russian and a bit of a Communist, she wished to reciprocate. For a moment she was puzzled. Then she began searching the raspberry bushes. Her most intent and careful examination disclosed exactly five berries that were ripening moderately before the blandishments of summer. These she plucked and offered him. He ate the berries and watched while she broke the chocolate bar in her powerful fingers.

"Hot-eatchy gulyat?" he repeated his question and waved his arm in an all-embracing sweep towards the evening landscape. Once more she nodded. So they went walking.

They watched the long Siberian twilight turn gloriously into night, when the radiant moon came riding up over the hills where the Suchan Mountains begin. And when from the hilltops that luminary launched itself for its voyage, they noted that the great blue dome to be traversed was deeper and more translucent and more alluring than ever a night sky before.

The laziest of breezes came strolling in from the ocean, and brought little fog banks that twisted themselves into pleasantly mysterious wraiths and at length spread over the low ground in pools of silver that gleamed lovely and enticing.

All their senses were stimulated and rendered acutely perceptive. They caught the intimation of new mown hay that was carried in from the lush meadows, where the little river had built its estuary. Their eager nostrils were assailed by the perfume of the honey locusts in full bloom and the occasional evening primroses that grew wild by the roadside.

Repeatedly, as on the evening before, they heard the tinkling harmony of the balalaika and the wailing notes of the con-

certina in the hands of a lusty peasant; and the laughter and singing and the curiously cuddled voices of lovers, suggestive of the waking of birds in the early morning.

This pastoral had most cruel limits.

Here was a little green island of happiness in the rapids of hardship, terror and revolution.

Violence and woe were always and everywhere near at hand. The woods came down close to the village and to the plowed lands, and these woods were the lurking place of appalling creatures.

The Siberian tiger of these forests is bigger and fiercer than any ever bred in India. The wild boar, the wolf and the bear are its fellows. Chinese bandits, the hunghutzus of Manchuria, are ever to be expected. They prey upon the peace-loving Koreans, and their deeds of cruelty had made Carter's flesh creep when he heard the tales. There was even then a sick man in the village whose body bore the marks of the hunghutzus' torturing hot irons. And as if these were not enough, there were also the Russians who had been outlawed by the civil disturbances and—as Carter was beginning to understand—lashed into frenzy by the deliberate spreading among them of a propaganda of hatred, aimed at the destruction of society.

Such was the somber background. Yet everywhere that night were music and laughter and softened voices. The strong tide of Russian nature was at its crest, and young men and women made love with astonishing frankness and simplicity.

Carter, from Chicago and naturally cool blooded, recognized these things with a curious shock. All the ardor of the long days and the caressing tenderness of the Siberian night were capturing his soul and body.

In the beginning they had between them not more than ten words suitable for the exchange of thought, but both the American boy and the Russian girl learned several that evening.

One of these was "ruka", for hand. It was while she was teaching him the meaning of this term that he had found the calluses on Anastasia Federovna's palms, which she had acquired in the collieries at Suchan.

At Suchan, twenty-five miles away, she had sorted coal, and it

had made her hands hard and her arms strong. Carter was destined to be grateful for the powerful arms of her.

Their supreme happiness endured for the period of the full moon.

Every evening he found her ready, as it would never have occurred to her to keep a man waiting merely because he was a man and she a girl. He brought her more chocolate, a ribbon, a hand mirror, a five pound can of American candy. And she always had a gift for him, a rose or a wild flower from the edge of the woods.

The *gulyats* that followed made high spots of happiness in their young lives. It developed that Anastasia Federovna did possess a balalaika and could make charming though simple music. Carter contributed what he remembered of the *Missouri Waltz* and the song about the Long Trail. She played and they sang as they walked or sat, except when they were talking and learning each other's mother tongue. They made amazing progress in languages, although the terms they learned were of no economic or commercial value whatever.

* * *

For days the camp had been assailed by rumors of approaching trouble. Carter heard them all the time, at meals, between meals, and the last word at night was of what was about to happen. Carter did not worry, because he had something better to do. But he hated the yammering. The plain fact was that the Omsk Government of Admiral Kolchak was falling and the "partisans" in Far Eastern Siberia were about to cripple the transcontinental railway and the Omsk Government by disabling the coal mines at Suchan and the coal-carrying railway out of Suchan, part of which was guarded by the little garrison at Petrova.

Logically, of course, this meant danger for the American troops, but the World War had ended and nobody used much logic. Therefore some seventy-five simple minded Americans at Petrova dutifully regarded the "partisans" as "exasperated peasants" who were fighting for a democratic ideal, and gave them much sympathy and some cigarettes. The Americans extended their best wishes to the under dogs.

Altogether the decree against the Americans at Petrova was a great blunder. It did not yield the Reds so much as a Browning gun, which they greatly desired.

* * *

As the full moon that marked the term of their delight grew thin, Anastasia Federovna betrayed increasing anxiety. It is possible that she actually knew nothing of what was in the air, but merely surmised and deduced from the whispers she overheard.

Carter saw distress and foreboding in her eyes, and he heard predictions of calamity in the camp. The Reds were rising everywhere. The natives acted strangely. Where previously they had been open, frank and kindly they became furtive. Neighborly visits to the camp ceased. In the village and along the road the Americans encountered averted glances and sometimes looks of hate. Sometimes stones.

One night Carter went to Anastasia Federovna's house as usual. She came to the door looking frightened and worried.

"Yah n'magou," she was saying to him from the threshold. Then somebody put a heavy hand on the girl's shoulder and drew her back into the room and closed the door.

So Carter went back to camp, thinking fruitlessly. He went to bed and was falling asleep when he heard the owl hoot again on the dark hill.

"That's a doggone funny owl," he said. "The wise old bird has forgotten his own language."

* * *

There was no warning.

At 10:30 o'clock that night Carter had fallen asleep with the yawning voices of his tentmates in his ears.

At the first intimation of dawn the American alarm clock, suspended by a string near the top of the tent, was struck by a bullet. As Carter jerked awake the bits of glass were still falling and tinkling as they struck wood or metal on landing.

In the fraction of a second that he lay on his back, while the *zing* of the disembowled alarm clock was still in his ears, Carter saw the canvas roof above him punctured in four places and saw the queer purple light of the new day peeping through the holes. The bullets came through the roof and buried themselves in the

floor. They had been fired downward at an angle of something like forty-five degrees.

"The hill!" he groaned. "That damned hill!"

Carter's tentmates were leaping from their beds. They reached and scrambled for clothes and accouterment.

In the cot next to him Johnson was swinging himself clear. He was clad only in his army underwear. His feet were naked. He reached down for his shoes and when he saw Carter he remembered their recent arguments regarding peasant possibilities.

"They got us, buddy," Johnson was saying. "These here exasperated peasants is more exasperated than—"

Johnson rolled to the floor. It is a matter of history that fourteen out of seventy-four men and two officers were killed in their beds that morning.

A bomb tossed from the hilltop above at that moment landed beside the tent. A storm of slugs cut the canvas to tatters. More men were struck.

Carter got into some of his clothes and found his rifle and cartridges. It was quite impersonal, as if somebody else was moving his arms and legs. By this time the canvas roof looked like a colander. Carter glanced at Johnson and was shaken with horror. He dived for the exit, where the canvas swayed foolishly in the breeze that had come up with the dawn, and he landed outside on his hands and knees.

"Nightmare for sure!" Carter told himself as he looked about him.

Reversing the usual process, when Carter had opened his eyes that morning with the first rifle shot he had awakened into a bad dream, and for as long as consciousness remained with him he found it impossible to shake off entirely the spell of unreality that goes along with dreams.

The whole thing was irrational. The Russians were mad with their wild enthusiasms and their untamed hatreds and their uncontrolled loves. The Americans were crazy that they did not realize what these strange Russians were capable of doing. Lunacy, delirium, dementia, were epidemic. They all had it. Both sides were engaged in a game of life and death that was incredible and absurd.

One illusion followed another, in a series of extraordinary moving pictures, to the music of rifle shots and curses.

In place of reveille and the morning ceremony of breakfast they were engaged in a shooting match with an invisible enemy on an unclimbable hill. They were trying to shoot fireflies with service rifles. It could not be done. When the Russian rifles spoke there was a brief spurt of flame and this was all that the Americans could shoot at. Then the daylight grew and obliterated the fireflies on the hill, for the flashes of burning powder were lost, leaving only the precipitous height and thin puffs of smoke.

They rallied behind the camp cook's pile of stove wood, and there clumsy men were binding up one another's hurts. As is common enough in dreams, some of them had escaped only in their underwear, though with their guns and bandoliers.

Presently the Americans were flanked and their wood pile afforded no further protection. It was then that Carter first became aware of a tall, raw-boned lieutenant with an amazing vocabulary. This was Cutler. He packed an outfit of objurgations that would have awed a string of army mules. His fulminations energized wherever they hit. The men found his voice consoling, and Carter noted gratefully that there was no dream stuff about him.

Under Cutler's direction the men gathered themselves and their wounded together and retreated, back across the open space to three Russian houses that stood by themselves. This was their last line of defense, as behind it lay a bare stretch of kitchen gardens and meadows. The woods were too far.

The morning wore on. Everything was highly improbable.

After they had been fighting some hours and were near extinction a trainload of sleepy American soldiers approached from the west. It ran into the storm of bullets and then backed up and disappeared. Carter refused to believe his eyes again. The truth was that the Russian engineer, having had no warning, thought the Bolsheviki were after him alone and so ran. The sleepy Americans inside knew no more than the driver. Nowhere else than in Russia could the thing have happened.

Altogether it was a madhouse occasion, and Carter laughed to himself when along toward ten o'clock in the morning he dis-

covered that he was acutely worried over the welfare of Anastasia Federovna. He himself, he argued, had his very excellent shrapnel helmet and a pretty thick cedar post in front of him. He had an outdoor job—being part of the guard posted to prevent the Russians from rushing them—and, he told himself, outdoor work was more healthy than the other kind. He lay flat and the Russians could not see him very well, and the bullets had missed him regularly. Anyway, they would be rescued soon, because runners had been sent for help. One of them, a Chicago boy, had spurted blood at every step.

But Anastasia Federovna—well, when Carter told the chap behind the next post that he was worried about the girl, the other man told him he was nutty and asked for a chew of tobacco.

Carter searched his pockets for tobacco and found it, and discovered also some chocolate he had purchased for Anastasia Federovna. He ate part and gave the rest away. It served them as breakfast.

Very soon thereafter Carter discovered that his own and the others' cartridges were running short. He wriggled his way back to the central house of the row of three, where were the two lieutenants and a handful of men.

"Plenty there," said Lieut. Cutler, pointing a hairy hand towards the abandoned camp across the track. Cutler spoke thickly because he had received a bullet in the mouth a few minutes before, losing most of his teeth and much of his face. The hemorrhage in his throat troubled him, too.

Less than three hundred feet away there were cartridges in abundance. In the khaki tent where the two commissioned officers had slept were enough for a regiment.

The duty of leading the forlorn hope was assumed by Lieut. Flieger. Carter was one of the other four.

They left the house by the single door, which was farthest from and not visible to the Russians on the hill. Carter heard Lieut. Cutler instructing those who remained behind. "Give them Russians hell!" he roared, his red mouth dripping. "Our men have got to come home with the cartridges!"

Of course, several of that party of five would not return, but somebody had to. Otherwise the garrison was doomed.

One leaf of the big gate in the high board fence was pulled back. Over Flieger's shoulder Carter saw the danger zone, a little Siberian stretch of No Man's Land, as wide as a city block. Directly in front was the road, dry and dusty, and beyond it lay the railway, the steel glistening dully in the bright sunlight. This space was raked by bullets from every direction.

"Let's go!" said Flieger, and set off running.

The "partisans" saw the little Balaklava charge coming towards them and fired wildly. Carter heard the American guns behind him roar their answer, the ordinary service rifles barking to the chatter of the automatic Brownings.

Carter proceeded with long, elastic strides. He was a fast runner, a trained athlete. He even slowed his gait a trifle, lest he outrun the others.

They passed the woodpile, going strong. Four of their five were left when they reached the tent and entered. Bullets pursued them even there, coming through the canvas walls like the blind fingers of a blind enemy.

The precious stuff lay piled in the center of the tent. Each box held 1,000 cartridges and made a burden for a strong man. Having seized their loads they headed back. They ran more slowly now and occasionally they stumbled.

The ambushed partisans beheld victory almost within their grasp, yet slipping out of reach. If they could cut down these four unprotected men, then the American guns, representing "capitalism", would be silenced forever. So they shot with great enthusiasm.

Bullets sang past Carter's ears and kicked up dust. The youth on his left crashed to the ground. Carter wondered why the houses in front of him kept moving farther away, as if seen through the wrong end of a field glass. Then he fell sprawling.

* * *

Nobody knew how the girl found her way there. She appeared unannounced, from nowhere, inside the middle Russian house a few seconds after Carter and the others had gone. Probably she had been creeping up in the ditch from the lowlands along the creek bottom. She had been running, but her face was

white and drawn with woe. Her eyes were open wide and the pupils dilated. She said not a word.

"Who is she?" one man asked another.

"I think she is Carter's girl," was the answer.

"And there goes Carter! Good Lord!"

Paying no attention whatever to the gaping, shattered window through which her countrymen's bullets were entering, Anastasia Federovna made her way about the room, looking earnestly and almost myopically into the face of each fighting American. Then she inspected the wounded on the floor. She was trembling now and more woebegone at each fresh disappointment. In one corner, under the ikon, was a trap door above the small cellar, whence came groans. Some of the wounded were there. The girl went down the ladder and returned with tears in her eyes.

"Gdyeh Meester Carter?" she asked wildly.

Somebody pointed. Out through the window Anastasia Federovna looked, and stood as if hypnotized, motionless, hardly breathing. She beheld it all, as the five advanced. She saw one fall, the four survivors enter the tent, watched the return with the cartridges. She moaned when the second man was hit. When Carter tumbled she turned, with a tremulous indrawing of the breath, and fled. She disappeared through the open door.

Carter had a brief but pleasant return to consciousness a few seconds later. He looked up long enough to see the violet eyes of Anastasia Federovna looking down into his and felt himself lifted bodily from the dust and carried away.

* * *

In the American base hospital at Vladivostok it was suggested to Carter that he would doubtless hate to go back to the States and leave Anastasia Federovna behind.

"Leave her behind?" he answered. "Nyet! Nekogda! Not on your life! We've been married by the chaplain and we are going to be married by the Russian priest. And pretty soon we are going to Chicago to live happy ever after!"

And that is exactly what they did.

PAUL WRIGHT.

THEOCRITUS IN SYRACUSE

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

Critics tell us that pastoral poetry has passed into eternal shadow. Yet even if this is true, the pastoral is still—

> —annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

The long line of writers—Theocritus, Virgil, Boccaccio, Sannazaro, Poliziano, Tasso, Mantuan, Spenser, Sidney, Drayton, Jonson, Milton, and Keats—have played upon an oaten pipe that never will be silent. There is no mortality in the true pastoral, for in it the soul of man has become one with nature. The trouble is that too many people have studied the pastoral for literary rather than for poetic pleasure and have, somehow, turned Arcadia into Academe. There is something ironically suggestive in the fact that the Fountain of Arethusa in Syracuse is now surrounded by a growth of papyrus, symbolic of the way in which the merely bookish has encircled the natural.

If there are no new pastoral poems, the old ones live on, giving us again the beauty of the golden world where narcissus and violet blossom, where time delays, and where youth and love endure with supreme joyousness. Theocritus remains the first and the last in pastoral song. His idylls, even in the medium of translations, persuade the reader's imagination to enter and to dwell in that world of imperishable freshness. Always, tribute has been paid to his appeal, his hauntingly perfect reality; but until one lives in Syracuse one does not know how true to life he was, nor with what fine perceptiveness he chose the moments to perpetuate. Though more than two thousand years have passed by, the reader of Theocritus finds in Syracuse, either visible or invisible, the very actuality which the poet interpreted.

Is there another city in *Magna Græcia* where, in such small compass, is contained so much history, or where the exalted,

urbane, and intellectual traditions of Greek culture were more cherished? Philosophers, poets, scientists, generals, emperors, artists, scholars, and herdsmen, have walked in Syracuse, giving it perennial significance. The precession of the equinoxes has hardly been more regular than the procession of the armies which have attempted to overcome Syracuse and extinguish its identity as a Corinthian colony. Carthaginians, Sicilians, Athenians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spanish, and, lately, English-speaking tourists, have come down upon Syracuse; yet the city has survived and lies silent, shimmering beside the blue sea, superior to decay, timeless, unconquered.

A city of quietly appealing beauty, it has a reach and compass still suggestive of the metropolis which possessed a circumference of twenty-one miles and a population of almost four hundred thousand. Ortygia, the crowded island section, projects like a wedge into the Ionian Sea; back from the island rises gently the mainland in sections of distinctive character. At the left are the greenest of meadows threaded by the River Anapus and its tributary, the Cyane, leading to the blue waters of the pool formed by the tears the nymph Cyane shed when Pluto, at this spot, carried Persephone down to his underground kingdom. Possibly Theocritus had this region in memory when he wrote Idyll XIII. That tells how the boy Hylas was snatched away, underground, by the Nymphs and numbered among the Blessed. The description offers a pleasant parallel: "Soon Hylas found a spring in a low-lying spot; around it grew many rushes, dark leaved celandine, soft green maiden-hair, blossoming parsley, and wild grass spreading through the marshes. In the midst of the water the Nymphs were fashioning their dance with song; the unresting Nymphs, goddesses feared by the country folk: Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia with Spring-discovering eyes." The Cyane is bordered with the donax reed, papyrus plant, and, now and then, yellow iris. The lowlands near have a wonderful fertility and greenness. Flowers are everywhere; little saffron marigolds and yellow oxalis speak of the Age of Gold; all sorts of vetches, white honey-flower, and wild geranium with its scarlet petals, are riotous. Near pleasant-looking farmsteads, cattle, sheep, and goats browse under the olive trees or near a carob. Peace,

serenity, tranquil days, seem to dwell in these prosperous fields, where the shepherd and his dog stroll idly.

At the right of Ortygia rises gently the rocky plateau which included the four other sections of the ancient city. Nearest are Neapolis and Achradina, where the aristocrats lived; farther on, Tyche, close to the sea and, beyond, high-lying Epipolæ. Underneath the plateau stretch *latomie*, or quarries, and subterranean caves in which were fashioned ancient sepulchres. To the traveler exploring the deserted regions, Neapolis and Achradina, Syracuse seems at first to be a city of tombs, so numerous are the hewn necropoles and catacombs where unnumbered dead were once buried. One feels the fact of centuries of death, yet the brilliant sunshine, the clear blue of the sea, the lustrous green of the rich meadows, and the keen piercing salt air, change that feeling of death and extinction into a passionate sense of life, turning a mood of sadness over transitory being into an understanding of the permanence of all that has had beauty. It is true that countless men and women have died in Syracuse, but evermore, here, walk Æschylus, Plato, Pindar, and Theocritus. The mystery of death retreats before the mystery of lasting life. A city once dedicated to Diana, goddess of the moon, it is now, by appropriate succession, dedicated to Santa Lucia, lady of light. The ritual of religion may change, but its essential significances remain, no matter how the generations of man seek for a new idea. The columns of the Greek temple of Athena now support a Roman Catholic cathedral, built into and around the pagan place of worship. By what rites the pagan spirits were thought to have been exorcised one does not know; certainly even now they keep their tryst most faithfully with the humanists of every race and age, possessing unalterable dominion over the scene of their ancient greatness. Above the ruins of the Temple of Diana the stars have not changed their courses, nor become dimmed, but shine in all the clear brilliancy of the southern heavens, awaiting the moon's return.

The shrine of the greatness of Syracuse is perhaps the Greek theatre hewn out of the rocky soil of Neapolis, and open, through more than twenty-two centuries, to sunshine and to wind which have weathered the old grey stone seats. In the solitude of a

still-remembered past, flowers are pushing their way up along the edges of the stone, and wild thyme makes all things fragrant. It was in this spot that Æschylus saw his plays performed before critical splendour-loving audiences—Æschylus, rebelling at the fact that man is bound to suffer in seeking freedom, that his life must become an anguish of thwarted though ever unquenched aspiration.

There Pindar read some of his odes, rejoicing in the powers of man, delighting in man's activity, his triumphs, his fame, and endeavouring to quicken in the audience the sense of human power; for Pindar's life was a stately pageant where honour and dignities abounded, and man could achieve lasting renown. Among the audiences of the fourth century B. C. sat Plato, the restless, searching, scrutinizing mind, ever considering the soul, love, immortality, kinship with the divine; the thinker, acutely conscious of the transitory, centring his thought upon the idea of the eternal.

A hundred years after Plato, Theocritus was there among the Syracusans who had inherited the great memories, and who in that life-giving air must have continued in some degree the old discussions about the inexorable laws of fate, the beauty of the present world, and the problems of human happiness. What did he conclude regarding the great drama of mortal existence? What impressed his imagination and directed his genius to the writing of his Idylls? For he too was a philosopher about life, writing not from idleness, nor indifference to problems, but from an artist's acquaintance with his birthplace where he had probably spent his boyhood before he went to Cos to study, and where he lived, it is supposed, about eight years before he departed to Egypt.

He turned aside from abstract speculation and from inquiry into tragic revolutions of fate, to observe the daily lives of those who are happily close to the primitive realities of labour which makes for them a constraining bond with earth. Himself sophisticated, student, poet, attendant at courts, familiar with the polished ways of life, he took unceasing pleasure in discovering what life was like by the wayside or in the pastures. There he saw the herdsmen, fifteen or sixteen years old, slender boys, lithe

and graceful from spare diet and from the constant exercise of thwarting the self-will of Cymætha, the heifer, or the predatory antics of the "blunt faced kids." Straight, slim, clear-eyed, with features extraordinarily delicate, these youths looked out upon the world, with the dignity and the charm of those whose days are passed in companionship with the beauty of nature, guardianship of the dependent herds, and the lyric emotions of rustic love. With interest tender, humourous, poetic, Theocritus made the acquaintance of Daphnis and Thyrsis as they lingered in the shade of these gnarled old olive trees close by the ocean, trees with boughs twisted, contorted, yet kept perennially green by the winds of countless years. There in the lustrous meadows along the irregular shore white sheep, with thick soft wool, fleet away the time carelessly, browsing only as a part of self expression, not as a means to live, while their masters contend in song. And on pleasant days he must have sought the rocky slopes of Achradina, where sheep and goats and cattle are still pastured.

Mounting a little higher, he would have come to the uplands from which he could, on clear days, have seen the pyramid of Mother Ætna elevated majestically above the sea. From a faintly-defined base its five thousand feet of snowy summit rise, remote, pale, spectral, almost a mirage against the blue of the southern sky, incomparable in the beauty of silence, distance, and isolation. The mountain looks neither massive nor blunt nor scarred; no suggestion gives any sense of substance or of the fiery elements within. Only majesty, strength, and quiet are associated with the slender outlines where disproportion has become refined away and where all the contours have become so shaped and delicately expressive of perfection of form as to enthrall and guide a poet's art.

Or, higher still he would go sometimes, wandering in the bright morning sunshine, and would see a herdsman sitting on the rocks playing upon his reed pipe, today still fashioned as it was when Theocritus was there. In the indescribable stillness of those fields on the height of the plateau, the rustic flutes are heard yet; firm, clear, liquid, in music whose cadence makes all things young.

The notes are not gay and tripping, but piercingly sweet and soft, touched with the slightest melancholy turn. What impresses

one is the subtlety, the tenuous, impalpable beauty of them. It is a non-physical, an elemental sound, perfect in its floating unlocalized being. Though one often fails to see the performer, one hears the music drifting across the fields at sunset, as one roams in the golden light through the uplands. There, pale pink blossoms make every almond tree a cloud of soft color and fragrance, contrasting with the tapering symmetry of green cypresses at a distance. In all those music-haunted spaces are the spring flowers that grow in such indescribable myriads in Sicilian soil: wonderful purple anemones, as large as the palm of Persephone's hand; the omnipresent dwarf marigold; white honey-flower, the sweet alyssum; pink campion; tiny English daisies that have taken full possession; purple vetch; wild mignonette; pink heather; short blue iris; and tall, pale asphodel. There is no telling the tale of the grass woven with color. And lifting one's eyes one sees to the west the low, flat-topped blue hills of Hybla, stored with the honey, of sweetest tradition, made by the subjects of the only queens who live in Syracuse.

As any one wanders through these fields and stone-walled pastures, the visible, audible world presses close to the senses, yet seems removed by two thousand years. The Greek has gone, antiquity is spent, the keen, strong life of Syracuse has vanished. But in these precincts of an immemorial inheritance there still lingers, on the warm, scented, pungent air, one wish—that granted to Theocritus: "Of song may all my dwelling be full, for sleep is not more sweet, nor sudden Spring, nor flowers are more delicious to the bees, so dear to me are the Muses."

Martha Hale Shackford.

THE MAGIC CASEMENT

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

WHY is it that when, in the second act of Wagner's *Tristan*, Isolde listens for the sound of King Mark's evanescent hunting horns, and the orchestra responds to her listening with a hushed and mysterious murmuring of the strings, the music sweeps into our consciousness a sudden and vivid sense of all the glamour and magic of a summer night—a summer night in a garden? The musical means that Wagner uses here are of the utmost simplicity and transparency: a few violins, violas, and 'cellos play, pianissimo, a tremolo "*am stege*," (near the bridge), and then, through this vague and mysterious mist of tone, a solo clarinet traces an ascending melody of subdued and chromatic tenderness. Yet, for all its simplicity, the passage is miraculous in its communicative potency: we are keeping tryst in the garden with Isolde; we hear with her the stirring of the wind in the tall trees; we are ravished by all the witchery, the sensuous magic, the anonymous enchantment, of this "mad, naked, summer night".

Why is it that when, in the incomparable nocturne which forms the second movement of Debussy's *Iberia*, the oboe sings its slow and brooding song above an accompaniment of muted 'cellos and violas, there rises in our minds still another, and quite different, picture of the night?—of a sultry Castilian night, more languid, more heavily perfumed, than the night that seduced Isolde and Tristan in King Mark's garden?

Why is it that when Mélisande, standing with Pelléas beside the ancient "fountain of the blind", looks into its strange and still waters and exclaims, "*Oh! l'eau est claire*," Debussy, by the simplest possible use of two horns, a harp, and a chord held by the strings, is able to call up for us a vision of those mysterious, silent, and liquid depths?

Why is it that Loeffler, in his setting of Verlaine's poem, *Le Son du Cor s'afflige vers les Bois*, can, by the use of a simple adagio

passage in thirds and fifths for the piano, blending with an obbligato melody for a muted viola, suggest to our imagination the landscape that Verlaine's words denote: the desolate winter sunset, the gentle, monotonous falling of the snow—all the intangible, melancholy implications of the scene?

Why is it that MacDowell, using only the monochromatic palette of the piano's keyboard, can, by a passage of soft and sonorous chords in slow-paced rhythm, call up for us a memory of the sea in its mood of terrible and majestic calm? Or, with harmonies and rhythms of a different character, can suggest the glittering and frozen splendour of an iceberg? Or, by yet another employment of chords and rhythms and melodic design, can paint for the imagination a vision of water lilies reflected in tranquil pools?

How are these things done? By what expressional device is the composer enabled to perform these miracles of suggestion and delineation? To attempt an answer to these questions would take one altogether too far into the jungle of musical æsthetics. Indeed, the æstheticians are still wrangling over the question, asking whether it ought to be done—indeed, whether it has been or can be done at all. That is, they deny that music, unaided, has the power to paint pictures, to summon visions, to suggest appearances.

They issue challenges, these exigent philosophers of a gentle art. They say to the innocent music-lover—who cares not a rap for the misgivings and qualifications of the æstheticians—they say: "Try MacDowell's *Wandering Iceberg* on someone who does not know the title of it, and see if he will get the same impression of it that you do, who know the title and the intention of the composer." Well, he may or he may not. What he *will* get is a pretty clear sense that the music is expressing something vaguely sinister, smoothly-moving, mysterious; and he will, perhaps, if he is unusually sensitive, receive an impression of something bright and cold. In other words, he will probably get a sense of certain qualities that pertain to the subject-matter of the music. He will receive a correct *general* impression, though not necessarily a particular and sharply defined expression. But let him try an experiment in transference: let him

change the title of the *Wandering Iceberg* piece, and call it *To a Wild Rose;* and let him call the *Water Lily* piece, *From a Wandering Iceberg.* Let him think of Debussy's *Iberia* nocturne as a picture of a winter landscape, and of the garden music in *Tristan* as the delineation of a barren seascape. The incongruity will at once be apparent. The suggestion in each case comes not from the title, or the accompanying words, or the accompanying scenery and acting: it comes from the music itself. All that the title, the literary or dramatic auxiliary, does, is to give sharpness and clarity of definition to the expression. It is perfectly true, as the older æstheticians have told us, that music cannot paint or speak with the explicitness of words. You can say in music, with overwhelming force and poignancy: "I am sad"; but, as Mr. Krehbiel (I think) once observed, you cannot say: "I am sad *because I have lost my umbrella.*" As a celebrated Bostonian admitted grudgingly after listening to a revivalist under the impression that he was hearing Mark Twain: "Yes, he was funny, but not *damn* funny." So, in the matter of programme music (as the æstheticians call it): you can be definite, but not *damn* definite.

It is, after all, a matter of experience and observation, rather than a matter of philosophical speculation. Does any sensitive hearer doubt that music can paint pictures after hearing the wonderful prelude to *Das Rheingold?* Could the *Siegfried* "Waldweben" be anything but wood music? Let us, as Mr. Ernest Newman once wisely said, accept gladly all that music can give us: all its incomparably rich appeals to the heart and the senses and the imagination—its power of grotesque and amusing suggestion as well as its power to utter the sublime. Let us delight in and be moved by the *Siegfried* "Waldweben" and the sunrise music in *Also Sprach Zarathustra;* but let us also laugh unashamed with Strauss when he mimics the bleating of the sheep in his *Don Quixote* and at the Chinese March in Stravinsky's *Nightingale.*

As for the dependence of delineative music upon a programme or a title—well, why grudge a composer of symphonic or piano music the use of that prop, when we permit Wagner, composer of theatre music, to enforce his orchestral flames by the use of colored and hissing steam? We are often told that opera is an "impure" art form. By the same token, so is the song. The epithet

is no doubt a depressing one, and it brings something of terrified awe to academic souls. But if an "impure" art form can yield us such perfect and delectable treasuries of genius as *Die Meistersinger* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the unregenerate, observing the fact, may well be pardoned for regarding the dreadful aspersion with modified horror.

So with programme music, symphonic or piano. Shall there be no more Straussian cakes and ale because the academicians, the æsthetically orthodox, raise protesting hands in the presence of *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben?* Let us admit with all possible cheerfulness, if we must, that it is a heinous thing for music to attempt to paint pictures, recite poems, recount histories, enact dramas, with external aids—words or scenery, action or title or "programme"; yet nevertheless there are many abandoned souls who, while they bow respectful heads in the presence of a Bach prelude or a Beethoven quartette, will yet, in their guilty heart of hearts, thank heaven for such legacies of wickedness as the orchestral tone-painting of Strauss and Loeffler, d'Indy and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Bloch; the poetic piano music of Debussy and MacDowell; the dramatized symphonic poems of Richard Wagner.

I set out in these casual jottings to note down some reflections upon that interesting phase of modern music which has to do with its treatment of Nature as an expressional theme; and the great name with which I began these observations is still prominent in my meditations. The most superficial student of musical history will observe that some of the earliest composers concerned themselves with painting landscapes in tone—there are few things in music that are older than tonal Nature-painting. Yet the only landscape music or sea music which really lives for us, which speaks to us with an eloquent and communicative voice, is that which belongs to our own and to the preceding generation.

We cannot hope to go back of Wagner, or even to his contemporaries, and find Nature-music that will be free of naïveté, crudeness, and shallowness. It is not possible to take very seriously the Nature-painting of Bach, of Haydn, of Beethoven; and how faded and thin seem the tonal landscapes and seascapes

of Berlioz and Mendelssohn and Schumann! It is different with the music of Wagner. As a humanist, as a dramatist, as a consummate master of the secrets of the heart, as visionary and seer, his supremacy is still incontestable. As a painter and rhapsodist of the natural world he is equally commanding—still mastering us, enchanting us; still fresh and vivid and unstaled. The Nature-music of poor Raff, who died only a few months before Wagner, is today barren of all power to liberate our imaginations. Yet the evocations of forest and hilltop, of winds and waters, of dawn and sunset, cloud and tempest, in the *Ring* and elsewhere among Wagner's scores, have lost nothing of their pristine magic. Their splendour and daring of conception, their graphic power, their magnificent eloquence, are undiminished. In every aspect of Wagner's art as a musician, he is still, today, secure in his heaven.

But with Wagner, Nature-painting was accessory—a background, a commentary upon those tragi-comedies of the human heart and those tremendous epics of destiny and the gods which most profoundly engaged his creative activities. It is not until we come to the music of our own time that we find Nature deliberately and lovingly studied for its own sake, and rendered with consummate eloquence. To that memorable question of Whitman's there is an easy answer. "You can cultivate roses and orchards," said he, "but who shall cultivate the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds?" Let us reply: The modern masters of musical landscape. It has been said of our generation that "we have forgotten rapture." These men have refuted the charge. It is as if such rhapsodists and dreamers as Claude Debussy and Edward MacDowell and Vincent d'Indy and Charles Martin Loeffler had pondered the words of Jefferies: "Let us leave this beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the stream and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars." One might direct the attention of the interested student of modern music to this absorbing aspect of the art of these gifted, these unique, tone-poets. It is a phase of their endeavors that will liberally and delightfully repay the closest scrutiny. In the differences, as in the similarities, of their approach to the natural world, there is illumination, fas-

cination. Widely and unreconcilably as they differ, there is a tie that binds together the sensuous intimations of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* and the austere and reverent poetry of d'Indy's *Summer Day on the Mountain;* that relates the fantastic, introspective, sombrely passionate music of Loeffler's *The Pool* to the frank and enamoring tenderness of MacDowell's *Starlight.* Perhaps the inquisitive music-lover would not go far wrong if he discovered this common tie in the exertion by these men, and others of their clan, of that "natural magic" which has been so glibly discussed and so little comprehended: for it is actually, as William Butler Yeats has happily said, "but the ancient worship of Nature, and that troubled ecstasy before her . . . which is brought into men's minds."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THREE facts are outstanding in the German situation as it appears at this moment of writing. One is, that no peculiar and inviolable sanctity invests the integrity of the Reich, any more than any other State. If the Separatist movement should permanently succeed there would be no more occasion to throw dust into the air and appeal to Allah over it than there was over the separation of the Baltic Provinces from Russia, or of Ireland from Great Britain. The second is, that dissolution of the Reich would be merely reversion to what had been the immemorial status of Germany down to our own time—to the status which prevailed in the ages of Germany's real greatness. We must remember that the Reich did not exist until 1871, and that it was then created for the purpose of military dominance. Concerning specifically the two most disaffected portions, it is to be observed that Bavaria was made a kingdom by France, and that down to 1867 it was almost always friendly and frequently actually allied with France, and hostile to Prussia; and that the Rhineland received from France its inspiration and instruction in liberal government, and was subjected to Prussian rule forcibly against the will of its people by the same arbitrary and reactionary despots that organized the Holy Alliance. The third fact is, that whatever happens in the case, the United States has no business to interfere. Granted that civil war in Germany would be a serious matter for the whole world, and that a complete *débâcle* of the Reich would be little short of catastrophic. Precisely the same might just as truly have been said by European countries sixty years ago concerning our Civil War and the *débâcle* of this Republic which was confidently anticipated. Those who remember the abhorrence and passionate resentment with which any suggestion of European intervention or mediation was then regarded here are more inclined to observe the Golden Rule than to go meddling with the right of self-determination on the Rhine.

Another reflection upon the plight of Germany is inevitable. More than a century ago, before the numerous States were united into the Reich, and when they were economically and otherwise in an immeasurably worse plight than today, the German people spontaneously united in spirit and purpose and achieved one of the finest triumphs of self-restoration in history. Now, after more than fifty years' political union in the Reich, at a time when continued union is highly needful, they are widely discordant and move for disunion and dissolution. That astounding reversal of national spirit may perhaps be in part attributed to the wholesale expatriation of the best leaders of the German people following the conflicts of 1848. Still more does it seem to me due to the sordid, materializing, deadening influence of the "blood and iron" policy which Bismarck and the Hohenzollerns imposed upon the land. The military and commercial greatness of Germany was exalted; the soul of Germany was all but destroyed.

The imperativeness of our abstention from meddling in the internal affairs of the German Reich is matched by the propriety —indeed, I might say the desirability—of our tendering our good offices for advisory aid in the rehabilitation of European finances and economics. It might have been possible to make out a perfectly good case for our doing the latter as a matter of right, in view of the extent to which our own interests are concerned. But it is obviously far better, both for our own sake and for that of the European Powers, to do it according to the plan of Secretary Hughes, which is at once prudent and generous, under which we shall have the fullest opportunity for service without incurring any detrimental entanglements. Such neighborly participation in the affairs of the world has never been regarded with disfavour by even the most resolute adherents of the Monroe Doctrine.

The action of a number of church denominations in appointing a World Court Week,—just as they long ago appointed a Week of Prayer,—following their espousal of Prohibition, is calculated to cause some disquietude on the part of those religious conservatives who still adhere to Cavour's principle of "a free Church in a free State", and to those who remember that the Reformation

was largely a protest against the dominance of ecclesiasticism in civil government. There is ground for serious objection to the use of the civil law and government for the compulsion of the people to comply with purely religious dogmas and forms. Far more serious is the objection to the church's interference with civil government so as to seek or compel the adoption of political measures which have no religious basis. Thus it would be preposterous for anyone to contend that Prohibition was a legitimate doctrine of Christianity, or had anything whatever to do with the Christian church, unless indeed to be offensive to it. So the World Court may or may not be a good thing, but it certainly is something which has no more place in Christian doctrine than has the tariff law or the multiplication table. The ominous feature of the business is that the Golden Rule, in which the churches profess to believe, and the law of compensations, which will inevitably be operative whether they believe in it or not, may some day most unpleasantly plague the churches which thus meddle with the State. For if the churches thus interfere in political matters and seek to dominate the civil government, the State may some time interfere in ecclesiastical matters and seek to dominate the churches. That would be deplorable, but no more so than it is for a church to transform itself into a political machine over an issue which is not a matter of religion nor even of morals.

Without undue cynicism it may be assumed that a certain proportion of the many thousands of competitors for Mr. Bok's Peace Plan Prize are moved chiefly, if not entirely, by the hope of winning the very substantial sum offered, and that probably in a majority of cases the pecuniary consideration exerts some perceptible influence. Indeed, we must assume that Mr. Bok expected such to be the case; otherwise he would not have offered the prize. On the other hand, I should feel an inspiring confidence that many, including practically all the really thoughtful, intelligent and judicious competitors, have had uppermost in mind a sincere and unselfish desire to contribute what they could to the solution of one of the world's greatest problems. In fact, I am inclined to think that if no prize whatever had been offered,

but if an authoritative request had been made for the studying, formulation and submission of such plans, while perhaps only a small percentage of the number now presented would have been forthcoming, that percentage would have included the best of all. Any one of those thus gratuitously offered would have been superior to any one of those which would not have been offered but for the cash prize. So far as securing the best possible suggestions for peace is concerned, therefore, just as good results could have been secured without offering a cent. That is, however, by no means to decry Mr. Bok's generous and patriotic offer as useless. On the contrary, it must be reckoned as well worth the making even if it does not elicit a single plan of value which could not have been got without it. Its great benefit to the nation is that it has set tens of thousands of people to thinking, reading, talking, studying and writing about national and international affairs who never would have done so without such a stimulus.

There was most profitable food for thought for any *laudator temporis acti* in the recent world congress of humane societies, in commemoration of the centenary of their origin. Nobody now living can recall from personal observation the conditions which existed before the formation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But there are many who can vividly remember the horrors which prevailed in this country at the time when—forty years later—Henry Bergh undertook to emulate in New York the work of Lord Harrowby in London; and there are many more who can still more vividly recall the infamies which childhood suffered a score of years later, when Henry Bergh somewhat mordantly suggested that children were as much entitled to the protection of the law as were cats and dogs. The mission of the humane societies which have been formed in these last hundred years, and which now extend into every civilized land, is by no means yet completed, and will not be until "far on in summers that we shall not see". But their practical achievements thus far, direct and indirect, form—if I may coin the paradoxical phrase—an immeasurable measure of human progress, well calculated to inspire every well wisher of the race to persist in all possible efforts for the world's betterment.

The disclosure of the long-forgotten Contarini map of the world is a scientific event of an importance and interest which can scarcely be exaggerated. It is presumably the first map ever engraved and printed which purported to show the discoveries of Columbus, and as it was made only a few months after his death, we may accept it as a cartographical record of the sum total of his theories and reports concerning his exploits. The most striking feature of it is that while it shows the vast continent of South America, it indicates nothing of Central America, Mexico or North America, but puts in their place the open Atlantic Ocean stretching unbroken to the shore of Asia; though at the extreme north the Asian continent is extended eastward so as to include Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland. That, of course, was Columbus's conception of the plan of the world. A legend on the map designates the Province of Ciamba, in Southern China, as the land reached by Columbus—on his last voyage, when in fact he was on the coast of Nicaragua and Costa Rica but supposed himself to have reached the country of the Great Khan, and where the natives' tales of "a narrow place between two seas" a little further south caused him to believe that he was nearing the Golden Chersonesus. Although Contarini belonged to Florence and Venice, and not to Genoa, he was obviously interested in Columbus more than in any other adventurer, for he gives his explorations the greatest possible prominence on the map, to the exclusion of all others save to call South America by the name which Cabral gave it, *Terra Sanctæ Crucis*, and to denote Corte Real's discoveries as having been made by Portuguese voyagers. Of the discoveries of Ojeda and Bastidas, and above all of Vespuccius, there is not the least hint. Emphatically it is a Columbian map; presenting thus a striking contrast to that of Ilacomilus of only a year later, which was just as emphatically a Vespuccian or American map, since it ignored Columbus's theories and reports and exploited those of Vespuccius. The map of Ilacomilus —which was newly brought to light only a score of years ago— is, of course, by far the more correct of the two, but it is rivaled by that of Contarini in value as an authentic record of the geographical theories and beliefs of some of the greatest of the early explorers and cartographers.

Coincidently with this fortunate finding of an ancient map comes a promise that the present map of North America may presently be completed by the addition to it of facts concerning what is now the largest unexplored area remaining on the face of the globe. That is the region lying north of Alaska and of Eastern Siberia, beyond Wrangell Island, which some of the shrewdest Arctic explorers and scientific observers regard as probably occupied either by a large island or by a group of islands, of a climatic temperature fairly moderate for the Arctic Zone. The material results of these daring adventures are not likely to be important. But it would be gratifying to be able to eliminate from the map of the world the chief of the very few "unexplored" legends.

Mr. David Lloyd George was a welcome visitor to this country, and has, we may confidently trust, no cause nor inclination to complain of any lack of courtesy, of hospitality or even of enthusiasm in his reception here. Nor was there anything in all his political speechmaking which we are disposed to regret his saying. Yet there was in the whole episode, as also in the preceding and similar tour of Lord Robert Cecil, an interesting illustration of the difference between America and Europe, particularly in the estimation of Europeans. Nobody thinks it amiss for a British or other European statesman practically to stump the United States making speeches about the political relationships between this country and others; but nobody can conceive such a thing as an American statesman doing the same thing in a European country. Imagine, for example, Senator Hiram Johnson, on his recent European visit, stumping Great Britain or France against the League of Nations and presenting reasons why those countries ought to withdraw from it. No; the thing is unimaginable! Yet why, if a precisely corresponding thing is accepted here as a commonplace matter of course?

Andrew Bonar Law was an almost unique example of a man who incurred and yet splendidly surmounted the proverbial peril of having all men speak well of him. If not quite all always did so, the exceptions were contemptibly negligible. The universal

esteem in which he was held was the more noteworthy because of the positive, aggressive and at times pugnacious quality of the man. He was a hard hitter, and he had a biting tongue. But in his sharpest attacks upon political antagonists there was never a thought of malice, while in everything that he said or did there were a transparent honesty and an unselfish devotion to the public welfare that were above the reach of even the meanest cynicism or suspicion. And those are, after all, the noblest and the most enduringly triumphant qualities that any statesman can possess.

The installation of a new President in China is hopefully regarded by many observers as auspicious of a more cordial union between the northern and southern parts of that vast empire; hopes which may be well founded. We shall do well to abate our notions of the people of the North and those of the South as being radically different in race and irreconcilably antagonistic to each other. They differ no more than, let us say, the people of Northern and of Southern Italy; or the French of Normandy and of Gascony; or the Spaniards of Andalusia and of Catalonia. The popular feeling between them is cordial enough to permit their being firmly welded into a united nation. The real trouble has lain with self-seeking politicians at Peking and Canton, and elsewhere in the two sections of the empire. But it seems probable that they are now beginning to feel that their feuds have been maintained long enough and too long, and are inclined to let them lapse and to seek, through national union, a status which will win for China complete emancipation from alien control.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS. By Edward M. East. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The problem of giving "proper direction to human evolution" seems so daunting (since the ideas by which we are to direct evolution must also be "evolved") that popular distrust of eugenic theorizing is probably due in the last analysis quite as much to fear of meddling with a "law of nature" as to factional or sentimental objections. For a people to regulate its birth rate seems at first sight as presumptuous and as futile as for an individual to attempt to direct the processes of digestion by conscious thought. In regard to many social as well as physiological processes, it is convenient and habitual to think that we must leave everything to Nature—our conscious minds not being equal to the task of minute control. Since, however, we are thinking creatures, we cannot escape the conclusion that we must evolve consciously. To obey our minds is, after all, just as "natural" as to obey our instincts. Put the matter in this way, and the difficulty (which is largely verbal) vanishes.

Nature, it is true, accomplishes her ends, willy-nilly, in ways of her own. Population for example, cannot well exceed a certain maximum, and however terrifying may appear the geometrical proportion of an unrestricted birth rate, the whole world is not in any event going to starve, nor will the human race become extinct. When a certain point is reached, the pressure of population upon subsistence is sure to reduce the birth rate, while wars and pestilences can usually be trusted to reduce a population sufficiently to provide for the survival of the majority. This familiar criticism of the theory of Malthus does not, however, exactly hit the mark. The methods of nature-minus-mind are frequently somewhat crude, and there is no reason why we should view them with exaggerated respect. Furthermore, it is quite illogical for us to meddle with the workings of instinctive "Nature" by constantly lowering the *death rate* (through medical methods and through control of war and crime) while we refuse to interfere with the birth rate. We cannot have it both ways; and the only logical course for the adherents of "Nature" is to become altogether primitive.

Birth-restriction, admits Professor East, is by no means a panacea for social ills, nor, in his opinion, is any complicated and selective system of eugenics either feasible or desirable. Indeed, it is quite reasonable to suppose that human wisdom has not reached a point at which it can pronounce with absolute assurance upon the most desirable traits to be perpetuated. The Spartans, it will be recalled, were somewhat too insistent upon certain preferred physical and mental endowments as the criteria of fitness to survive, and it is

probable that a like bias would operate even in our more advanced stage of social development. Just as the disposition of the schoolboy to reject about two-thirds of what he is taught is probably a protective instinct, so the obstinacy of mankind in the mass toward various kinds of social teaching is no doubt our salvation. One trembles to think what would have been the result had the ancient world been sufficiently teachable to accept as a practical programme Plato's ideal Republic. Similarly one cannot but fear that if society today undertook to determine who should be born, full many a genius necessary to the future progress of the world under unforseen conditions might never see the light.

No, birth restriction is not a panacea nor is eugenics a conjurer's wand. Even an unrestricted birth rate should not be looked upon with unintelligent fear as a bugbear. The situation is bad enough, but not so bad "as all that": it never is. "Today," writes Professor East, "the finest families are hardly replacing themselves. The incompetent are taking their place. And this will continue, should there be no eugenic reform, until that point of equilibrium is reached where no more do-littles can be accommodated. There can be no real decay; the generally good heredity of the masses precludes; but there can be a very marked deterioration."

This, then, is the situation as common sense, backed by biology and statistical research, sees it. No problem is more closely related to the welfare of the individual, the welfare of the family, and the welfare of the world and all the nations in it, than that of overpopulation. Until it is proximately solved, no other means of progress can have more than a temporary effect. Medical efficiency saves both the fit and the unfit, and its general result is to increase the pressure of population upon subsistence. Such also is the result of all humanitarian effort. These forms of social work are admirable and necessary; but nothing in this world is admirable and necessary in itself and without relation to other factors. More and more we are coming to see that our understanding of every problem must be more or less Einsteinian, if it is to be adequate. However much science may increase the productivity of the earth and lighten the toil necessary for subsistence, it is certain that population will grow with opportunity: it will fill up the margin, take up all the "slack". And the only remedy is education—not, says Professor East, "more college and university training for those who can neither assimilate nor utilize it, but an education in the few little fundamentals that mean so much for racial progress."

Would the remedy be worse than the disease? Would the spread of "eugenic knowledge" result in a dearth of progeny among the better families—in the terrible *oliganthropia* noted as a cause of decay among the ancients? Professor East does not hesitate to deny this possibility. There is a *parental instinct*, he tells us, a natural desire on the part of all normal men and women to have children, which would prevent any such calamitous result. This, however, appears to be the most questionable part of his thesis. When psychologists

hesitate to pronounce upon what tendencies are and what are not truly instinctive, and when they inform us that certain of these more or less instinctive dispositions are neither permanent nor especially potent, the layman may be excused for having his doubts.

Be this as it may, Professor East has written an eminently sane and competent discussion of a problem the fundamental importance of which is notoriously ignored or evaded. Reckoning in all factors, he avoids at once the "wild-eyed" views of the extremists and the complacency of the incurable optimists. On the one hand, he assures us that there can be no rational fear of a "yellow peril", since the high death rate among the colored races as a whole more than offsets their high birth rate: the white race is increasing faster than any other, and the population of China, for example, is now nearly stationary. On the other hand, he shows by a careful analysis of agricultural resources that our food supply for the future is definitely limited. One form of chauvinism he quiets by showing that population is not necessarily a means to imperial power —a nation with a relatively high birth rate but with relatively low economic power could not successfully struggle with a nation in which population and material resources were properly balanced. Making large use of the "method of residues", he appears to be entirely successful in showing that no other means than a restriction of population will make the world safe for our children's children. In the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of his study of available statistics, Professor East is second to no other writer on this subject, while his intelligent use of ideas derived from the several fields of economics, biology, psychology, and sociology gives great strength to his conclusions.

Revolutionary New England. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

"The average man bases his opinions upon a modicum of reasoning and a large mass of assumptions, which latter he derives from his environment and which he as little thinks of calling in question as the laws of nature." This striking sentence of Mr. Adams's may be taken as showing the extent to which modern psychology, to say nothing of economics, has modified the rationalizing tendency that used to hold sway in history. A process like the separation between England and her American colonies is, indeed, not a rational process at all in the sense that its reasons were consciously grasped and understood in their totality by anyone during the whole progress of the event. The whole complex affair involved much more than local issues or any well-defined thesis in regard to "rights" or taxation. "The real question," writes Mr. Adams, "lay much deeper than constitutional quibblings. It was the fundamental one of the moral validity of imperialism, of whether a group of men in one part of the world has the right to rule others in another part against their will, however wisely and well. Like the question of the right of a majority, it admits of no easy and universal answer." Mr. Adams is not exactly one of

the so-called "economic determinists", but he sees that where problems are imperfectly understood and decided on grounds of immediate expediency or through compromise of interests, there chance enters and irrational causation holds sway.

Such a view calls for the utmost thoroughness and the most absolute impartiality in the telling of history. Lacking a predetermined thesis of right and wrong in the conduct of nations, the historian by the slightest mistakes of emphasis may convey impressions that may be judged by readers to imply a want of patriotism and fairness.

On the whole, the circumstances of the case call for rather more stress upon the shortcomings of the New England colonists than is altogether pleasant to their descendants. The constant shifting of ground in the colonial case against England affords an amusing study in the illusions incident to the rationalizing process, but is not very flattering to national complacency. On the whole, it is perfectly clear that "all the influences of the American environment had combined to develop a certain outlook upon life and a certain attitude toward England without much conscious reasoning. Suddenly these were questioned and the colonists at once set about finding reasons to justify them in continuing as they had." It is also clear that Franklin, for one, was guilty of gross exaggeration, if he was not actually insincere, when he maintained that in the Seven Years' War the colonists had fought almost exclusively for the benefit of the mother country.

As one of the principal elements in that "opposition woven of many strands" which at length brought about the Revolution, the spirit of the frontier calls for and receives especial consideration. It is a characteristic frame of mind as strongly marked in the early history of Australia, for example, as in the colonial period of America—a state of mind neither to be condemned nor unduly eulogized, embracing some fine human dispositions and at the same time integrated with much ignorance and self-appreciation. In our attitude toward it sentiment has generally played an undue and an inconsistent part. "It is rather odd," acutely remarks Mr. Adams, "that we should find the lawlessness of our frontier in our later period of the 'Far West' natural, picturesque, and amusing, but consider it unpatriotic to suggest that any New Englanders of this earlier frontier period who found themselves in opposition to authority were anything but sober church-going citizens defending their liberties." But if we are somewhat shocked to discover in the action of the Susquehanna Land Companies that the relation between politics and big business was not unknown to our ancestors, or, in the conduct of the Boston town meetings that the alliance between the saloon and municipal politics is not new, or, in the action of those able merchants who controlled the supply of spermaceti candles, that combinations in restraint of trade are not results of modern degeneracy from ancestral standards of honesty—we have no right to be shocked. Such discoveries simply prove an essential unity in history and in human nature, while they teach us to value the more highly true

instances of disinterested behaviour as distinct from legend and prejudice. In his emphasis upon such matters Mr. Adams has been eminently fair and judicious, and every intelligent reader will find relief in ridding himself of any excess of racial or national self-esteem—an excess which is both uncomfortable to oneself and hurtful to the rest of the world since it means unfairness to others. It is so much better to feel that one is human than to feel that one belongs to a chosen people! The greatness of the human race is surely big enough to "go round" and to afford a sufficient ground for pride to the individual beyond the self-respect which he derives from his own achievements.

It is now understood that the American Revolution was a civil war—a struggle which involved not only a divergence of interests and of point of view between England and its frontier, the American colonies, but also a similar divergence between the colonial conservatives and the radicals of the American frontier, and between classes in the mother country itself. At the time of the Revolution probably one third of the colonists were loyal to England, one third were in revolt, and one third were indifferent. Ceaseless propaganda on the part of the radicals and numerous blunders upon the part of the rulers of the home country brought on the war. But for the latter, the inevitable separation might have been postponed for many years and might have been peaceful.

Such was the general nature of the struggle—a struggle on both sides strikingly illustrating the general fallibility and the frequent baseness of human nature when it attempts to deal with a situation not clearly grasped and hence subject to the influence of every variety of motive. That the great underlying issue was never fully grasped, could not have been grasped by any man of lower intellectual stature than an Abraham Lincoln, and is not fully understood even now, is perhaps the big point of the whole discourse. No other historian who has dealt with the period has seen it with greater steadiness and wholeness than has Mr. Adams, and perhaps none has represented the exact spirit and feeling of the people with quite so intimate and just an appreciation as he.

CHILDREN OF THE WAY. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company.

It is with a considerable degree of shrinking that a reader of moderately cultivated taste nowadays opens a book of stories professing to represent the life of ancient Greece or Rome. A good "classical" novel or short story is one of the most unobtainable things in life. The older writers who entered the field were bookish and rhetorical. Even an approach to the Byzantine empire had a distressing effect upon Walter Scott, and the same cause upset the mental balance of Ibsen. The author of *Quo Vadis?*, with all his imagination and fervor, was essentially a barbarian writing about Roman civilization, which he instinctively disliked. Walter Pater, psychologist, philosopher, and imaginative artist as he was, understood paganism but not Christianity, and

his *Marius* is a questionable work. The modern school is generally so anxious to avoid the stiffness of antiquarianism that it destroys the illusion of the past.

The reader, however, who opens *Children of the Way* by Anne C. E. Allinson will experience a very pleasant surprise. The author, he will discover, is both a ripe classical scholar and a true story-teller.

Children of the Way is a series of interconnected stories dealing with the period when Christianity was spreading from man to man as a true gospel, a great announcement of good news, a leaven destined to leaven the whole lump of humanity. Not yet in this period has a church organization having a separate life and power been perfected, nor have elaborate theologies been built up: all is informal. Paul is still alive and is ministering in Rome. Thus through the medium of a sympathetic imagination we can see what Christianity really was in its beginning to those who first accepted it as it came to them through friends and casual acquaintances, or mayhap through the humble suggestions of slaves or clients.

With singular skill the author describes the Roman life of the time with just enough of a modern touch to keep her readers fully conscious of the solidarity of the human race and the essential likeness of men of all races in all times, but with a scholarly regard for all real differences of custom and of mental attitude. The temptation, incident to her theme, of indulging to excess in the mere *sentiment* of goodness and of exaggerating the wickedness of the pagan world she has successfully resisted. Never for a moment does she look at the ancient world and the early Christian Church through the distorting lens that may be interposed by our knowledge of what the Church *became* or of what befell the Roman Empire. She sees it all, one believes, very much as it was. And what gives life to her stories, apart from their natural human interest as tales, is the genuine religious feeling that pervades them. This is a rare quality; for without venturing any opinions as to the prevalence and sincerity of religious *belief*, one may remark that a true *appreciation* of religion as a personal experience or as a social energy, especially when an attempt is made to recreate the past, is a faculty very seldom displayed in fiction. It is not too much to say that these stories, so far from being preachments, are, unobtrusively, works of edification.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY. By Lionel Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

It is unnecessary at this late date to do more than call attention to the extraordinary gifts of Lionel Johnson as a critic and to restate the general verdict, that his book about Thomas Hardy is not only the best writing about that great author that can be discovered by the general reader, but also one of the best criticisms of a contemporary author that has ever been produced.

To one reader, at least, the high spots of Johnson's criticism are, first, the venturous comparison of Hardy and Shakespeare as portrayers of essentially

the same rural types, and the critic's comments upon Hardy's philosophy as an artistic element in his stories.

As to the latter, it is much the habit of our present critics to divorce as far as possible a work of art from its implied meaning and thus to resent any criticism of a novelist's or poet's philosophy. Lionel Johnson, however, discriminating and sensitive as he is in all matters pertaining to art and to literary effects, approached much more nearly to the point of view of the man in the street than do the more exclusively literary and psychological of our modern writers about books. One cannot help remarking that he seems to have suffered no loss in critical acuteness because of this traditional humanism of his, and that he did apparently gain by it in serenity and in common sense. Hardy's novels, said Johnson, "are not written for a purpose, to prove the truth of something; but with the prejudice that it is a proven truth. . . . Mr. Hardy is not content to frame his indictment by the stern narrative of sad facts: he inserts fragments of that reasoning which has brought him to his dark conclusions. They are too many, too bitter, too passionate, to be but an overflow, as it were, from his narration: they are too sparse, too ironical, too declamatory, to be quite intelligible. After enjoying their grimness, I want definitions of *nature*, *law*, *society*, and *justice*."

In short, Lionel Johnson did criticize Hardy, both as an artist and as a thinker, from the standpoint of philosophy. He was troubled, just as many of Hardy's readers to-day are troubled, by that writer's incurable pessimism.

The difference between this sort of humanism and the more advanced view generally prevalent to-day may be noted in the contrast between these views of Johnson and some of those expressed by Mr. J. E. Barton in his additional chapters on Hardy's poetry. Johnson felt the numbing effect of Hardy's special pleading against God and the universe, but professed to be able to enjoy the Wessex novels in the highest degree, in spite of a certain dissatisfaction with the underlying philosophy and with some of its artistic consequences. Mr. Barton, on the contrary, says: "Stupid readers may enjoy a tale, in their way, without noting its moral or philosophic import." But this, he continues, is impossible in the case of poetry. The tendency is, therefore, either to read into poetry one's own optimism or orthodoxy, thus in a manner Bowdlerizing it, or else to reject the work of such a poet as Hardy as immoral, dangerous, or, at least, inexcusably disturbing. But he thinks that all this emphasis upon Hardy's pessimism is "tedious" and irrelevant. Though Hardy is "pessimistic" and Browning "optimistic", one's enjoyment of the poetry of either man must be utterly independent of his philosophy.

This, however, is a counsel of literary and critical perfection, a divorce of form from matter which is merely the "stunt" of the accomplished dilettante. If one had to decide the point in question, one would say, therefore, that Lionel Johnson was a truer critic than his successor. The leaven of Hardy's thought has, in fact, caused a ferment and a beneficial change, in our social thinking, but that he has outlined a philosophy by which men can ever live

or an attitude toward life that they can conceivably accept as permanent, is not clear. To say that one's enjoyment of Hardy's poetry should not be at all influenced by this consideration is merely nonsense, though to say that this should not be the chief or the only consideration is perfectly true. Mr. Barton, however, is an accomplished critic, and he has been as fortunate in his selection of passages for quotation as he is vigorous and illuminating in his commentary.

Here, then, is criticism of a great contemporary author by two writers both of whom felt the very spirit of Hardy's writing to their finger-tips, and both of whom have proved their ability to speak to the heart and mind of the cultivated reader with simplicity and directness.

PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYWRITING. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If in reading Professor Matthews's entertaining pages about the drama and the theatre one is tempted sometimes to exclaim, "Who knoweth not such things as these?" a sense of justice immediately reminds one that if one knows certain facts about these subjects exceedingly well, one's knowledge and the familiarity of it are very largely due to the unremitting labors of Professor Matthews in a field that he has made so far as America is concerned virtually his own. How much of our genuine and unpedantic delight in Shakespeare we owe to his literary touch, it would be difficult to say.

Successful as he has been in convincing others of the belief he holds concerning the inevitable relation of the playwright to the theatre and to his audiences, Professor Matthews can still have fun with those "undramatic critics" who, like amateur strategists, will probably never cease to exist. In the present volume he points out with relish a particularly fatuous supposition by means of which two accomplished scholars have solved a difficult problem in one of the plays of Aeschylus. "If we accept this solution," writes Professor Matthews, "we are compelled to believe that Aeschylus wrote a play, instantly accepted as a masterpiece, which had to wait more than two thousand years for a British scholar to explain away an impossibility." The whole passage is delightful, as is Professor Matthews's good-natured bout with Professor Phelps, which turns, indeed, upon no very vital principle but rather upon the degree of emphasis deserved by certain obvious truths.

Next to matters of profound philosophical significance or of large practical importance, no subject is, perhaps, better worth writing about than the drama. Of all general subjects, it is nearest to life in the quality of its interest and in the variety of its aspects. Professor Matthews has fully realized and availed of this interest, and he has established in the public mind truth that is much for our instruction and our comfort. What though the thought has been at times a little dilute and the succession of volumes not quite free from repetition? As a controversialist the author had to make his point conclu-

sively, and we should be grateful to him for addressing himself always to us, the public, and for recalling our notoriously vagrant attention to the essential points. The unfailing tact, the ability to be at once clear-cut and discursive, entertaining and instructive, which have always marked Professor Matthews's writings, are conspicuous in this series of essays, which deal luxuriously with reminiscences of the earlier stage and with every sort of question that may be profitably raised about the modern theatre and the work of the playwrights.

EUROPE SINCE 1918. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co.

With the passage of the time since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, books about the peace and its consequences have a chance to become successively more inclusive and more impartial. The general lines of the after-war political situation are now clearly visible. Time and the logic of events have revealed underlying motives and have destroyed false hopes. A vast amount of fact has become available for the construction of a detailed picture. Of the opportunity thus presented, Mr. Gibbons has availed himself admirably. Among contemporary publicists he is one of the most obviously impartial, and he is habitually well-informed. His book takes into account everything of importance that has previously been written upon the subject of which he treats.

The burden of the book is monotonously simple. "Since the Treaty of Versailles, from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, all decisions, all changes, have been made by and in favour of the people possessing arms and using them." This statement is repeated in a dozen different forms in as many different connections. No principle has been operative in European politics except the principle of the balance of power in its most vicious form. If the Treaty of Versailles had really been based upon the ideas enunciated by President Wilson there might have been hope of a real world peace; and the treaty, even though unjust, would have been practicable if the Great Powers had really been united. What is true of the Treaty of Versailles is even more true of the treaties of St.-Germain and Trianon. The first of these, Mr. Gibbons admits, "had it only been practicable, was a punishment fitting the crime." The last two are, however, "indefensible from every point of view."

Besides its analysis of the peace treaties and their applications, the book contains a great deal of interesting information about the conditions, policies, and comparative viability of the several succession States. The treatise, however, is of chief interest as presenting a great lesson concerning the workings of the balance-of-power method in after-war Europe. It would be a mistake to call such a book idealistic or unidealistic. It is simply a true and comprehensive picture which, though it may suggest no new programme, does make it possible to draw sound inferences likely to be helpful in preventing future mistakes.

FEB 8 1924